CASANOVA IN ENGLAND

WORKS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

SOME DISTINGUISHED VICTIMS OF THE SCAFFOLD

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DUCHESS

LADIES FAIR AND FRAIL

THE LIFE OF JOHN WILKES

ANY MOON

THE MONSTER

LADY FASHION'S SECRETARY'S OFFICE, or PETICOAT RECOMMENDATION the BEST

The only known portrait of
Mrs. Cornelys

CASANOVA IN ENGLAND

BEING THE ACCOUNT OF THE VISIT TO LONDON IN 1763-4 OF GIACOMO CASANOVA CHEVALIER DE SEINGALT HIS SCHEMES ENTERPRISES & AMOROUS ADVENTURES WITH A DESCRIPTION OF THE NOBILITY GENTRY & FASHIONABLE COURTESANS WHOM HE ENCOUNTERED AS TOLD BY HIMSELF

EDITED BY HORACE BLEACKLEY

WITH SEVENTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

In the following pages I have endeavoured to tell the story of Casanova's visit to England as far as possible as he tells it himself, interpolating certain comments and explanations, where necessary, in order to make the narrative more intelligible to the general reader. To a large extent I have collated the texts of the *Garnier* and the *Rozez* editions of the *Mémoires*—the most popular versions that we possess—which vary somewhat widely in parts, the one often containing incidents that the other omits. I have also corrected the innumerable misspellings of proper names, and have identified most of the persons who are mentioned.

The *Mémoires* of Casanova is not a suitable book for the young person, nor is this volume intended for such as these. But the story as I have told it is far less outspoken than many a modern novel, while it has a real historical importance as a revelation of the manners and customs and incidents of the period. Even the actual autobiography in its complete and unexpurgated form has gained a place in every representative library.

As Mr. Charles Whibley observes truly, " no one,

not already perverse, could be perverted by its gay and humorous romance, and for those who will read it in a spirit of justice, it represents such a picture of the time as it is difficult to find elsewhere." [1]

I wish to return my thanks to Herr Gustav Gugitz of Vienna, to MM. Charles Samaran and Raoul Vèze of Paris, and to Mr. Eric R. Watson of London for kindly supplying me with information. Also to Mr. Harold Cox, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, for allowing me to make extracts from an article of mine that appeared in his July number 1914.

HORACE BLEACKLEY.

19 Cornwall Terrace,
Regent's Park,
London, N.W., *May* 1923.

[1] *Literary Portraits*, p. 310.

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CASANOVA IN ENGLAND

GIACOMO CASANOVA

From the portrait by his brother, Francesco Casanova, in the Daschkof Collection at St. Petersburg

Reproduced by permission of "La Sirène," Paris

CASANOVA IN ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

CASANOVA THE ADVENTURER

On the evening of Friday the 10th of June, in the year 1763, a post-chaise drove up at the door of the principal hotel in Calais and a tall, well-dressed gentleman, who had come from Paris, sprang to the ground.[1] As usual he was in a hurry, being impulsive in all his movements, and, desiring to cross the Channel on the morrow, he proceeded to hire a packet in the harbour immediately.

The new-comer was a fine figure of a man, thirty-eight years of age, robust of limb and five feet nine inches in height, with bold, Mephistophelian features and the most perfect assurance of manner. There was something truculent in his expression, for he had fierce, roving eyes and a long, emphatic nose with wide nostrils, and his complexion was somewhat dusky, since in all probability Moorish blood ran in his veins. He was a native of Venice, but of Spanish ancestry, Giacomo Casanova by name—

[1] Casanova says that the name of the hotel was the *Bras d'Or*, but no hotel with this sign is known to have existed in Calais. The librarian of the Bibliothèque de la Ville de Calais declares, 'Nos mémoriaux n'ont laissé aucune trace du passage à Calais de Casanova en 1763.' The best hotel, of course, in Calais at this period was Dessein's, immortalised by Sterne in his *Sentimental Journey*. According to William Hickey [*Memoirs*, ii. 94] the name of Dessein's hotel was *Lion d'Argent*.

though he preferred to style himself the Chevalier de Seingalt—and he was a notorious person in many countries in Europe.

Giacomo Casanova was born on the 2nd of April 1725, the son of strolling players. His father died when he was a child; his mother was engaged in the stock company of the Dresden theatre; and he was brought up by a maternal grandmother, the widow of a shoemaker. Having finished his education at the university of Padua, he received minor orders from the Patriarch of Venice when only fifteen years old, which gave him the title of Abbé. As a cleric he was a success for a while, being a bright and pleasant youth, and the great and powerful friends, who had known his mother when she had been an actress in Venice, bestowed upon him their patronage. Baffo, the poet, was his guide and philosopher; Malipiero, a rich and debauched old senator, amused by the boy's wit and precocity, made him a constant companion. At the hospitable palazzo of this protector the young Abbé met men and women of rank and culture, a gay and dissolute company that helped to mould his character irretrievably. He became the insatiable lover of every pretty girl he met, and, in spite of his calling, he was only seventeen when he made his first amorous conquest. Henceforth, his liaisons were almost as numerous as the weeks of the year.

At the age of eighteen a change came over young Giacomo's life. The grandmother with whom he lived, died suddenly, and he was unlucky enough to be discovered by Malipiero whilst toying with

Thérèse Imer, a beautiful dancing-girl, who was the old man's mistress. After receiving a caning he was driven from the palazzo in disgrace, and finding himself homeless and without money, he sold his father's furniture, which had been left in trust for his brothers and sisters. The family lawyer at once brought him to book for the offence, and he was imprisoned in the Fort of St. Andrea on the Lido. Realising that there was now no hope of ecclesiastical preferment in his native city, he agreed to a proposal that had been made to him recently in a letter from his mother, and soon after he had obtained release from gaol he set off for Martirano in Calabria, the bishop of which see had promised to befriend him.

After an adventurous journey he reached his destination only to find disillusionment. Appalled by the loneliness of the little town in the mountains and disliking the rusticity of the inhabitants, he fled in dismay to a more congenial environment, retracing his steps to Naples. Here, for a short space, he led a pleasant life, making several friends of position, thanks to a recommendation from his late bishop, and being engaged in a successful love-affair with a beautiful lady. Soon, however, he made his way to Rome, where, with the help of further introductions, he managed to secure the appointment of secretary to a cardinal. For a time he prospered, moving in good society, securing the esteem of many of the dignitaries of the Church by his charm of manner and deference, and a successful career seemed open to him. Then

he fell into disgrace, owing to some discreditable amour, and had to leave the eternal city abruptly. For many months he was a restless wanderer, visiting Corfu and Constantinople, often meeting with luck at the gaming table and invariably fortunate in love, attempting many occupations, but relinquishing each in disgust. Finally, at the end of two years, he returned to Venice. He was now twenty years of age and without a penny in the world. In this predicament, having learnt to play the violin when a boy, he was able to earn his living as a fiddler at the theatre.

It was an ignominious position for one who, in spite of his humble origin, had lived amongst the rich and high-born since his earliest youth, and the proud and passionate Casanova felt his humiliation deeply. At last, a lucky chance rescued him from this uncongenial situation. One night he happened to be a passenger in a gondola with a wealthy senator, named Matteo Bragadin [1]—a member of one of the oldest and most influential patrician families—who during the journey was seized by an attack of apoplexy. Carrying the sick man to his home, Casanova refused to leave the house until he had recovered.

"If I went away the patient would die," he asserted, with an air of mystery, "but he will live as long as I am near him!"

It was a most crafty pretence, as the astute Casanova knew well enough, being a shrewd judge of character in spite of his youth, for it was notorious

[1] Matteo Giovanni Bragadin [1689-1767].

that Bragadin and his intimates were slaves to superstition, devoted to the occult sciences, ever on the alert for the supernatural. Upon his recovery the senator was convinced that his new acquaintance had saved his life, and when the young rascal informed him that " an old hermit, who lived on the Carpegna mountains," had taught him " a certain numeral calculus which gave answers to any questions," the nobleman declared peremptorily that it was " Solomon's key, vulgarly called cabalistic science." A test of the *cabala* was made without delay. Signor Bragadin and his friends propounded various inquiries, to which Casanova, through his " oracle," invented ingenious replies—the oracle in question being merely a pyramid of figures elaborated on the spur of the moment. It was an easily perpetrated fraud, and the youthful charlatan had always posed as an adept in sorcery and clairvoyance.

The senator professed to be delighted, and, having neither wife nor children, determined to adopt the young man then and there.

" If you will be my son you have only to acknowledge me as your father," he told him, " and for the future, until my death, I will treat you as my own child."

But although Casanova would have his readers believe that the credulous Bragadin was an innocent dupe, it is not improbable that the statesman found it convenient to obtain the services of such an incomparable trickster, who in that age of chicanery could be employed successfully in political intrigue. Be that as it may, the senator

remained the friend and protector of Giacomo for the next eighteen years, behaving to him as the most indulgent of parents.

Thus, Casanova took up his abode in Bragadin's palazzo, being given servants to wait on him and endowed with a generous allowance. Having plenty of money in his pockets, and supported by the prestige of his powerful protector, the erstwhile fiddler, young, handsome, and arrogant, soon became a conspicuous figure in the gay city of Venice. In addition to his skill in sorcery he had always excelled as a gamester. His nerve never failed him; his head remained cool whether the luck of the cards or the dice was propitious or the contrary. So, being now an independent man of leisure, he was able to indulge his passion for play infinitely, and turning his penchant to profit he opened a gaming-hall in conjunction with an experienced partner, employing a pretty woman as a decoy.

For two years, from the age of twenty-one to twenty-three, he lived the life of a young patrician, making love to every pretty girl he set eyes on, squandering large sums at the faro tables. Intoxicated by prosperity he was always falling into scrapes. His friends were far less numerous than his enemies. At last, after he had made several appearances before the magistrates, his protector advised him to quit his native city for a time, fearing with reason that his conduct would attract the notice of the Inquisition. Consequently, Casanova set out once more upon his wanderings. Eventually, in the year 1750, he made his way to Paris.

This city, next to his beloved Venice, had always most attraction for him. During this—his first—visit most of his associates were theatrical people, and he began to occupy himself in writing for the stage, some of his comedies and librettos achieving a considerable success. Under the tutorship of Crébillon he acquired a knowledge of the French tongue, and his wit and audacity secured him the favourable regard of Madame de Pompadour. For the sake of prestige he assumed the title of the Chevalier de Seingalt. About this period he is believed to have paid a short visit to London, although for some reason or other he makes no mention of such a journey in his *Mémoires*. For two years he remained in Paris, happy and caressed, until a foolish scrape obliged him to depart in haste. After a brief sojourn in Vienna he came back to his native city.

Finding his patron Bragadin as indulgent as before, he plunged once again into the old life of riot and debauchery. More than ever a slave to play, he was a constant visitor at all the gaming-houses, losing large sums at the tables. He seduced the daughter of a wealthy broker, named Colonda, who was connected with a patrician family; he sought and obtained clandestine interviews with a beautiful nun, who lived across the lagoon in the island of Murano. It was reported to the authorities that he was interested in mysticism, and he associated with foreign ministers—a habit that always aroused suspicion in Venice—two of his most familiar friends being the Abbé de Bernis, the French Ambassador,

and John Murray, the representative of Great Britain.[1] A hundred disgraceful tricks soon made him a marked man. At last his conduct—as sooner or later was inevitable—attracted the notice of the Inquisitors. Arrested on the 26th of July 1755, on a charge—according to his own account—of dabbling in alchemy, he was condemned to five years' imprisonment "under the Leads"—the Piombi—the terrible dungeons in the roof of the Palace of the Doges. He was now thirty years of age.

For sixteen months he endured the agonies of solitary confinement in a dismal cell, tormented by vermin, nauseated by rats. The winter was one of excessive severity; the summer brought abnormal heat. Blessed with marvellous stamina, he suffered little in health, keeping a brave heart all the time, always bent upon escape. With the aid of an iron spike, *so he tells us*, he managed after weeks of labour to break a hole in the floor of his prison, but when his task was nearly finished he was detected by his jailor. Fearing punishment for his negligence, the man did not report the matter to the authorities, contenting himself with transferring the prisoner to another cell and watching him more closely. Yet, his cunning was no match for that of Casanova, or perhaps, as is more probable, he was bribed by the devoted Bragadin to shut his eyes. Having found means to communicate with a monk confined in the

[1] John Murray, British Resident at Naples 1754-1765, Ambassador at Constantinople 1765-1775, died August 9, 1775, at Venice. His dispatches are preserved among the Foreign Office papers for Venice at the Public Record Office, but they make no mention of Casanova.

dungeon above, Casanova sent him a spike concealed in a large Bible, and with this the monk was able to make a breach in the floor large enough for his confederate to ascend into the upper apartment. The rest of the adventure, which took place during the night of the 31st of October 1756, resembles Jack Sheppard's famous escape from Newgate. Boring a hole in the ceiling of the monk's cell, the two prisoners gained the roof, whence after a perilous climb over the leads, they entered another wing of the palace by a garret window, and bursting through the doors that barred their way they succeeded eventually in reaching the street. Jumping into a gondola, Casanova made for Fusina on the mainland, and was soon beyond the jurisdiction of the Republic. It is one of the most famous prison-breaking exploits in history, but could not have been accomplished unless the adventurer had received assistance from his powerful friends outside, which, however, he would not acknowledge, choosing to boast, with wonted vanity, that he had made his escape unaided. There is reason to believe that the tactful employment of Senator Bragadin's gold had more effect in obtaining his release than his own courage and intrepidity.[1]

Believing himself now to be exiled for life he made his way to Paris, where he arrived on the 5th of January 1757, for he regarded the French capital as the most favourable city in which "to put his talents to account." Since his protector continued

[1] This is the subject of a spirited controversy. See Introduction to the new edition of *Histoire de ma Fuite*, by Charles Samaran, 1922.

to allow him a hundred crowns a month he was free from all monetary anxieties. His former intimacy with François Joachim de Pierre de Bernis —the confederate of his amorous orgies in the island of Murano—was a most fortunate circumstance, for the gay Abbé was now Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the most powerful men in Paris. The time of the adventurer's arrival was favourable also to his schemes of advancement. France was at war with Prussia and Great Britain and the nation was in need of money. In a little while a State lottery was authorised, Casanova being appointed one of its managers on the recommendation of his friend de Bernis ; and as he managed to induce the public by a shrewd *réclame* to clamour for his tickets—on the sale of which he received a percentage—he gained a substantial profit. This clever juggling with figures encouraged the government to send him on a secret mission to the Netherlands to negotiate a loan, in which task he achieved another great success, and like all who took part in similar enterprises at that period, he made a considerable sum of money for himself.

As the result of these two strokes of fortune Casanova found himself a wealthy man. No one was more capable of extracting the full amount of enjoyment out of riches. None had a keener zest for pleasure nor was less easily satiated by a plethora of riot and debauchery. No one was more fond of extravagance and bombast and display. He took " a splendid lodging," and surrounded himself with a host of servants. He bought carriages, horses,

and jewellery, and became one of the best-dressed men in the most luxurious capital in Europe. And of course, since he was the most robust and inveterate of lovers, he exchanged one pretty mistress for another almost as often as he changed his suits of clothes.

Naturally, he was a conspicuous figure in the life of the gay city. His wealth and lavishness and ostentation brought a host of sycophants around him, and he was always pleased to patronise those who pandered to his vanity or administered to his pleasures. Wherever he went he was asked to tell the story of his flight from " the Leads," his version of the great prison-breaking episode having made him a popular hero. The Marquise d'Urfé—a foolish old woman with a passion for astrology, believed him to be " an adept of the first order " in the occult sciences, and during a large portion of her life the superstitious lady continued to have implicit faith in his supernatural powers. She placed her large fortune at his disposal, and was always willing to obey his most audacious commands. Little wonder that Casanova should have looked back upon this period as the happiest of his career.

After spending nearly three years in Paris the restless Venetian set out once more in search of adventure, and for the next three years he lived a more than usually nomadic life. He travelled *via* Holland into Germany and found his way southwards into Switzerland, where he made a prolonged stay. Going thence into Italy he wandered as far as Naples to seek a charming woman who had

captivated him when a boy. Returning once more to Paris he visited both Germany and Piedmont for a second time. Sooner or later some discreditable escapade compelled him to make a hurried departure from almost every town that he visited. Intrigue of every kind had an irresistible fascination for him. " If one tells a lie a sufficient number of times," he declares in his *Mémoires*, " one ends in believing it." His luck and dexterity as a gambler enabled him to win large sums of money ; his pretended skill as an astrologer made every credulous acquaintance an easy dupe. Few women were able to resist the charm of his manner or the fascination of his tongue. He made conquests everywhere and, like all heartless Lotharios, he was inordinately vain of his easy successes. Although often betrothed his " insuperable objection to the marriage tie " always led him to break his vows.

No one was ever more indiscriminate in his friendships. While always eager to seek an introduction to the high-born or the illustrious, and proud to boast of any notable acquaintance, the instinct of heredity and the environment of his early life made him a kindred spirit of the vagabond and the rapscallion. He was even more at home in the tavern than in the *salon*, and ever ready to forsake the palazzo for the brothel. The fine gentleman in Casanova is merely skin-deep, and by nature he was the strolling-player always.

Intellectually, he was highly gifted, with a rich imagination and much power of observation. He wrote lucid prose, both in his own language as well

as in French, and he was a classical scholar of some excellence, his knowledge of the works of Horace being unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. Deeply read in Homer and knowing the principal Italian poets off by heart, he was in most respects an exceedingly well educated man. Perhaps the most serviceable of gifts he possessed also in full measure, being a great conversationalist, with an inexhaustible flow of anecdote and a ready wit, having great powers of description also, and a sense of the histrionic inherited from his parents. He could always depend upon conciliating all who entered into conversation with him. He never failed in any company to keep the whole table in a roar.

Such, then, was Giacomo Girolamo Casanova, the splendid adventurer, who alighted from his post-chaise at the door of the Calais hotel on the evening of the 10th of June in the year 1763. Now that the Seven Years' War had come to an end and peace was concluded between France and Great Britain, he was going to fulfil a long-conceived project of visiting England.[1] Although his funds were by no means exhausted—for he tells us, and possibly tells us the truth, that he possessed £12,000—he was avaricious of increasing his fortune. There were State lotteries in London as well as in Paris, and he had a scheme in his mind, which, he imagined, would enable him to repeat his wonderful *coups* when director of a lottery for the French Government. He carried a letter to Lord Egremont, one

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, v. 484-5.

of the English Secretaries of State—an introduction given to him by two Venetian nobles, the Senators Angelo Querini and Francesco Morosini, who had returned from a recent diplomatic mission to the English court, whom he had been lucky enough to meet during the previous month as he was passing through Lyons. Impetuous to be in England, he had travelled in haste from the capital of the Rhone, only tarrying in Paris long enough to arrange with his bankers to open an account for him in London, and had then posted on to Calais.

Having secured his packet for the passage of the Channel on the morrow, which cost him the sum of six guineas, and taking the wise precaution to obtain a receipt from the captain in order to avoid any subsequent dispute, Casanova returned to his inn and ordered supper.

CHAPTER II

YOUNG POMPEATI—DUKE OF BEDFORD—ARRIVAL IN LONDON—MRS. CORNELYS—MARTINELLI—THE HOUSE IN PALL MALL

A BOY of eighteen was travelling to England with Casanova, a high-spirited youth, whom he was taking back to his mother, Thérèse Imer, the seductive dancing-girl of long ago, whose acquaintance he had made at the palazzo of Senator Malipiero. The career of Thérèse had been almost as hectic and turbulent as that of Casanova himself, for she had flaunted herself in many of the theatres of Europe, redeeming her incompetence as an actress by her ability as a courtesan. She had married a Venetian mummer named Angelo Pompeati, and had separated from him; was the mistress for a space of the Margrave of Baireuth; and had never refused her favours to any man generous enough to merit them. At one period she had called herself Madame Trenti, but latterly she had assumed the name of a Dutch protector, one Cornelis de Rigerboos, and had established herself in London.

From time to time Casanova had run across her in the course of his travels, the most memorable occasion being in the year 1753 when he saw her in Venice on his return from his first visit to Paris. She was then a voluptuous woman of thirty, and the pair

had not met since their escapade of ten years previously in the home of Malipiero. When Casanova paid a visit to her lodging it had happened that she was in bed, but she received him in the careless fashion of her kind; and her little boy, "true to his up-bringing," left the room at once. The adventurer was not the man to neglect such an opportunity. He resumed the dalliance that had been cut short by the blows of the angry old senator's cane, and found his old friend as complacent as he could wish.

During his visit to Holland at the height of his prosperity in 1758 he had seen Thérèse again, and finding that she had a little girl of about five years of age, who bore a strong resemblance to himself, he naturally believed the lady's assurance that this was his daughter. The actress was then in poor circumstances, and, though she refused to part with her little Sophie, whom he wished to adopt, she was glad to accept her lover's proposal to educate her son, the child of Pompeati, her lawful husband. So Casanova took the young Pompeati back with him to Paris and persuaded the Marquise d'Urfé to adopt him.[1] Since then, the boy had lived in the lap of luxury with the superstitious old lady, who changed his name to that of the Comte d'Aranda and gave him the best of masters.

Nearly five years had now elapsed since he left his mother, and Thérèse meanwhile had prospered

[1] Jeanne Carnus de Pontcarré, Marquise d'Urfé [1705-1775], married Louis-Christophe de La Rochefoucauld de Lascaris d'Urfé [*ob.* 1734] in 1724. She died November 13, 1775.

amazingly in London. Accordingly, when she received a letter from Casanova telling her that he was on his way to England she had written a peremptory reply—which had reached him in Paris—insisting that her son should accompany him. And Casanova, who had reason to believe that his old sweetheart might be of use to him in the English capital, had obeyed her request.

On the morning after the adventurer's arrival in Calais—that is to say, on Saturday the 11th of June 1763—he was awakened by the landlord at daybreak with the news that the valet of the Duke of Bedford wished to see him.[1] The servant came to beg a favour, no less a one than that Casanova should yield up his boat, which was the only one in the harbour, since it was most necessary that the Duke should cross the Channel immediately. The need was urgent, as the Venetian was aware, for the great nobleman had been Ambassador in Paris when the treaty of peace was signed between England and France in the previous February, and doubtless he had much of importance to communicate to his Government.

Here was an opportunity for ostentation, and Casanova, pluming himself upon his foresight in making sure of a boat, proceeded to turn it to account. Not deigning to speak a word to the lackey, he scribbled the following letter :—

" My Lord Duke may dispose of the whole of the packet, with the exception of the space necessary for myself, two other persons, and my luggage. I

[1] John Russell, 4th Duke of Bedford [1710-1771].

am delighted to have the opportunity of obliging the ambassador of England."

In a few moments the valet returned with a grateful message from the Duke, but declared that his master insisted upon paying for the packet.

"Tell him that it is impossible," replied Casanova, with his most lordly air. "It is paid for already."

"He will give you the six guineas."

"Tell your master that he can have the boat, but that I cannot accept payment. I do not sell anything that I buy."

Half an hour later the Duke himself—one of the most proud and haughty nobles in Great Britain—called upon Casanova to settle the dispute.

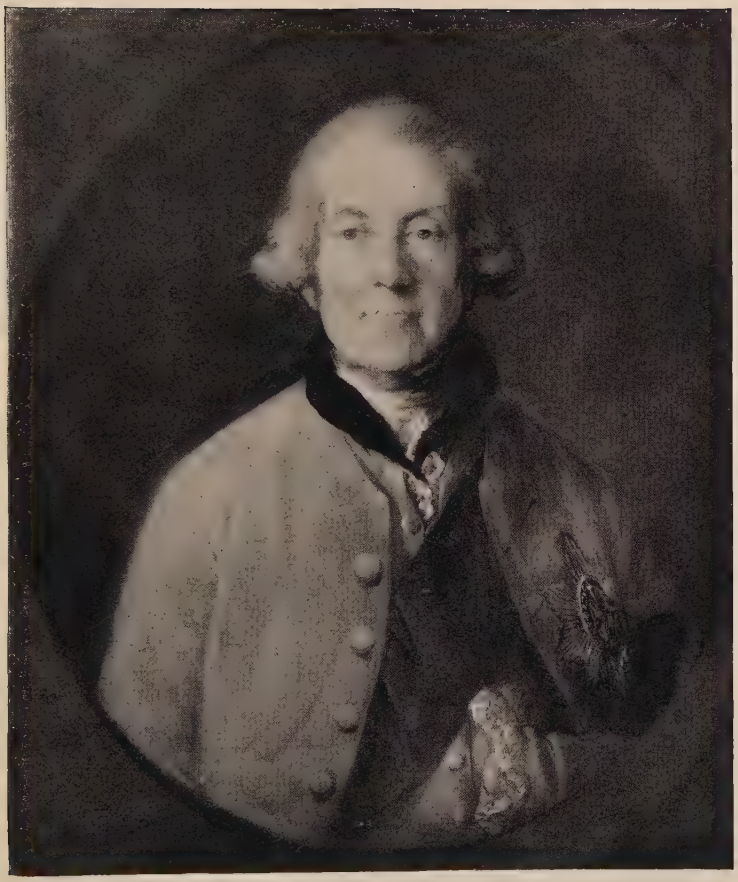
"There is a middle course," he observed. "Let us adopt it and I shall be no less obliged to you."

"What is it, my lord?"

"We will each pay half."

"My desire to accommodate you will not allow me to refuse, my lord; but it is I who am indebted for the honour your Excellency has done me. We will depart as soon as you give the order, and I will make my arrangements accordingly."

The Duke shook hands and went away, leaving three guineas on the table. An hour later Casanova returned his call, after which he walked to the harbour and told the captain of his ship to take the Ambassador's luggage and carriages on board. The Duchess of Bedford was with her husband, also



JOHN, 4TH DUKE OF BEDFORD
From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough in the National Portrait Gallery

Lord Tavistock, his only son,[1] but Casanova makes no mention of either in his *Mémoires*.

Probably they set sail in the late afternoon, while the tide was still high, for the English newspapers announced that the Duke and his party landed at Dover *in the evening*.[2] They had a swift passage with a following breeze, reaching the English coast in two and a half hours. Such a rapid voyage was by no means unusual. A few months later, when the celebrated John Wilkes crossed the Channel—fleeing from the wrath of the three estates of the realm, which were seeking to put him in prison for "obscene and seditious" libels—the winds were equally propitious.

As it was Saturday night, and there was a considerable delay in the Custom House, where the officials made "a minute, vexatious, and inconsiderate" examination of the baggage, the travellers were obliged to stay in Dover until the morning. Casanova was incensed by the rudeness of the English *douaniers*, but seeing that the Duke of Bedford was treated with equal discourtesy, he submitted patiently. On the morrow, since it was Sunday, and in England travelling was difficult on that day, he may have remained with his young companion in Dover; or, if they continued their journey, they can only have got as far as Sittingbourne or one of the other usual halting-places, for they did not reach London until the evening of

[1] Francis, Marquis of Tavistock [1739-1767]. He was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting field.

[2] *Public Advertiser*, June 14, 1763.

Monday the 13th of June. The ducal party arrived in town the same night.[1]

Casanova's first impressions of England were similar to those of most foreign visitors of the period. He was suspicious of English cooking, and he resented the intense national pride of the people; but he was charmed by "the universal cleanliness, the beauty of the country, the excellence of the roads, and the speed and cheapness of the post-horses." The construction of the towns on the Dover road also surprised him, Rochester and Canterbury seeming to him like "long trenches," all length and no breadth.

Upon his arrival in London he drove straight to the house of his old friend Thérèse, who was now known as Mrs. Cornelys, expecting a warm welcome, believing that she would be full of gratitude for all that he had done for her boy. His reception was very different to what he had anticipated. The post-chaise halted at a palatial red-brick mansion at the south end of Sutton Street on the east side of Soho Square, a residence known as Carlisle House—the former home of the Howards when the neighbourhood was a fashionable one. A porter opened the door and Casanova announced his name; but, instead of flying to meet him with open arms, Thérèse sent down a curt message, telling him to go to another house, whither her servant would conduct him.

Upon arriving at this destination he was received

[1] *Mémoires de Casanova* [Garnier], vi. 353; *The London Chronicle*, June 14-16, 1763.

by the housekeeper, a stout lady named Rancour, who welcomed the boy obsequiously, but treated Casanova with studied indifference. Ushering them into a fine suite of three rooms, where two lackeys were in waiting, she informed the youth that the servants and the apartments were for him, and that she too was his " very humble servant." Then she launched forth into a eulogy of his mother, Madame Thérèse Cornelys, telling him of her exalted position, her great enterprise, her wonderful reputation, the splendid mansion that she had built, her thirty-three servants, her two secretaries, her six horses, her country house, etc. etc.

" How is my sister Sophie ? " he inquired.

" So her name is Sophie ? " responded the housekeeper. " We call her Miss Cornelys. She is a beauty and a prodigy. She plays several instruments, dances like Terpsichore, speaks English, French, and Italian with equal facility—in a word, she is something marvellous. She has her governess and her maid. Unfortunately she is rather short for her age, which is eight."

Casanova, who remembered the date of his exploit in Thérèse's bed-chamber, believed that the little girl must be ten years old, but he did not correct the woman. He was ablaze with anger at his unceremonious reception. Only one small room had been allotted to him; evidently he was not considered of sufficient importance to make it worth while to provide him with servants. So, when Madame Rancour informed him that supper would not be ready until ten o'clock and it was

now only seven, he took his hat and cane and went out for a walk, determined to seek fresh lodgings.

In his rage he must have walked rapidly, for a quarter of an hour later he found himself at the bottom of the Haymarket, where, perceiving a tavern at the south-east corner of the street, opposite to the King's Theatre, he strolled inside and ordered a glass of lemonade. It was the Prince of Orange coffee-house, known colloquially as "the Orange," the resort of the singers and dancers of the Opera House.[1] Presently he observed that the man sitting next to him was correcting some proof-sheets, printed in the Italian language, and as he watched him he noticed that he had added an *h* to the word *ancora*. Irritated by this barbarism, Casanova told the stranger that the word had been spelt for four centuries without the *h*.

"Exactly," said the writer, "but I quote from Boccaccio, and one should be precise in quotations."

"I crave your pardon, sir," answered Casanova, delighted to meet a kindred spirit. "I perceive you are a man of letters."

"Yes, in a small way. My name is Martinelli."

"Then you are a great person. I know you by repute, and if I am not mistaken you are related to Calzabigi,[2] who has spoken of you to me. I have read some of your satires."

It was a lucky encounter for Casanova on the first day of his arrival in London, for Martinelli was

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, v. 123.

[2] The two brothers, Régnier and Jean-Antonine Calzabigi, natives of Leghorn, were co-directors with Casanova in the French lottery.

a distinguished man.[1] He had lived in England for many years and was well known in the literary world. He was the friend of Dr. Charles Burney, Thomas Hollis, and John Wilkes; he was acquainted with Dr. Johnson and Horace Walpole, and Lord Spencer, the owner of a famous library, was his chief patron. At the moment he was engaged upon a new edition of Boccaccio, and Casanova gratified him by subscribing for four copies on the spot.

"Literature is my only occupation," said the scholar. "I live by myself and I earn little, but it is enough for my wants. I have furnished apartments, and I possess twelve shirts and the suit of clothes you see. And I am happy. *Nec ultra deos lacesso.*"

In the course of conversation Casanova mentioned that he was in search of lodgings, saying that he intended to remain in London for twelve months, and when he had given an idea of the style in which he wished to live, Martinelli advised him to take a furnished house. Obtaining a daily newspaper they scanned the advertisements.

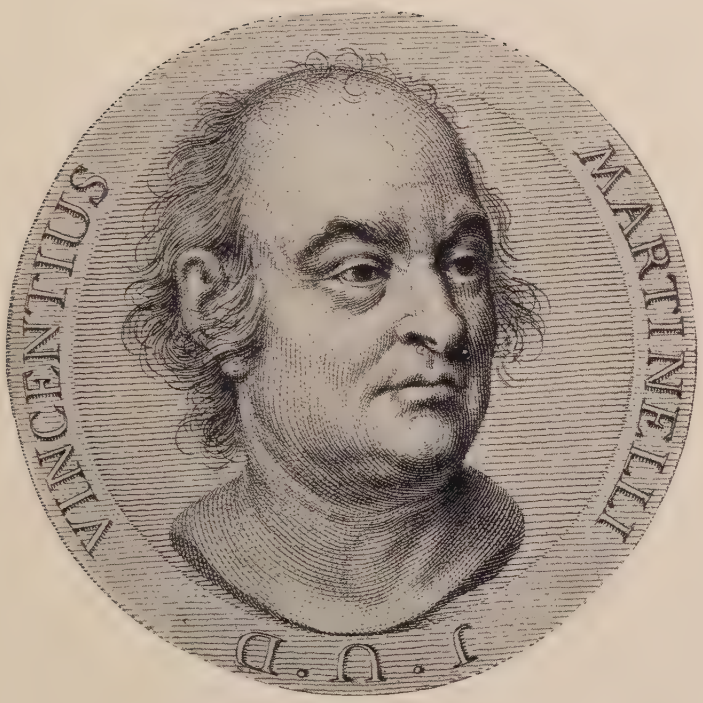
The nearest house was in Pall Mall, close at hand, and they went to see it. An old woman opened the front door and showed them over the ground floor and the three other storeys. Each floor contained two bedrooms and a sitting-room. Everything in the house was clean and spotless, linen, furniture, carpets, mirrors, and china, as well as the bells and

[1] Vincenzo Martinelli. *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, v. 123. His edition of Boccaccio's *Decameron* was published in 1762.

the bolts of the doors. A large press was filled with linen; another contained the silver and several services of china and earthenware. There was a complete set of cooking utensils in the kitchen, bright as a new pin and in good condition. In short, no well-to-do family could have wished for a more comfortable residence. The rent was twenty guineas a week, and without attempting to bargain, Casanova told Martinelli that the house would suit him.

When his companion had translated what he said to the old woman, she intimated that if he chose to engage her as housekeeper there was no need for a surety, and that he would only have to pay her a week in advance. He replied that he would keep her if she could get him another servant who was able to speak either French or Italian as well as English. She promised to do so on the morrow, and he paid her four weeks' rent in advance, for which she gave him a receipt under the name of the Chevalier de Seingalt. This was the name by which he was known during the whole of his stay in London.

Having completed these arrangements, Casanova set out on his return journey to the home of Madame Cornelys, guided no doubt on the way back by his new acquaintance. He was pleased to have found such a useful friend as Martinelli, and his vanity was gratified by the thought that he would be able to dispense with the hospitality of the ungracious Thérèse. His temper, never of the best, was still inflamed because of her discourtesy, but he thought it politic to disguise his feelings.



VINCENZO MARTINELLI
From a stipple engraving by Bartolozzi after Cipriani

Ten o'clock had struck when he entered the house. Young Cornelys was asleep on the sofa, but his mother had not yet appeared. However, before long, three loud knocks at the front door announced the arrival of her sedan-chair, and five minutes later she came upstairs. Although she seemed glad to meet her old lover once more she made no offer to embrace him, which mortified the touchy fellow not a little. Rushing to her son she threw her arms around him and took him on her knee. The sleepy boy responded coldly to her caresses.

"He is very tired, like myself," said Casanova irascibly. "And considering we are in need of rest, you have kept us waiting a long time."

Before Madame Cornelys could reply, supper was announced. Rising from the sofa she took the arm that her guest offered to her and they walked into an adjoining room, followed by the boy.

Thérèse Imer was now forty years of age, two years older than Casanova. When he had met her in Holland five years before he had considered that she was still a pretty woman, certainly a very handsome one, but even then she had ceased to have any physical attraction for him, and the small regard that he may have felt for her was inspired by the fact that he believed that she had borne him a beautiful little girl. Still, he could never realise that it was possible for a woman to grow indifferent to him when once she had yielded to his desires, and he was amazed and humiliated by the discovery that Thérèse cared as little for him as he for her.

He was in the prime of life still, a magnificent male, who had encountered few rebuffs in love, and it was a severe blow to his pride that the stout and middle-aged Madame Cornelys should adore him no longer. Yet, though smouldering with anger, he kept his hot temper under control, knowing that if he quarrelled with the mother he might be unable to see his little daughter.

CHAPTER III

PROSPERITY OF MRS. CORNELYS—DINNER AT CARLISLE HOUSE—SOPHIE CORNELYS

THE attitude of Mrs. Cornelys towards her former lover is best illustrated by one of the pronouncements of Dr. Johnson.

"Why, sir," he said to Boswell, "a man is very apt to complain of the ingratitude of those who have risen far above him. A man when he gets into a higher sphere, into other habits of life, cannot keep up all his former connections. Then, those who knew him formerly upon a level with themselves may think that they ought still to be treated as on a level, which cannot be; and an acquaintance in a former situation may bring out things which it would be very disagreeable to have mentioned before higher company, though perhaps everybody knows of them."

It was thus with Thérèse and Giacomo. She was aware of his squalid origin; in the days of their intimacy he had told her of most of the vicissitudes of his life; she knew that he was little better than a *chevalier d'industrie*. Perfectly acquainted with his character, she understood that he was a complete egotist, who, although generous when it pleased his vanity to be generous, would never allow motives of generosity to stand in the way of self-interest.

She was aware that if she had received him as an old familiar friend he would have no scruples in publishing abroad—if it suited his purpose—that the renowned Madame Cornelys had lavished her favours upon him. Knowing him to be wholly without tact, when the reputation of another was at stake, she must have feared that he might divulge the parentage of the child Sophie. To permit close intimacy with such a man must have seemed to her to be seeking trouble, and thus she had made up her mind, while behaving with decent civility, to keep him in his proper place. Although not informed of the actual reason of his visit to England, she knew that he was concerned in some financial adventure, and she could not afford to associate herself with an adventurer.

Thérèse Imer, as Mrs. Cornelys, now occupied a position of some importance in London, whither she had come with her little Sophie soon after her meeting with Casanova in Holland in February 1758, when he had adopted her son. At all events, she was in England in the following year, for she then addressed a " memorial " to King George II.[1] At first she had intended to continue her career as singer at the opera, but early in 1760, she conceived the notion of taking a lease of Carlisle House in Soho Square and opening it as a place of public assemblies. With the help of a rich patron she obtained possession of the great mansion, furnished it luxuriously, and built a spacious ballroom. The

[1] *Calendar of Home Office Papers*, 1770-2 (1881), 139-40, Public Record Office.

enterprise was successful from the first. Hitherto, the *ridottos* and masquerades had been held at the Ranelagh Rotunda or the Opera House in the Haymarket, where the company was always mixed, but Mrs. Cornelys had foreseen that they could be given at Carlisle House in a smaller and more exclusive style. So she secured the patronage of some of the foremost leaders of fashion and would admit no one to her balls who was not a subscriber or a ticket-holder, approved by her coterie. Consequently her assemblies were always select; it was a privilege to attend them; and society flocked to her rooms.

It was a clever scheme, bringing both fame and fortune to its inventress. As a public entertainer she was as well known as Garrick himself, and she had come into contact with some of the first nobility. Money poured into her coffers, and although her extravagance kept pace with her receipts, she was able to obtain unlimited credit. Every one who was anybody knew her by sight, and her name was a household word to the outside world as well, owing to her innumerable advertisements in the newspapers. Naturally, such an illustrious lady could not have been otherwise than perturbed by the arrival of her old lover.

Casanova was in one of his blackest moods this evening when he sat down to supper, although still ostensibly polite. He was not so much incensed against her because of her ingratitude in return for his kindness to her son, since a sense of gratitude was scarcely one of his own good qualities. What

continued to give him most chagrin was her undemonstrative demeanour. Noticing that the supper table was laid for four, he asked who was to have been the fourth person.

" It was to have been my daughter," Mrs. Cornelys replied coldly, " but I left her at home, for as soon as she knew that you and her brother had arrived she asked me if *you* were well."

" And you punished her for that ? "

" Certainly, for in my opinion she should have inquired about her brother first and then about you. Don't you think I am right ? "

" Poor Sophie ! I 'm sorry for her. She is more influenced by gratitude than by the ties of blood."

" Gratitude has nothing to do with it. . . . Young people must be taught to behave properly."

Turning to her son she told him that she was working hard so that he would be rich when she died, and that she had been obliged to send for him as he was old enough to help in the management of her business.

" But what sort of work shall I have to do, dear Mamma ? "

" I give twelve suppers and twelve balls [1] to the nobility every year, and twelve to the middle classes, at two guineas each, and there are often as many as five or six hundred people. The expense is enormous, and alone as I am, I am naturally robbed, for I cannot be in two places at the same

[1] Mrs. Cornelys announced her twelfth and last assembly in her advertisement in the *Public Advertiser* on May 18, 1763, so Casanova's estimate of their number is a correct one.

time. Now that you are here, you must keep the keys, manage the books, pay and receive the accounts, and walk through the rooms to see that every one is being waited upon. In short, you will perform the duties of master of ceremonies."

" And you think, dear Mamma, that I shall be able to do all that ? "

" Yes, for you will learn."

" It seems very difficult."

" One of my secretaries will come and live with you, and will teach you everything. During the first year you will only have to learn English and appear at my assemblies, so that you can get to know the best people in London. In a little while you will become almost an Englishman."

" I would prefer to remain French."

" Prejudice, my child ! You will get used to being *Mister* Cornelys."

" Cornelys ? "

" Yes, that is your name."

" It 's an odd one."

" I will write it down for you, so that you won't forget it."

When the weary boy had gone to bed, Thérèse and Casanova stayed up talking until two o'clock in the morning. He was curious to learn as much as possible of her life in London. She was anxious to impress him with a sense of his inferiority. She began by disparaging the manners of her son.

" I fear that he will have to be educated all over again. What has he learnt the last six years ? "

" He might have learnt a great deal, for he has

been to the best school in Paris, but he only learnt what he liked, which is not much. He can play the flute, ride a horse, fence, and dance a minuet, change his linen every day, answer politely, conduct himself with assurance, talk fluently, and dress well. That is all ! Since he has no perseverance he knows nothing of literature ; he can hardly write, he cannot spell, he only knows the four first rules of arithmetic and scarcely realises that England is an island."

" The six years have been well employed indeed."

" Or rather, he has wasted them, and he will waste many more."

" My daughter will make fun of him, but then, you see, *I* have superintended her education. He will be ashamed when he sees that a child of eight is so advanced."

" He will never see her at eight, if I am right in my reckoning. She must be ten."

" Surely I ought to know ! She has learnt geography, history, languages, music. She talks intelligently and behaves in a manner that is astonishing in one so young. All the women adore her. I keep her at a drawing-school all day as she shows a great taste for art, and she does not come home until the evening. She dines with me every Sunday, and if you will do me the honour of dining with me next Sunday you will see her, and will acknowledge, I think, that I have not exaggerated."

He made no reply, being speechless with indignation that she did not realise how impatient he was to set eyes on his daughter. Then she com-

menced to boast of the entertainments at Carlisle House.

"You are just in time," she told him, "to see the last assembly [1] that I shall give this season to the nobility, for in two or three weeks they will have all left town for their country houses. I cannot give you a ticket, for they are only issued to the aristocracy, but you can come as my friend, and you will see everything. If any one asks who you are I shall say that you have been my son's tutor in Paris, and that you have come over with him."

"You do me too much honour," retorted the irate Giacomo.

But as time went on Thérèse grew confidential and told him of her troubles. In spite of her splendid income she was greatly in debt, and was being harassed by a vexatious lawsuit. A former lover, whose name Casanova tells us was Sir Frederick Fermor, had brought an action against her for ten thousand pounds, the amount of the loan he had given her for the furnishing of the house in Soho Square. The case, she said, had gone up to the House of Lords.

"It was a friendly gift," she declared, "and he has not been over generous, considering that he is immensely rich and that we used to live together. . . . This suit dishonours Fermor."

"Undoubtedly, but do you think it will bring credit to you?"

[1] The last assembly of the season had taken place already, on Thursday, May 19. An extra ball, for the benefit of Mrs. Cornelys, had been given on May 26.

" Most certainly."

There is a lack of precision in Casanova's version of this portion of his conversation with Thérèse. No mention of the lawsuit of *Fermor v. Cornelys* appears in the *Journals of the House of Lords*. Nor was there any such person as Sir Frederick Fermor! Fermor was the family name of the Earls of Pomfret, and George Fermor, the second earl, at that time forty-one years of age, is the only one of his race who is likely to have been the paramour of Mrs. Cornelys. Still, since the young Cornelys was engaged as tutor in after years to this peer's son, who succeeded as the third earl, he may have owed the appointment to his mother's influence, and so the statements of Casanova are not altogether incredible.[1] But he allows his antipathy towards the ungrateful Thérèse to colour his narrative. At that period she was not in monetary difficulties. For many years afterwards " the Society of Carlisle House " continued to prosper, and in spite of the opposition of Almack's, her balls and assemblies were still fashionable. It was not until much later that Mrs. Cornelys fell upon evil days. Casanova, however, who is often inaccurate in his dates, anticipates her financial embarrassments to fit in with the sequence of his story.

During the whole of their conversation, he tells us, Thérèse never inquired after his health, nor asked if he was comfortable. She put no questions to him about the reasons of his visit to London,

[1] Cf. *Records of my Life*, John Taylor, i. 266-7. *Gentleman's Magazine* [1797], ii. 890.

and did not ask him if he was affluent, not wishing, evidently, to appear solicitous. Since he was simply dressed and wore no jewellery he concluded that she imagined that he was poor.

On the next morning, Tuesday the 14th of June, he ordered Clairmont, his valet, to call a coach and to carry down his trunks, and leaving his address with young Cornelys, he drove off to his new home in Pall Mall.

. . . . . .

He took advantage, however, of Thérèse's invitation to dinner on the following Sunday, which was the 19th of the month. The dinner took place at Carlisle House and he proceeded thither in a sedan-chair, attended by his newly-engaged footman, a negro named Jarbe. It was the first time that he had entered the mansion, which even the fastidious Horace Walpole declared was " a fairy palace," and he was full of admiration for the spacious rooms and their costly furniture. Mrs. Cornelys received him courteously, but did not trouble to introduce him to her other guests—two English ladies and two English gentlemen—merely observing to them in French that he had been superintending the education of her son in Paris.

A new humiliation was in store for him. He had curbed his resentment hitherto for the sake of his little Sophie, lest a quarrel with the mother might prevent his intercourse with the daughter; but when at last she came into the room, and he advanced to meet her with open arms, the child drew back with a frightened air, and dropping him a curtsy,

murmured a stiff and formal " How d'you do." Although he realised that the little thing had been instructed beforehand by her mother, this frigid welcome cut him to the heart.

When they were seated at table Casanova became more at ease, for he was placed between the two Englishwomen, one of whom charmed him by her pleasant wit. She began by admiring his beautiful lace, for he was dressed sumptuously, with the intention of making an impression upon the haughty Thérèse. Indeed, he declares in his *Mémoires* that he had been presented that morning to the King and Queen at St. James's Palace, but his memory must have played him false ; since, although it was the custom to hold a court and drawing-room after chapel on Sundays, there are reasons for supposing (as will be explained later) that his presentation at court—if it took place at all—did not occur until the autumn. However, the incident fits in conveniently with his story, and enables him to record several bitter repartees that he made during dinner at the expense of Mrs. Cornelys. In badinage, we can well imagine, she was no match for him.

Until they had come to dessert poor Sophie did not utter a syllable.

" My dear," said her mother at last, " say something to Monsieur de Seingalt."

" I don't know what to say, Mamma. Tell Monsieur de Seingalt to talk to me and I will answer as best I can."

" Come, my dear Sophie," said Casanova, " tell me about your lessons."

CARLISLE HOUSE, SOHO SQUARE
From the Crace Collection in the British Museum

" I am learning drawing, and if you like, I will show you some of my work."

" I will look at it with pleasure, but tell me how I have offended you, for you seem very shy."

" I, sir ? . . . I don't mean to be impolite to you."

" Nor have you been so, my dear girl," he continued, talking at Mrs. Cornelys through the child, " but as you speak to me without looking at me I concluded that you were ashamed. Is it your beautiful eyes that you are ashamed of ? Ah, you are blushing ! What have you done wrong ? "

" You are embarrassing her," protested Mrs. Cornelys. " Tell him, my dear, that you have done nothing wrong, but it is out of respect and modesty that you don't look at the people you speak to."

" Indeed," replied Casanova, who believed that the mother had told her not to look him in the face, " but if modesty makes young people lower their eyes, politeness should make them raise them sometimes."

To be used as a shuttlecock by the two antagonists was an awkward experience for poor Sophie, but Casanova had little consideration for the feelings of another whenever he sought to repay an injury.

As soon as dinner was over the child brought him her drawings.

" I won't look at them, Sophie," he persisted, " unless you will look at me."

" Come," said her mother impatiently, " *regarde monsieur*."

The child obeyed at once, and Casanova was

charmed with her eyes, which were raised to him for the first time.

"Now I shall know you again, dear Sophie," said he. "And do you remember me?"

"Yes, sir. Although it is six years since I 've seen you I recognised you at once."

"How can that be, when you never looked me in the face? Don't you know, my little angel, how rude it is to lower your eyes when you speak to any one? Who can have taught you such a bad habit?"

Sophie glanced at her mother, who turned away to the window, and Casanova was gratified to perceive that he had humiliated her. The obvious discord between the pair must have been embarrassing also to the other guests.

Satisfied with his small triumph Giacomo began to praise the drawings, telling the child that she ought to be thankful to have a mother who had given her such a good education, a compliment that seemed to please Mrs. Cornelys. Then Sophie sang several songs, accompanying herself both on the piano and the guitar, and she also danced a minuet with her brother. But the boy's dancing did not please the little girl, so she came to Casanova and begged him to be her partner. He complied. It must have made a curious spectacle, the contrast between the gorgeous coxcomb, whose every movement had an over-strained theatrical effect, and who walked through a measure with the stilted solemnity of a dancing-master, and the precocious little girl, so tiny for her age, who strove to imitate the airs and graces of a fine lady. But she had now con-

quered her shyness, and when the dance was over, she sat on Casanova's knee and smothered him with kisses.

Mrs. Cornelys too had thawed, and after they had drunk their coffee, she took her old friend into her magnificent assembly-room, where, she told him, she often gave a supper to four hundred persons. She had a score of pretty waitresses in her service and a dozen footmen.

"The wretches all rob me," she sighed, "but I cannot help it. . . . I want a smart, intelligent man to assist me and look after my interests. . . . Then," she added significantly, "I could make a big fortune in a very few years, for the English do not mind what they spend on pleasure."

Casanova was not tempted by the suggestion, saying merely that he hoped she would find such a man. Then, having received an invitation to her last assembly, which, so he tells us, was to be given in four or five days, before the prorogation of parliament, he took his departure. His memory, however, must have played him false, for the two last balls of the season at Carlisle House had taken place on the 19th and 26th of May, and Mrs. Cornelys did not give another until the 2nd of December.[1]

[1] Advertisements in the *Public Advertiser*, May 18 and December 1, 1763.

CHAPTER IV

MARTINELLI—RIOT AT DRURY LANE—A GRIM WAGER—ADVENTURE AT RANELAGH—LORD PEMBROKE—ENGLISH COURTESANS

It is clear from Casanova's *Mémoires* that he took the greatest pride in his English home, and had soon arranged his *ménage* to his satisfaction. The housekeeper proved to be competent and the cook was an adept, while the negro Jarbe, who had been recommended by an acquaintance on 'Change, when the traveller had visited the City to cash one of his drafts, was able to speak both French and Italian. With the addition of Clairmont, the valet, and a housemaid named Fanny, the place was well staffed. An English peer, who came to dinner a few days later, declared that " no nobleman in town had a better-furnished or more comfortable house."

At first, Vincenzo Martinelli was the most frequent guest, his " profound knowledge of English manners and customs " being of the greatest service to his compatriot. He gave him several useful introductions, and helped him whenever he was in a difficulty. Under his guidance Casanova visited all the sights of London, his friend taking special care to point out which persons to cultivate and those whom it was best to avoid. Much of the

scholar's conversation seems to have lingered in Giacomo's memory, and it is a curious fact that he mentions in his *Mémoires* several incidents, which Martinelli must have related to him, as if he had been an actual eye-witness of them, although it is clear that they occurred before he set foot in England. He liked to tell all his tales in the first person.

A case in point is his description of the famous riot at Drury Lane Theatre on the 25th of January 1763, nearly five months before he landed at Dover. The following is Casanova's account of the affair :—

" By some means or other the company could not give the piece that had been announced, and the audience was in an uproar. Garrick, the celebrated actor, came forward and strove to appease them, but was compelled to retire. The King and Queen and all the respectable folk were obliged to leave the theatre, and in less than an hour everything in the place had been wrecked. . . . A fortnight later the theatre was refitted and the play announced again, but when Garrick appeared to crave the indulgence of the audience, a voice from the pit cried out, ' On your knees ! ' A thousand voices repeated, ' On your knees ! ' and the English Roscius had to kneel down and beg forgiveness. Then there was a thunder of applause and the trouble was over."

As it is impossible that Casanova was present it is not strange that his version of the occurrence, which must have come to him by hearsay, is not

very accurate. The trouble was caused, as were so many disturbances in the theatre during the eighteenth century, by the action of the management in raising the prices of admission. The *London Chronicle* reports the incident as follows :—

" Last night when the third music began at Drury Lane the audience insisted on ' Britons Strike Home ' and ' The Roast Beef of Old England,' which were played accordingly. Mr. (Charles) Holland coming in to speak the prologue to *Elvira*, he was hissed off. Mr. Garrick immediately came on but could not obtain a hearing. After a confused uproar, which lasted some time, he was asked whether he would answer the questions that should be put to him. He respectfully said he would. The following question was then put : ' Will you, or will you not give admittance for half-price after the third act ? ' "

After some hesitation Garrick replied in the affirmative and was loudly cheered. The disturbance, however, was not yet over. John Moody, the comedian, was called upon to apologise because he had assaulted one of the audience, who, it was said, had been in the act of setting fire to the theatre. " I am sorry," he retorted sarcastically, " that I have displeased you by saving your lives." Enraged by this reply the pit demanded that he should beg forgiveness " on his knees," which the actor declined to do, being temporarily suspended by the management for his refusal !

When his recollection of the story had grown faint in after years, Casanova imagined no doubt

that it was Garrick himself who had been compelled to ask pardon " on his knees." [1]

He relates also another of Martinelli's anecdotes as though he had actually observed what he had been merely told. One day, as he was strolling with his friend down the street, they saw a large crowd that were gathered around a man who was lying on the ground. Having inquired what was the matter, Martinelli returned to his companion.

" This is a curious affair, which you ought to mention in your notes on English manners."

" What is it ? "

" A man is on the point of death from a blow that he has received in boxing with another man."

" Can't he be saved ? "

" There is a surgeon here who wants to attend to him, but they won't allow him to bleed the fellow."

" Who is preventing him ? "

" That 's the funny part of it. Two gentlemen have wagered twenty guineas on his death or recovery. One says, ' I bet that he dies ' ; the other says, ' I bet that he gets better.' The first won't allow the surgeon to bleed the man, for if he is cured, the other will demand his twenty guineas."

" Unhappy wretch ! " cried Casanova. " What unmerciful betters ! "

Oddly enough Horace Walpole told a similar story in a letter to Horace Mann thirteen years

[1] There were similar riots at Covent Garden Theatre on January 24, and March 3 (*London Magazine* [1763], pp. 7, 57, 163). The disturbances were promoted by an Irishman named Thaddeus Fitzpatrick.

before, and it is unlikely that the incident occurred twice over.

" They have put in the papers," writes Walpole, " a good story made on White's: a man dropped down dead at the door, was carried in; the club immediately made bets whether he was dead or not, and when they were going to bleed him, the wagerers for his death interposed, and said it would affect the fairness of the bet."

Before long Casanova met with one of his usual amorous adventures. It was evening and he had gone to Ranelagh,[1] the famous pleasure-garden in Chelsea, where he danced several minuets in the spacious Rotunda, for he had come in search of a pretty woman, having no female friend in London except the unsatisfactory Thérèse. He saw several that took his fancy, but he was afraid of making advances to any of them without an introduction. When he wished to depart he found that his coach had disappeared, and while he was standing in the doorway, fuming with rage, a handsome lady, who was also waiting for her carriage, told him that if he lived anywhere near Whitehall she would be glad to take him home. He thanked her gratefully, and when her carriage arrived they drove off together.

Emboldened by the darkness, Casanova began an ardent flirtation at once, and his companion being responsive, he ventured to take possession of her hand. She made no attempt to withdraw it, and

[1] The site of Ranelagh is now part of Chelsea Hospital garden, between Church Row and the river to the east of the Hospital. The Rotunda was a circular assembly room 150 feet in diameter with tiers of fifty boxes around.

was not offended even when he raised it to his lips. In a few moments she was in his arms and he was covering her cheeks with kisses, while she was giving him kisses in return. His fingers began to stray, until at last she had to beg him to desist.

" Is this the way to return my hospitality ? "

" Yes, dear madam, for it has made me hope for more. . . . Don't be cruel."

" Surely I have been very kind ! "

" Not kind enough."

" You are very expectant, sir."

Fastening his lips upon hers he grew more bold and soon " had given her an unmistakable token of the passion with which she had inspired him." He flattered himself that he had gained a new mistress, for she had been as sweet and yielding as could be, so he entreated her to tell him when she would grant him another *tête-à-tête*.

" We shall not meet again," she responded. " And I expect you to be discreet."

Assuring her that she could rely upon his discretion, he made no further solicitations. Soon afterwards the carriage stopped at his home, and kissing the lady's hand, he bade her good-bye, well pleased with his adventure.

A fortnight later he met her again. He was calling upon Lady Betty Germain at 16 St. James's Square,[1] and upon being ushered into the drawing-

[1] Lady Elizabeth Germain, *née* Berkeley [1680-1769], daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, and the second wife of Sir John Germain of Drayton, Northamptonshire. In one of Casanova's manuscripts, preserved at the Castle of Dux in Bohemia, there is a reference to his friendship with " Lady Beti Germen " in London.

room, was pleasantly surprised to find his "lady of Ranelagh" sitting alone, reading a newspaper. He accosted her exuberantly, whereupon she replied coldly that she had not the honour of his acquaintance.

"But I told you my name, madam," he exclaimed, aghast. "Don't you remember me?"

"Perfectly, but a piece of folly is not a title of acquaintance."

He was dumbfounded by this amazing response, while the lady resumed her newspaper and did not address another remark to him until Lady Betty Germain entered the room.

"The fair philosopher," as he styles her, talked for two hours without giving the least indication that she had been acquainted with him previously, but she answered politely whenever he spoke to her. Casanova is discreet enough to suppress her name, although he declares that she was a lady of high birth and spotless reputation.

One of Casanova's earliest acquaintances was the Earl of Pembroke, to whom he appears to have been introduced by the useful Martinelli, and he found him a congenial companion, for he was one of the most persistent of gay Lotharios.[1] Pembroke was now twenty-nine years of age, a colonel of Hussars, and an accomplished horseman. Although married to a very handsome woman, the daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, a lady to whom the young king was much attached, he had not the least regard for

[1] Henry Herbert, tenth Earl of Pembroke [1734-1794], general in the army.

his marriage vows. His wife was gentle and devoted, but having become weary of her calm Madonna-like beauty, he had been concerned in several discreditable liaisons. Only in the previous year he had eloped with Miss Kitty Hunter, a daughter of a Lord of the Admiralty, a giddy girl, who went with him to Paris and had borne him a child. Recently, her family had induced her to leave her lover and return home, and Lady Pembroke had forgiven her unfaithful husband, but he was still in disgrace at Court, and showed no signs of turning over a new leaf.

Lord Pembroke, who was one of the first guests at the house in Pall Mall, praised Casanova's excellent French chef with enthusiasm. Out of gratitude he gave his host the addresses of several taverns in London, which were the resorts of the best class of courtesan. To one of these, which seems to have been the " Shakespeare," perhaps the most notorious bagnio in Covent Garden, the Italian paid an early visit.[1] It was the place where the famous Jack Harris had been head waiter, who had always kept a catalogue of *filles de joie*, and whose list of Covent Garden ladies under the title of " Harris's List " was still an annual publication. When Casanova arrived at the tavern he asked for a private room, telling the landlord, who could speak French, that

[1] In the several editions of Casanova's *Mémoires*, the name is given variously as the "Star" or the "Stavern" tavern. As is so often the case, the editors may have misinterpreted the MS. Casanova perhaps has written the name "Shakespeare" illegibly, or may have abbreviated it. The authorised title of the tavern was the "Shakespeare Head."

he wished to dine with a pretty Englishwoman. Lord Pembroke, he added, had informed him that he would find here the most beautiful girls in London.

" My lord has not deceived you," replied the landlord. " You can see as many as you like."

" I came with that idea."

A girl was paraded for his inspection, but she was a huge creature, who did not take his fancy, and he told the landlord as much.

" Give her a shilling and send her away," replied the man. " We don't stand on ceremony in London."

The foreigner paid his money and demanded a prettier girl, but the second was worse than the first. Ten others followed, all of whom were rejected in turn, the landlord being highly amused by the fastidiousness of his guest.

" I 'll see no more of them," cried Casanova at last. " Let me have a good dinner. I think your pimp must have been making game of me for the sake of the shillings."

" That is very probable," returned the unabashed landlord. " It often happens when a gentleman does not choose a girl who is on the list."

Lord Pembroke came to visit him in a day or two to inquire if he had managed to find a mistress.

" You can't live here without a pretty girl, my dear Seingalt," he remarked.

" Do you keep a girl, my lord ? "

" No, for unluckily I am disgusted with every woman after I have had her for twenty-four hours."

" But you are married ? "

" That 's my trouble, for it prevents me living *en garçon*. I like to see a new face every day. Still, I always take my meals in a tavern, although it is very expensive. It would bore me to dine at home like you."

" You see, I can't speak English. I am fond of soup and good wine, and so I avoid your taverns." [1]

" Naturally, with your French tastes."

" You will allow that they are not bad tastes ? "

" Undoubtedly. Good Englishman though I am, I love Paris."

Lord Pembroke was much amused when Casanova told him of his disappointment at the tavern.

" It was wrong of me not to have told you what girls to send for. . . . I will give you a list of some of them."

" Will they come to me here ? "

" If you like."

" That would suit me best. Write out the price-lists and choose those who can speak French."

" That 's the difficulty. The prettiest only speak their own language."

" Well, never mind, we shall understand one another well enough."

The young nobleman wrote down several names, some marked four and others six guineas. One, however, was labelled twelve guineas.

" Is she twice as pretty as the rest ? " inquired Casanova.

[1] It was one of Casanova's grievances that he could not get good soup in London.

" Not exactly, but she makes a cuckold of the duke who is keeping her ! "

In due course the adventurer sent for several of these girls, but did not take a fancy to any of them. In a day or two, however, he met a most attractive young person in the Piazza at Covent Garden, and when he spoke to her in French he was delighted to find that she understood him. He invited her to supper at his house.

" How much will you give me at dessert ? " she demanded.

" Three guineas."

" I am at your service, sir."

She proved to be a Miss Kennedy, a familiar name in the " annals of gallantry " of the period ; and she may have been either Polly Kennedy, a famous mistress of Ned Shorter, the low comedian, or else one of the sisters Kennedy, the youngest of whom gained much celebrity seven years later by her cleverness in obtaining a pardon for her two brothers when they were condemned to death for killing a watchman in a street brawl.

When she had left him Casanova was surprised to find her name and address in Lord Pembroke's list, where her fee had been marked at six guineas. After this experience the adventurer came to the conclusion that he would find it more economical to do his own bargaining, or, at all events, not to employ a nobleman as his agent.

Students of the *Mémoires* of Casanova are often sceptical when the Venetian boasts of his familiarity with persons of high rank. It is credible, however,

that Lord Pembroke should have sought his society, for he was anxious, it is said, to be sent to Naples "in a ministerial capacity," and so it was natural that he should have taken advantage of the opportunity of conversing with an Italian. Casanova's description of the amorous peer agrees perfectly with all that we know of his character. It is obvious that they must have found much in common.

It is possible for the adventurer to have seen a great deal of him during the early days of his residence in England, for, according to the daily Press, although Lord Pembroke left town on the 19th of June for his country seat at Wilton, accompanied by his countess, he was back again in London on the 13th of July, and did not depart again until September.

CHAPTER V

CAPTAIN HERVEY — LADY HARRINGTON — HER FOUR DAUGHTERS — LADY NORTHUMBERLAND — LORD WARKWORTH—DUCHESS OF HAMILTON—LORD AND LADY ROCHFORD

ANOTHER remarkable Englishman is claimed by the adventurer as one of his earliest acquaintances, and it is not unlikely that they met now and then, at all events, for a period. This was the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, a captain in the Navy, who succeeded eventually as third Earl of Bristol.[1] It is probable that he was in London during most of the summer, for he was waiting to accompany the Duke of York upon a cruise in the Mediterranean, and Casanova appears to have met him first at the house of Lady Harrington. The portrait of him in the *Mémoires* is not unrecognisable—that of a voluble cynic with a light sardonic humour, who was endowed with all the serene detachment from mankind that was characteristic of his family. "There are three species of human beings," remarked a witty lady of the day, "men, women, and Herveys."

Augustus Hervey's career in the service had been illustrious, and he had distinguished himself recently in the naval action that had led to the capture of Havannah. His domestic life had been adventurous

[1] Augustus John Hervey, third Earl of Bristol [1724-1779], admiral.

HON. AUGUSTUS HERVEY, AFTERWARDS 3RD EARL OF BRISTOL
From the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the National Portrait Gallery

also, for he was almost as great a lion among the ladies as the Earl of Pembroke. When only twenty years old he had married the volatile Elizabeth Chudleigh, maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, " a reigning toast," and one of the most profligate young women of the period. Since they had only lived together for a short time before separating, and the wedding had been a private one, society had never been able to make up its mind whether or not they were really husband and wife. She was now living publicly as the mistress of the Duke of Kingston, an old man who was so infatuated that he was prepared to marry her if she were free; while Hervey, who had found consolation in a succession of elegant concubines, and had no desire to risk matrimony a second time, was not in the least disposed to seek a divorce or to disturb her tranquillity. His roving eye had fallen lately upon Kitty Hunter, whom in a little while he persuaded to leave her home again and put herself under his protection.

One day, as Casanova was walking by himself, he saw Captain Hervey in conversation with a man in the street, and when this person had passed on, he went up to his friend and asked him with wonted curiosity to whom he had been speaking.

" That 's the brother of Lord Ferrers who was hanged for murder," [1] replied Hervey.

" And yet you speak to him ? "

" Why not ? "

" Is he not disgraced by the execution of his relative ? "

[1] Laurence Shirley, fourth Earl Ferrers [1720-1760].

"Disgraced?" laughed Hervey. "That 's a good jest. Why, even his brother was not disgraced. He broke the law, but he paid for it with his life, and society is satisfied. He was a man of honour, who risked a high stake and lost, that 's all. I don't know that there 's any penalty in our code that dishonours the fellow. That would be tyranny and we shouldn't tolerate it."

Casanova must have made a careful note of this conversation, for the incident that he mentions really happened. Lord Ferrers, a homicidal maniac, had shot his steward in a fit of passion three years previously, for which crime he had been hanged at Tyburn on the 5th of May 1760. The mad peer wore his wedding-dress at his execution—a suit of white satin embroidered with silver lace—and he was driven to the gallows in his own landau, drawn by six horses, from his prison in the Tower. The brother, to whom Hervey was speaking, may have been Washington Shirley, who succeeded to the earldom, and was also a captain in the Royal Navy. It is curious to note that Hervey's opinion with regard to the social stigma of capital punishment has been endorsed by Dr. Johnson.

"Sir," he told Boswell, a few years later, "no man is thought the worse of whose brother was hanged."

Hervey continued to enlarge upon the theme for Casanova's benefit.

"One may break any law one likes in England as long as one is prepared to pay the penalty. We are a little mad on this point perhaps, but we attach importance to it, for we are sticklers for

liberty. We only consider it a dishonour when the criminal tries to escape punishment by methods that are unworthy of a gentleman."

" How ? "

" By asking pardon from the King, or by seeking the intercession of the people."

" But what about an escape ? "

" That is a courageous act. It continues the defiance of the law, and so much the worse for the law if it cannot make itself obeyed. You covered yourself with glory by escaping from the tyranny of your magistrates. Your flight from ' the Leads ' was a virtuous action. In a case like this a man fights against death and is victorious. *Vir fugiens denuo pugnabit.* He who fights and runs away will live to fight another day."

" Then, what is your opinion of the highwaymen ? "

" I hate the wretches, for they are the pests of society, and yet I pity them when I reflect that they are always under the shadow of the gallows. You may drive in a coach to pay a visit to a friend three or four miles out of London. An active and determined man leaps on to the footboard of your carriage and presenting a pistol at your heart demands your purse. What would you do then ? "

" If I had a pistol in my hand I would blow out his brains, and if not I would hand over my purse and call him a cowardly assassin."

" You would be wrong in both cases. If you killed him you would be hanged, for you have no right to take his life, and if you called him an assassin

he would reply that this was untrue, as he had attacked you openly and had given you the choice of surrender. He is really acting generously, for he might have killed you. You could reproach him, when you hand over your purse, for doing an illegal action, and he would reply that you spoke the truth, but that he hoped to escape the gallows as long as he was able. He would also thank you and advise you never again to drive out of London without a mounted footman, as then no robber would dare attack you. We English, who know that these vermin infest our roads, always carry two purses when we travel; a small one for the highwaymen and another for ourselves."

Casanova was much amused by the persiflage of Captain Hervey, and he marvelled at the eccentricity of the people of England.

Passing from one topic to another the sailor began to lament the fate of an unhappy Englishman, who had absconded to France with seventy thousand pounds sterling, but had been brought back to London to be hanged.

The man in question was John Rice, who had been a stockbroker in a good position, and owing to extravagance and speculation had run through the whole of his fortune.[1] Becoming involved in several forgeries of powers-of-attorney, he fled to Cambrai in French Flanders, but the Bank of England brought pressure to bear upon the Secretary of State, who demanded his extradition from the French Government. After some difficulty the Duke of Bedford,

[1] John Rice [1732-1763], stockbroker and forger.

then Ambassador in Paris—who had crossed the Channel in Casanova's boat—managed to persuade the Duc de Praslin to accede to his demands, and Rice was sent back to London and hanged at Tyburn on the 4th of May 1763.

Casanova was greatly interested in the case and asked many questions about the extradition.

"Our King," said Hervey, "requested the Duc de Nivernais [1] to obtain his extradition, and Louis XV. granted the request in order to make England favourable to certain articles of peace. It was a bargain unworthy of a sovereign, for it violates the law of nations. It is true that the fellow is a rascal, but this does not affect the principle of the thing."

"Did England get back the seventy thousand pounds?"

"Not a shilling."

"How was that?"

"Because the fellow had not a guinea in his possession. Apparently he had handed all the money over to his wife, who will be able to marry again for she is young and pretty."

"I am surprised that no search has been made for her."

"Such a thing has never been thought of. What can any one do? It isn't likely that she would confess that her husband had given her the stolen money.[2] The law inflicts death upon thieves, but

[1] Louis Jules Barbon Mancini-Mazarin, Duc de Nivernais [1716-1798]. He was in London in 1763 as French ambassador to negotiate peace.

[2] As a matter of fact Mrs. Rice was arrested and the sum of £4700 in bank-notes was found "sewn up in her stays."

says nothing about what has been stolen, as it is supposed to have disappeared. Besides, if we are to take into account both the robbers who have made restitution and those who have made away with their booty, we should have to make two sets of laws, and exact two punishments, and take all sorts of outside facts into consideration. This would result in endless confusion. It seems to us Englishmen that it is not right to ordain two penalties for one crime. The thief becomes the owner of the thing. It is true that he has obtained it by violence, but it is his all the same, and he can dispose of it as he chooses. This being so, every one ought to take care of what he has got, for if he allows it to be stolen he must know that it is gone for ever. I have taken Havannah from Spain. This is a big robbery by open force, and I had to return it, because I could not put the island of Cuba into my pocket, but I took forty million piastres instead on behalf of my government."

In the opinion of Casanova, his friend Hervey talked " both like a philosopher and a faithful subject of his king."

Another of Casanova's early acquaintances in London was the Countess of Harrington, who lived at No. 8 Stable Yard, adjoining St. James's Park, close to the royal palace.[1] Procurator Francesco Morosini, one of the Venetian envoys to England, whom he had met at Lyons in the previous month,

[1] Caroline Fitzroy [*ob.* June 28, 1784], daughter of the second Duke of Grafton, mar. William, Viscount Petersham, afterwards second Earl of Harrington, on Aug. 11, 1746.

LADY HARRINGTON
From the Town and Country Magazine

had given him the introduction, and he called upon the countess on Sunday the 19th of June, after dining with Mrs. Cornelys at Carlisle House.

Lady Harrington was a great hostess and a leader of " the smart set " of the period. In her girlhood, as Lady Caroline Fitzroy, she had been an incorrigible madcap, one of those pioneer maidens that arise from time to time to break up old-fashioned prejudices by their insurrections and unconventionality. She seems to have been the first young woman to have revolted from the chaperon, and no modern system of co-education could have made her more frank or solicitous to the young men who happened to take her fancy. After her marriage to Lord Petersham, the eldest son of the Earl of Harrington, she contrived to shock society from time to time still more effectively. Her flirtations caused many scandals, her passion for play was considered to exceed all reasonable limits, and she surrounded herself with a set of female friends of very dubious reputation. On one occasion she had paid a visit to the condemned cell in Newgate to see a famous highwayman.[1] Those who knew her best, however, were convinced that the world's opinion did her wrong, and that the kindness of her heart was responsible for most of her indiscretions. At the time of Casanova's arrival in London she was forty years of age, and had become a much more decorous person than formerly.

In her youth she had been a fashionable toast, and she was handsome still, as the traveller testifies

[1] James Maclean, hanged at Tyburn, Oct. 3, 1750.

in his *Mémoires*. Nor does he omit to mention also that she was " notorious for her gallantries." Indeed, she had received the sobriquet of the " Stable Yard Messalina."

Giving him a warm welcome, Lady Harrington stayed chatting to him for a long time, pleased no doubt at the opportunity of talking French.

" Why have you come to London," she demanded, " just at the time when everybody is leaving town ? "

He answered that he always did everything on the spur of the moment, but that as he was going to remain for a year he would have ample opportunity to make use of his introductions.

Lady Harrington told him graciously that she would do all in her power for him, and she presented him to her husband and her four daughters.[1] He considered them charming girls, " of a marriageable age," although Lady Henrietta, the youngest, was not quite thirteen. There was also another daughter, whom he did not see, a child of three years old.

There was a large company present, for Lady Harrington's card-parties on Sunday afternoons were popular, and while she was waiting to find a place for Casanova at one of the whist-tables she

[1] They were famous beauties :—

Lady Caroline Stanhope, born 1747 ; mar. Kenneth, first Earl of Seaforth, Oct. 8, 1765, and died Feb. 9, 1767.

Lady Isabella Stanhope, born 1748 ; mar. Charles, first Earl of Sefton, Nov. 27, 1768, and died Jan. 29, 1819.

Lady Amelia Stanhope, born June 14, 1749 ; mar. Richard, sixth Earl of Barrymore, April 16, 1767, and died Sept. 5, 1780.

Lady Henrietta Stanhope, born Oct. 26, 1750 ; mar. Thomas, second Baron Foley, March 20, 1776, and died Jan. 1, 1781.

asked him to tell her about his other letters of introduction.

" I have one with me now," he replied, " which I hope to present to-morrow. It is a peculiar form of recommendation, being merely a portrait."

" You have it with you ? "

" Yes, my lady."

" Will you show it to me ? "

" With great pleasure. Here it is."

" Why, it is for the Countess of Northumberland.[1] Come, we will go and give it to her."

" Most willingly."

It was a miniature of Lord Warkworth, Lady Northumberland's eldest son, with whom Casanova had become friendly at Turin early in the spring, and who had given him the portrait to take to his mother. Unable to appreciate the subtle *nuances* of the English peerage, he made the mistake of supposing that Lady Northumberland was a duchess, but there is some excuse for him as she reached that rank three years later. A similar misapprehension caused Casanova to style his friend Lord Percy instead of Lord Warkworth.[2] In after years, of

[1] Elizabeth Seymour, Duchess of Northumberland [*ob.* Dec. 1776], only daughter of Algernon Seymour, seventh Duke of Somerset and first Earl of Northumberland; mar. July 16, 1740, Sir Hugh Smithson, who, on the death of his father-in-law in 1750, succeeded to the earldom of Northumberland, and obtained an Act of Parliament to allow himself and his countess to assume the surname and arms of Percy. He was created Duke of Northumberland on Oct. 22, 1766.

[2] Afterwards Hugh, second Duke of Northumberland [1742-1817]. In 1763 he bore the courtesy title of Baron Warkworth and, of course, was not styled Earl Percy until his father became Duke of Northumberland.

course, he must have known him by the former title.

Lady Northumberland was a good-natured and unconventional person, " a jovial heap of contradictions," according to Horace Walpole, who was always ready to " shake hands even with a cobbler " ; and when Lady Harrington presented the Italian visitor, saying that he carried a letter of introduction from her son, she gave him a hearty welcome. He tells us that she was dressed in pink with her hair in curls.

" Ah, yes, of course," she cried. " It is Monsieur de Seingalt. My son has written to me about him. I am charmed to meet you, Chevalier, and I hope you will come and call upon me. I receive three times a week."

" Will your ladyship permit me to present my precious letter when I come to your house ? "

" Certainly. You are quite right."

In a little while Lady Harrington had discovered a vacancy for Casanova at one of the card tables, and he sat down to a rubber at whist. He was lucky in his company, for he found himself beside Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, who had been one of the beautiful Miss Gunnings.[1] She was now thirty years old and as lovely as ever, although ill-health and anxiety had tried her sorely of late. She had only returned to London on the previous Friday, having been taking a cure at the Bristol

[1] Elizabeth Gunning [1733-1790], mar. (1) James, sixth Duke of Hamilton on Feb. 14, 1752 ; (2) Colonel John Campbell, afterwards fifth Duke of Argyll, Feb. 3, 1759.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND
From a mezzotint by Edward Fisher after Sir Joshua Reynolds

Hotwells, and she was going over to Paris on the following Tuesday, in order to collect evidence for a vexatious lawsuit—which was to become world-famous in a little while as the Douglas Cause, and threatened to jeopardise the birthright of her eldest son.[1]

Naturally, Casanova was enraptured by the charms of the beautiful duchess, whom he describes as " an exquisitely pretty and piquant brunette," and when she won fifteen guineas from him he was very well pleased, handing over the money immediately. He was repaid by a gracious smile.

A moment later Lady Harrington came bustling up. Tapping the adventurer on the shoulder, she beckoned him apart.

" You paid in gold," she whispered. " I suppose you have no bank-notes with you ? "

" Yes, my lady, I have notes for fifty and a hundred pounds."

" Then you should have changed one of them or waited until another day before you paid. In this country it is considered impolite to pay in gold or in small change, and is only pardonable in a foreigner who does not know our customs. Take care, my friend, not to do it again. No doubt you noticed that the lady smiled."

" She is very beautiful," replied the impressionable Casanova. " What is her name ? "

" She is the Duchess of Hamilton, the sister of Lady Coventry."

" Ought I to apologise ? "

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, viii. 444.

"Oh, not at all. The offence is not one that requires any apology. Besides, she would be surprised, but not offended, for she had gained fifteen shillings according to the present premium on gold."

Casanova confesses that he was mortified to have committed this blunder in the presence of such a radiant beauty, and his annoyance may have been responsible for a lapse of memory in his narrative. For he reports Lady Harrington as telling him that his fair antagonist was *Lady Coventry, sister of the Duchess of Hamilton*, which is impossible, as this Lady Coventry—the famous and ill-fated beauty—had died of consumption three years previously. Indeed, there was no beautiful Lady Coventry in existence at the time, for Lord Coventry did not marry his second countess until the 26th of September 1764. Casanova often misinterprets the names of the English nobility, as many of the principal foreign journals make a habit of doing in the present day.

The adventurer soon availed himself of Lady Northumberland's invitation and called upon her at Northumberland House, her stately town mansion opposite Charing Cross. He says nothing about his welcome, and it does not seem possible that the Countess can have paid him any great attention subsequently. During the month of July she was laid up with an attack of rheumatic fever, and according to the newspapers, only recovered in time for the celebrations at Lord Warkworth's coming of age on the 25th of August. These circumstances,

DUCHESS OF HAMILTON
From a mezzotint by John Finlayson after Catherine Read

and the fact that she and Lord Northumberland left London on the 15th of September for Ireland, when the Earl had been appointed Lord-Lieutenant, suggest an adequate explanation of her neglect.

Lord Warkworth, too, does not appear to have renewed his acquaintance with Casanova. He did not arrive in town from his continental tour until the 26th of July—in the midst of his mother's illness—and he accompanied his parents to Dublin, remaining in Ireland until the opening of parliament on the 9th of November. Upon his return to London the exciting debates in the Wilkes controversy in the House of Commons, where he represented Westminster, were sufficient to make him forget all about the Venetian gentleman whom he had met at Turin.

Casanova mentions but one person whose acquaintance he made at Northumberland House, and this was Lady Rochford, "whose numerous gallantries," he declares, "afforded a fresh topic of conversation every day to the gossips of the town."[1] He was not far wrong, for she had been a maid of honour in her youth, and consequently the *chronique scandaleuse* of the period has much to say about her. At one time of her life she had numbered the Duke of Cumberland amongst her conquests — "the butcher" of Culloden, a son of George II. For many years she was a famous beauty.

[1] Lucy Young, Countess of Rochford [1723-1773], daughter of Edward Young of Durnford, Wiltshire, Bath King of Arms, mar. William, fourth Earl of Rochford, in May 1740, and died Jan. 9, 1773.

It is interesting to note that Casanova records that her husband " had just been appointed " ambassador to the Court of Spain, a statement that is quite true.[1]

[1] William Henry, fourth Earl of Rochford [1717-1781], afterwards Secretary of State.

LORD WARKWORTH, AFTERWARDS EARL PERCY
From a mezzotint by John Finlayson after Pompeio Battoni

CHAPTER VI

THE WINDOW-CARD NOTICE—MISS PAULINE—SOPHIE CORNELYS—CASANOVA FALLS IN LOVE WITH PAULINE

ALTHOUGH living in a whirl of pleasure Casanova began to feel lonely towards the end of July.

" I had found no girl friend," he complains, " to share my nice house and my good table and make them dear to me."

He had been in London for six weeks, and in no other place had he been alone for so long.

" My *ménage* seemed an ideal one," he declares, " for keeping a mistress in style, and as I have the virtue of fidelity, a mistress was all I wanted to be happy. But how could I find a woman in London, who should be equal to those whom I had loved before ? I had already seen fifty girls, who were considered pretty, but who did not seem even passable to me. I thought over the matter continually until at last a bright idea occurred to me."

Summoning his old housekeeper, he informed her, through Jarbe, the negro, who acted as interpreter, that he desired to let the second or third floor for the sake of company, and that he would give her half a guinea a week more as compensation for the extra trouble. He told her to put up the following advertisement in the window :—

" Second or third floor to be let furnished,

cheaply, to a single young lady, who speaks English and French, and who receives no visitors, day or night."

The old Englishwoman, who had led a gay life, burst out laughing when the document was translated to her.

" What are you laughing at, my good creature ? "

" Because this writing makes me laugh, sir."

" You think, perhaps, that no lady will want to take the rooms ? "

" On the contrary, sir, there 'll be scores of them from morning till night. . . . Tell me how much rent I am to ask."

" I will arrange about terms myself when I see the young lady. I don't think we shall have many applications, for the tenant must be able to speak English and French and also has to be respectable. She must receive absolutely no visitors, not even her father or her mother, if she has them."

" There will always be a crowd in front of our door reading the notice."

" So much the better. It is a good thing to be original."

The housekeeper was a true prophet. All the passers-by stopped to read the notice in the window, and it seemed to cause them much amusement. Dozens of women called to see the rooms, but Casanova, finding none of them sufficiently agreeable, always got rid of them on one pretext or another. Lord Pembroke, who had just returned from his home in Wiltshire, was delighted with the idea, but Martinelli was afraid that it might attract some

dangerous adventuress. Several comments and parodies—most of them ribald ones—appeared in the newspapers, causing the adventurer to wonder at the outspokenness of the English Press. He declares that the *St. James's Chronicle*, for instance, after printing his window-card advertisement in full, made the following observations :—

The landlord of the second and third floor no doubt occupies the ground floor himself. He must be a man of pleasure and good taste, for he wants a young and pretty lodger, and as he will not allow her to receive visitors, he will have to keep her company himself.

He must be careful, however, not to be taken in, for perhaps the fair lodger may merely use his rooms to sleep in, or may only sleep in them occasionally, or she may refuse to receive the visits which her landlord evidently intends to pay.

" Such paragraphs as these," remarks Casanova, " give the English newspapers their chief zest. They are allowed to print any gossip they like, and they have the gift of making the least trifles amusing. Happy is the country where one can say and write anything one may choose ! " [1]

One afternoon, when he had just finished dinner, a young lady arrived in a sedan-chair, a young lady who seemed about twenty years old, dressed simply but with taste, and, to his great joy, was pretty, modest, and refined. She was a dark beauty with

[1] After a careful examination of the files of the *Gazetteer*, *Public Advertiser*, *London Chronicle* and *St. James's Chronicle*, during July, August and September 1763, I have been unable to discover any paragraph in which Casanova's window-card advertisement is mentioned.

a slender figure, and when he spoke to her, she answered him in perfect Italian, asking if she could have a single room on the third floor.

"You can use one room if you like, mademoiselle, but the whole floor will be yours."

"I 'm much obliged, sir, but that will be too expensive. I can only afford to pay two shillings a week for my lodging."

"That 's what I am asking," replied Casanova, as accommodating as Mr. Drage in the advertisements, "and my cook will cater for you if you wish."

"I will let him know what I require. I am ashamed to tell you how little I spend."

"Even if you only spend twopence a day, mademoiselle, he will be able to provide all you want," and Casanova proceeded to explain that she would be able to live very cheaply *en pension*.

Charmed with his prospective tenant, the lonely man continued to offer all the inducements he could think of in order to persuade her to take up her abode in his house. He told her that she could dismiss her maid—whom, she confessed, she could scarcely afford to keep—as his own housemaid, Fanny, who understood French, would wait on her hand and foot. He enlarged upon the merits of his cuisine and the docility of his servants. It was not long before they had come to terms. The girl inspected the rooms and agreed to take them, but stipulated, to Casanova's delight, that the footman should refuse to admit any one who came to inquire for her. She was anxious, she informed him, to

live in perfect seclusion. Then, having thanked him for his kindness, she departed in her sedan-chair, promising to return with her boxes later in the afternoon.

Casanova was engaged to go to the theatre in the evening, but he returned home as soon as the performance was over, full of anxiety to know if his fair lodger was comfortable and happy. Fanny told him that the lady had chosen the small back bedroom on the third floor, and had retired early after a frugal supper.

" What has she ordered for breakfast ? "

" She said she would only take a little bread."

" Well, tell her that coffee, chocolate, and tea are served every morning, and that I shall be grieved if she does not take one of them. . . . Here 's a crown for you, and you shall have one every week if you pay her proper attention."

In the morning he sent a message by his valet to Miss Pauline—for this, the servants told him, was her name—to ask if he might be allowed to come to wish her good-day. Upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, he climbed the stairs and found her sitting at a table reading a book. She was pale and depressed, and he fancied she must have some secret sorrow.

" I am very grateful," said she, " for all your kindness to me."

" Don't mention it, mademoiselle. It is I who am under an obligation."

" How can I show my gratitude ? "

" By honouring me with your company at meals

whenever I am alone. When I am by myself I eat like a glutton and my health suffers. . . . But if you don't feel inclined to give me this great pleasure, pray do not hesitate to refuse."

" I shall be delighted to dine with you, sir, whenever you care to send for me. But I fear that you will find me very dull company."

" I am very grateful to you, mademoiselle, and I assure you that you will not regret your kindness. I will do my best to amuse you, and shall be pleased if I succeed, for you have inspired me with the greatest interest. We are dining at one o'clock to-day."

Half an hour before the appointed hour Pauline came down to the salon. The air of melancholy, which had excited his pity, was no longer visible, and her pale cheeks were flushed with excitement. He inquired solicitously after her health.

" Oh, I have a splendid constitution," she replied. " I have never been ill in my life, except on the sea. I hate the sea."

" Then you have made a voyage ? "

" Of course, when I came to England."

" I imagined you *were* English."

" That is not surprising, for I have spoken English ever since I was a child."

They were seated on a sofa, beside which was a table with a chess-board. Pauline began to toy with the pawns, and he asked her if she could play chess.

" Oh yes, I play, and they tell me I play rather well."

" I play badly, but we will have a game together. My mistakes will amuse you."

They began to play, and in four moves she had checkmated him. In the second game he was defeated in five moves. Pauline laughed heartily, while he watched her adoringly, admiring her beautiful teeth and her radiant smiles. The susceptible fellow had fallen in love.

During the third game she was careless and found herself in a difficult position.

" I think I am going to be conquered," she cried.

" What happiness for me ! " he answered.

The announcement of dinner interrupted this auspicious flirtation, and no sooner were they seated at table than Casanova was astounded by the sudden appearance of little Sophie Cornelys, who rushed into the room in tears. This portion of his *Mémoires* is hardly credible. According to him the ungrateful Thérèse had sent her daughter to beg for a loan of £200 to save her from being locked up for debt in the King's Bench Prison. Since it is unlikely, however, that Mrs. Cornelys was in need of money at this period of her career, it is probable that Casanova was led astray by his fertile imagination, or that his fondness for posing as *deus ex machina* has caused him to deviate from the truth. His version of the interview with his daughter makes the child appear such an unfilial little wretch, that one must wish that it is exaggerated.

" Dine with us, dear Sophie," he replied, in answer to the little girl's entreaties for assistance. " Then perhaps I may do what you ask."

The child consented, and during the meal she amazed the two grown-ups by her audacious prattle. Although she spoke of her mother with respect, she blamed her conduct, and said that it was unfortunate that she was obliged to give her a blind obedience.

"You don't love her, I imagine?" suggested Casanova.

"I respect her," he makes the child reply, "but I can't love her, for I am always afraid of her. I never see her without shrinking from her."

"Then why these tears?"

"I am sorry for her, and I was moved by what she said when she told me to come to you."

"What did she say?"

"'Go,' she said, 'and throw yourself at his knees, for no one but you can soften his heart.'"

"Then you went down on your knees to me because your mother told you?"

"Yes, because if I had acted as I wished I should have thrown myself into your arms."

"Do you believe that you will persuade me?"

"No, for one cannot be sure of anything, but I hope I shall. . . . It was my mother who told me not to look at you when I spoke to you, but happily you made her change her tune. Every one tells me that you are my father, and she told me so herself when we saw you in Holland; but here she is always dinning it into my ears that I am the daughter of Monsieur de Monpernis.[1]

[1] In after years Sophie Cornelys is said to have claimed Prince Charles of Lorraine as her father, under whose protection Mrs.

" But, Sophie dear, that is very wrong of your mother, for you are the daughter of Pompeati, the dancer, who killed himself at Vienna."

" Then you are not my father ? "

" Obviously, for a girl cannot have two fathers."

" But how is it that I am so like you ? "

" It is merely chance."

" You deprive me of a dream that has made me happy."

Sophie took a great fancy to Pauline, jumping to the conclusion that she was Casanova's wife ; and when, out of mischief, he told the child that this was so, she sprang on to the young lady's lap, and covering her with kisses, called her " dear mamma."

" Dear mamma," she entreated, " ask papa to let me come to dine with you again sometimes."

Amused by the precocity of the little girl, Pauline laughingly made the request, and soon afterwards Sophie went away with a letter containing four £50 notes, which, so Casanova says, he sent as a loan to Mrs. Cornelys.

" I don't think I have ever had such a pleasant meal," said Pauline, when Sophie had departed. " The child is a treasure. But she seems unhappy, poor little thing."

Casanova confessed that Sophie was his daughter, and explained why he was offended with Mrs. Cornelys.

Cornelys had lived for some time.—*Records of my Life*, John Taylor, i. 268 ; *Mémoires de Casanova*, Garnier, iii. 504. It is alleged that Sophie behaved unkindly to her mother when she grew up.

" It will be amusing to hear what the mother has to say when Sophie tells her that she found you at dinner with your wife."

" She won't believe it, for she knows my prejudice against marriage."

" Indeed, why ? "

" Because it is the grave of love."

" Not always," she said, with a sigh.

He asked how long she intended to remain in London, telling her that he was going to stay nine or ten months longer.

" I do not know," she replied. " My return to my native country depends on a letter."

" May I ask what is your native country ? "

" I fancy that I shall soon have no secrets from you, but I cannot give you my confidence just at present. I have only known you for such a short time."

Two days passed, but although the pretty lodger took all her meals with Casanova, he contented himself with a mild flirtation, fearing to alarm her by a too-precipitate love-making. On the second day Sophie Cornelys came to dine with him again and stayed all night, sleeping in Pauline's bed, and his intimacy with the beautiful woman seemed to develop more swiftly owing to their affection for the child. After breakfast next morning, when Madame Rancour as usual had taken the little girl back to her home, Casanova ventured to make the first declaration of his passion. Sitting down beside Pauline he took her hand and kissed it rapturously.

" Are you married, Pauline ? "

" Yes."

" Are you a mother ? "

" No . . . although I am married I am not a wife."

" You are separated from your husband ? "

" Yes, by circumstances and against our will. We were parted before we lived together."

" Is your husband in London ? "

" Alas, no, he is far away. . . . Pray do not speak about it."

" Only promise not to desert me until you go to rejoin him ? "

" Yes, I promise not to leave you till I am obliged to leave England—unless you send me away. I shall not quit London until I am able to rejoin the husband of my choice."

" My charming Pauline, I shall be heart-broken——"

" I shouldn't like to think that."

" Then you mustn't refuse to yield to my love."

" Be generous and do not press me. Not being my own mistress I dare not give myself to you. Yet I 'm afraid that I shouldn't have the strength to resist if you were determined not to spare me."

" I will obey, but it is a terrible punishment."

" I must remember my duty as a wife, dear friend. If I were to violate it I should lose my self-respect."

" Why ? No man is so contemptible as to esteem a woman any the less because she has surrendered."

" I have too good an opinion of you to believe that. But let us control ourselves, for we may

have to part very soon. You will confess that if we yielded to our desires our separation would be all the more bitter. If you think otherwise, your love must be different to mine."

"Then what is the nature of the love of which you speak?"

"To live together in perfect unity."

"That 's a happiness we can have from morning till night, but why should we not also enjoy the little interlude that would only occupy a few moments, and would fill our hearts with delight? . . . Surely, divine Pauline, you must acknowledge that it is the food of love?"

"And you too must acknowledge that this food often proves most harmful."

"Not when one loves as I do. Do you believe that you will love me less after you have possessed me?"

"No; and because I don't think so I am afraid to make the moment of our parting unbearable."

Perceiving that she was obdurate for the moment, he did not tease her any more, but asked her to show him her books. To his surprise most of them were Portuguese.

"Why this preference for Camoëns, my dear Pauline?"

"For a very natural reason. I am Portuguese myself."

"You, Portuguese? Why, I thought you were Italian. Then, as you know so many languages, of course you know Spanish?"

"Yes, although it is not absolutely necessary."

"What an education!"

"I am twenty-two now, but I knew all these languages when I was eighteen."

"Tell me who you are. Tell me everything. I deserve your confidence."

"I am sure of it, and to show that I trust you I will tell you all about myself."

CHAPTER VII

PAULINE'S STORY

WITHOUT more ado she began to tell him the story of her life.

. . . . . .

"I am the daughter of the unhappy Count ——[1] whom Carvalho Oeyras[2] killed in prison for being concerned in the attempt made by the Jesuits upon the King of Portugal's life.[3] My father was innocent and they did not dare to try him or to confiscate his property. His fortune has descended to me, but I cannot take possession of it unless I return to my native land.

"I was brought up in a convent where my aunt was abbess, and there I learnt all the languages I know. I left when I was eighteen, soon after the death of my father, and was placed under the guardianship of my great-aunt, the Marchioness ——,[4] who took me to live with her. She gave me

[1] According to the Garnier edition of Casanova's *Mémoires* the name of Pauline's father was "Count X——mo." The Rozez edition gives it as "Count P——." At any rate it is a fictitious name.

[2] Sebastian Joseph de Carvalho e Mello, Count d'Oeyras, afterwards Marquis de Pombal [1699-1782], the famous Portuguese statesman.

[3] The attempted assassination of Joseph, King of Portugal, the enemy of the Jesuits, took place on Sept. 3, 1758. Many nobles were executed for their share in the conspiracy, including the Marquis and Marchioness Tavora.

[4] The Marchioness X——mo or P——.

a governess, under-governess, maids, and footmen, and I wanted no comfort. A few months after I had made my début my grandfather told me one morning that the Count de Fl—— had demanded my hand in marriage.

" ' What did you reply, grandpapa ? '

" ' That if the King approves I would give my consent.'

" ' But shall I like my future husband ? '

" ' I 've not the least doubt of it.'

" ' Well, I have ! '

" ' Be patient, you will soon see him.'

" Next morning I went to visit my aunt, the abbess, and asked her advice. Although very sympathetic she was inclined to believe that the wedding would have to take place, whether I was willing or not, as it had been arranged by the Princess of Brazil,[1] who was a great friend of the Count Fl——.

" In a few days the young count arrived in Lisbon with his father, and was presented to me. He talked a great deal of his travels and mentioned the distinguished friends whom he had made in foreign lands ; but to my astonishment he boasted also of his amorous exploits in France and Italy. In short, I perceived that he was ill-bred, ignorant, and conceited, besides which he was extraordinarily ugly. Soon afterwards my grand-aunt gave a large party, at which my grandfather acclaimed me as

[1] Maria Francesca, Princess of Brazil, daughter of King Joseph, who succeeded her father as Queen Maria I. of Portugal in 1777. She was known as "the mad queen."

the *fiancée* of Count Fl——, and asked me to fix the wedding day. I replied saucily that I would think about my wedding day when I intended to get married.

" After some time had elapsed, during which the subject was not mentioned again, my governess told me one morning that Father Freire wished to speak to me. He was the confessor of the Princess of Brazil, and he informed me that Her Royal Highness had sent him to offer her congratulations to me on my approaching marriage. I answered that I had come to no decision in the matter.

" ' At your age, mademoiselle,' said he, ' one has to do as one is told.'

" I bade his reverence good-morning, returning his impertinence with a disdainful smile. Then I sought my aunt. She was very sorry for me, but did not conceal the fact that my grandfather had the power to compel me to marry the young count.

" Without a moment's delay I wrote a letter of protest to the Marquis de Pombal, telling him the whole story, and begging him to implore the King to give me his protection. The minister sent his reply by a handsome youth, who informed me that the only thing I could do was to refuse my consent until they were able to give me an absolute proof that the Princess of Brazil desired the match. The messenger impressed me far more than his message. I thought of him constantly, surprised at the feelings that were awakened in me for the first time. From that moment too I seemed to meet him everywhere, at the theatre, when I went for a walk, in church.

I was unhappy if I did not happen to see him every day.

"One morning I heard a strange voice in the next room. Proceeding thither I found a young woman who was showing some lace to my governess; and beneath the girl's bonnet, to my intense surprise, I recognised the features of my new friend. Yes, it was he! I asked the pretended lace-seller to come to my own apartments, though I was almost too embarrassed to speak a word, but presently while examining the lace my courage began to return. Choosing a few pieces I told my maid to go for my purse.

Then, as soon as she had left the room, the young man seized my hand.

"'I see that you recognise me. All my hope in life depends upon you."

"'You must leave me, sir. This is madness.'

"'Give me a word of hope. I love you!'

"'Rise, my maid will be coming back——'

"'Paquita is in the secret——'

"'What? You have dared——'

"He rose from his knees. My maid returned with the money, whereupon he thanked me and went away. Had I done what I ought I should have dismissed Paquita on the spot, but I found it impossible to be angry with her. Five days passed and the image of my adorer was always before my eyes. At last, one morning, when I was wearing the handkerchief that I had bought from him around my neck, I ventured to ask Paquita if she knew what had become of the lace-seller.

" ' He is keeping away, madam, for he is afraid that he has offended you.'

" ' How is it that you know him ? '

" ' I hope that I have not displeased you, madam ? '

" ' Who is this young man ? '

" ' The Count d'Al——.[1] I think you have met him. He has visited here.'

" This talk relieved me, for it was an excuse for my maid's indiscretion. All that I knew of the Count d'Al—— was that he was poor. This knowledge gratified me exceedingly, for a woman's first passion is always unselfish, and I believed that it was providential that the count had fallen in love with a rich girl. Then a tumult of thoughts began to torment me. I feared that the young man would never visit me again ; that my coldness had frightened him, or that he was fickle and would forget me.

" ' If he is not worthy of me,' I said to myself, ' I will think no more of him.'

" In the midst of my anxiety Paquita was indiscreet enough to write to my lover, telling him that he could visit me in the same disguise. One morning she entered my room laughing, and told me that my dear lace-seller had come again. Then, showing him in, she left us alone. In a moment my heart went out to him without reserve. We swore eternal love, although we knew that there was little chance of happiness. He begged to be allowed to continue his visits, overcoming all my objections when I warned him of the risks that he

[1] The Rozez edition has " Le Comte A——."

would run. In the end I consented, only imploring him to take the greatest care.

" The Count d'Al—— was twenty-three years old. He was small and slightly built, and his voice was so soft that no one, seeing him in his disguise, would have suspected that he was not a woman. My maid was always present when I received him, but he treated me with the utmost respect, and his charming deference increased my affection for him.

" One morning, earlier than usual, he came into my room in tears and informed me that the Marquis de Pombal was sending him over to England with some dispatches for M. de Saa, the Portuguese Minister in London.[1] The news filled me with dismay, for my family were beginning to urge on my marriage with Monsieur de Fl——. Terrified at such a prospect, I conceived the plan of accompanying my lover to England. When I made the suggestion to him, his joy and surprise was indescribable. He agreed to take me without a moment's hesitation, entreating me to get ready at once. Realising the difficulty of leaving the house in my ordinary dress, I resolved to disguise myself as a boy.

" ' As soon as we get to England,' I told him, ' we can be married in church. The scandal caused by my flight will soon be forgotten. I will sell my jewellery, which will provide us with enough money until I receive my fortune.'

[1] M. de Saa was acting at the time as Portuguese representative in the absence of Don Mello y Castro, the Envoy-Extraordinary, who did not arrive in England until January 1764. The Portuguese embassy was in South Audley Street.

"He approved of my suggestions. Unless I happened to be recognised by one of the officers on board ship, there seemed no chance that any of our plans would miscarry. So when the frigate that was to take us to England had arrived at Ferrol,[1] at the mouth of the Tagus, we arranged our meeting-place. I put on my boy's costume, and taking all my diamonds in a jewel-case, I left my home at daybreak.

"The young count, still disguised as a girl, was waiting for me at a house on the quay, and a commissionaire carried our luggage to a boat, in which we went out to the ship, which was lying three miles down the river. We reached our frigate in safety, and as soon as we were on board the anchor was raised. In accordance with our previous arrangement, I introduced myself as the Count d'Al—— to the captain, who said he was delighted to make my acquaintance and that of my wife, but added that he was surprised that the authorities had not told him that he was to have a lady passenger.

"'It 's against the rules,' said he, 'but, of course, I cannot object to a friend of the Marquis de Pombal.'

"They gave us a comfortable cabin, which was well furnished and contained a large bed, a sofa, and a hammock. There were several pretty pictures on the walls. All night long we talked of our wonderful escape, and in the morning we were delighted to find that we were far out at sea. The count seldom left his chamber and the captain never visited us, but, trusting to my disguise, I passed

[1] Probably Pharol de Sta. Martha, near Cascaes.

several hours every day on deck, scanning the sea with a telescope. On the seventh day of our voyage we signalled a corvette, which, they told me to my great uneasiness, had left Lisbon a day later than we had done, and, being a swift ship, would arrive in England two days before us. From that moment I counted every hour, a presentiment of evil weighing down my heart with apprehension.

"We reached Plymouth on the fourteenth day. In the evening the officer, who had been sent ashore by the captain to ask permission to land the passengers, returned to the ship with a bundle of letters. I was standing beside the captain when he opened them. One seemed to cause him the greatest amazement. As usual my lover was in his cabin.

"'This letter is from the minister,' he told me.

"'The Marquis de Pombal?'

"'Exactly. It concerns both you and me. His Excellency commands me, on pain of death, not to allow any Portuguese lady to land from my ship unless she is known to me. Otherwise, I am to take the lady back with me to Lisbon. Now, the only woman on board is your wife. Be frank with me. Is she really your wife? If you can prove that she is, you may both land. If not, I must obey the minister's orders.'

"'I can't prove that she is my wife, but I will give you my word of honour.'

"'That is not enough for me. Madam will have to return with me to Lisbon.'

"I told the count of this terrible misfortune. He replied that we had no alternative but to submit

and that he must return to Portugal in his disguise. It was agreed that I should write to my aunt, the abbess, directly I reached London, so that we should be able to correspond with each other through her, and I left my jewel-case with my lover. We wept bitterly when we parted. Every one on the ship was much distressed, especially the poor captain, who cursed the order that he had received furiously. The count's trunk was put into the boat with me when I went ashore, a strange piece of luggage for a woman, it being full of uniforms and men's clothes.

"They told me at the inn in Plymouth that I could travel to London the next day with two ladies and a clergyman. All I possessed in the world when I arrived at my journey's end was fifty Lisbon pieces and a ring of about the same value, so I took a cheap room in a house where the landlady seemed kind. She obtained me some women's clothes, for I was ashamed to go about dressed as a boy. In about a month I was obliged to part with my ring, which I sold to a Jew for a hundred and fifty guineas, and since then, which is two years ago, I have not spent more than a guinea a week. I only went out on Sundays to hear Mass at the Bavarian minister's chapel.[1]

"At last, I read your advertisement in the *London Advertiser*, upon which there were some facetious comments, and I made up my mind to run the risk of trying to get a cheaper room, for since I shall

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 395. This is an instance of Casanova's care in taking notes. The Bavarian ambassador's chapel, a much frequented place of worship, was in Warwick Street, Golden Square. It was burnt down during the Gordon Riots in 1780.

never swerve in my devotion to Count d'Al—— there is no fear of compromising myself. Then, I discovered that you were an Italian and I love your nation——"

"You have the heart of an angel, Pauline," interrupted Casanova. "You reconcile me to your fellow countrymen."

"Don't you like the Portuguese?"

"I can't forgive them for allowing their greatest man to die in misery."

"You speak of Camoëns. On this score you will have to dislike every nation, and your own most of all. Have you forgotten the fate of Dante and of Tasso? . . . And why are you so interested in the Portuguese poet if you don't know his language?"

"I have read him in Latin, and it seems to me that Virgil is not more inspired. . . . But I ought not to have interrupted you. . . . Forgive me and go on with your story. You have not told me what became of your lover."

"Immediately I arrived in London," continued Pauline, "I wrote to my aunt, the abbess, explaining everything, declaring that I would not set foot in Lisbon again unless I could marry Count d'Al——. In her reply she told me that when the frigate reached the Tagus, the captain informed the Marquis de Pombal that the Portuguese lady was on board, whereupon the minister gave orders that she should be taken to her old convent. My aunt, having received my letter telling her of the *dénouement*,

was prepared for the arrival of the count, and put him under lock and key; after which she sent a letter to Pombal to acquaint him with the fact that the supposed lady was a man in disguise, and asking that he should be removed from her convent.

"The minister came in person to take the prisoner away and nothing has since been heard of him. My aunt tells me that the story has caused a great sensation in Lisbon, but is very much exaggerated. Some say that the Count d'Al—— is in London and that I am in custody. Perhaps the Marquis de Pombal is responsible for these rumours. At all events, he is well acquainted with my movements, thanks to his spies, and he knows my address. I have written to him recently telling him, just as I told my aunt, that I am ready to return to Lisbon when I have received a written assurance that I shall be allowed to marry Count d'Al——. I am waiting for a reply to my letter."

. . . . . .

Such is the strange story of the mysterious Pauline, which, so Casanova assures us, he heard from her own lips. When he repeated it in his *Mémoires* he took care to use fictitious names in order not to compromise her if she happened to be still alive. He declares, nevertheless, that the facts were well known in Portugal, and that the persons who figure in it would be easily recognised by any native of Lisbon.

Yet, in spite of this emphatic assertion, the students of his autobiography have always regarded the narrative with suspicion. Not the slightest corro-

boration has ever been discovered, although the archives at Lisbon have been ransacked and the dispatches of the English and Portuguese ministers have been examined. It is never safe to accept a tale such as this when we have only Casanova's word for it. That he did really meet an attractive Portuguese girl in London may well be believed, and possibly she was as charming as he describes her—beautiful, fearless, and greatly-loving. But it has yet to be proved that Pauline was a rich and high-born heiress, the daughter of a noble house, whose amorous escapades caused such a hubbub in her native land that they brought her before the notice of the great Pombal.

Certainly, in many ways the story is circumstantial. The date of the Tavora conspiracy, which led to the attempted assassination of King Joseph, fits in with the chronology of the narrative, and the mad Princess of Brazil is a likely person to have attempted to secure a wealthy bride for one of her favourites. Casanova has remembered that M. de Saa was acting as Portuguese minister in London at the time, while his description of the voyage to England does not appear to be wholly imaginative. Still, such details do not afford a satisfactory proof of the veracity of the rest of the romance. It seems probable that unless Pauline was a distinguished lady—as Casanova would have us believe—she will always remain one of the unidentified portraits in his picture gallery.

It is to be regretted, however, that the truth of the story cannot be established, for the personality

of its heroine is an interesting one. A young girl of noble birth, who had the courage to defy the greatest minister that her country has ever produced, as well as a royal princess and her own tyrannical relations; who had the intrepidity also to elope in boy's clothes with a penniless lover and make a long voyage to a foreign land; who was steadfast enough to live in poverty and alone for two years in a strange city, waiting for her stern guardians to capitulate; and finally, who, when her resources were almost exhausted, had sufficient *naïveté* to take refuge in the home of a handsome bachelor, such a young woman must have been the possessor of a combination of qualities that one meets with as seldom in plausible fiction as in real life. Casanova's portrait of Pauline is painted in alluring colours, and it is a pity indeed if it is not copied from an actual model.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SEQUEL OF CASANOVA'S LOVE-AFFAIR WITH PAULINE

EVERY day Casanova's love for Pauline continued to increase, but he kept his passion under control, for the inveterate libertine perceived that she was growing less obdurate, and so he waited with wonted patience until she should fall into his arms. The self-restraint, he tells us, affected his health, and he was neither able to sleep nor eat; but Pauline, on the other hand, grew more plump and pretty as time went on.

"If my sufferings are helping to increase your charms," he said to her one morning, "you ought to prevent me from dying, for the dead do not suffer."

"Are you sure that I am the cause of your sufferings?"

"Beyond all question."

"There may be some truth in what you say, but I am certain that love cannot make you thin or destroy your appetite. You are leading too sedentary a life. If you love me, prove to me that I am right. Go for a ride on horseback."

"I cannot refuse you anything, beautiful Pauline. . . . But afterwards . . . ?"

"I shall be grateful to you, you will have a good appetite, and you will sleep."

"Then to horse, to horse! Quick, my boots!"

He rode down Piccadilly and through Knightsbridge along the road bordering Hyde Park, proceeding first at a trot and then breaking into a gallop, when all of a sudden, as he was passing the Duke of Kingston's house,[1] his horse stumbled and he was thrown into the road. It happened that Miss Chudleigh [2] was looking out of the window, and, witnessing the accident, she sent out some of her servants at once to help the injured man, whom they carried indoors, slightly stunned and with a bruised shoulder. The lady of the house, whom he had met once or twice on a previous occasion, begged him to go to bed at once and rest until he had recovered, telling him that he was welcome to the use of her home for as long as he chose. But Casanova was not badly hurt, and, being impatient to return to his beloved Pauline, he declined Miss Chudleigh's polite offer, asking that a coach might be ordered to drive him to Pall Mall. His hostess, however, insisted upon sending him back in her own carriage, an act of kindness which increased his respect for English hospitality.

Upon reaching home he went to bed and sent for a doctor, who assured him that his injury was nothing more serious than a sprain, and that he would be

[1] Kingston House, Knightsbridge, opposite Prince's Gate, the town residence of Evelyn, second Duke of Kingston [*ob.* 1788].

[2] Elizabeth Chudleigh [1720-1788] married the Hon. Augustus John Hervey, afterwards third Earl of Bristol, secretly in 1744. Denied this marriage and married Evelyn Pierrepont, second Duke of Kingston, in 1776. She was now living as the Duke's mistress at Kingston House. Casanova speaks of her as "la jeune miss," although she was now forty-three years of age.

MISS CHUDLEIGH
From a mezzotint by Richard Brockshaw after Pile

all right in a few days. Pauline had gone out to take the air in a sedan-chair, and it was some time before she returned. Directly she heard of his accident she rushed into his room in great distress, having been told by the housekeeper that he had broken his leg.

" *Malheureuse !* " she cried, flinging herself on her knees at his bedside. " I am the cause of this misfortune."

And as she spoke she grew pale and seemed as though she were going to faint.

" Divine creature ! " he answered, folding her in his arms. " It is nothing. . . . A mere sprain."

" Oh, that silly old woman ! What alarm she has caused me. . . . See how my heart is beating."

" Yes, it is delightful to feel it."

Kissing her upon the mouth for the first time he felt that her lips responded eagerly, and he was thankful for his lucky fall. Pauline began to laugh softly in the midst of her abandonment.

" What amuses you, sweetheart ? "

" The pranks of Love, who always triumphs in the end."

" Oh, my darling Pauline, I wish that you would yield to love."

She nestled trustfully in his arms.

" You shall have my love, dearest. . . . Until I have to say good-bye, we will live together as husband and wife."

" My darling Pauline, what a delicious promise ! I can't believe that it is true. I dare not contemplate it until it comes."

" I love you, dearest, and I can't bear to see you unhappy any longer, so I have made up my mind to give myself to you. . . . I shall not leave your arms till I receive the fatal letter that calls me to Lisbon. For the last eight days I have been on the rack, fearing that the message might arrive at any moment."

" If only the messenger were to lose it on the way ! "

" There is no chance of that, I fear."

In order to amuse him, Pauline suggested that she should read to him, and he chose *Orlando Furioso* by Ariosto. Opening the book at random she commenced at the twenty-fifth canto, where the story of Ricciardetto and Fiordespina begins, and, since he knew the poem by heart, he declaimed the speeches of the lover, while she responded in the words of the Spanish princess. Such play-acting was appropriate to his mood, for this portion of the poem is erotic. When they came to the lines,

> " She her fair arms about my neck did throw,
> And gently clasping, kisses me. This dart
> Then mayest thou imagine from Love's bow
> Discharged, which strikes the middle of my heart,"

Pauline criticised the phrase *baccia in bocca*, so Casanova tells us, and was inquisitive " sur l'amour qui, dans ce moment, rendit raide la flèche de Ricciardetto ; et moi prolixe dans mes explications, je lui fis toucher par surprise une flèche pareille à celle dont parle l'Arioste, ce dont elle se montra courroucée."

This was only to be expected, but her displeasure

was soon over, and she burst out laughing when she read the couplet :—

> " I see, I feel, what scarce believe I can :
> I feel myself from woman changed to man."

She expressed surprise that the Church of Rome had not placed the poem on the " Index Expurgatorius," since it contained so much " naughtiness."

" You are mistaken, my dear Pauline, things which you think naughty are merely witticisms."

" Well, if this poem isn't naughty, I should like to know what is. . . . But I won't argue the point. . . . It is strange that Ariosto chose a Spanish woman in preference to a woman of another race to entertain this singular passion for Bradamante."

" He fancied, no doubt, that the heat of the climate produced an ardent temperament."

" Poets are madmen, who imagine all sorts of strange things."

They continued their reading, in dialogue as hitherto, and Casanova believed that the happy moment had come when Pauline recited the following lines :—

> " I without ladders on the fortress vault,
> And presently the standard there I set,
> And underneath me my fair foe I get."

He threw his arms around her as though he were about to enact the incident in the poem, but she repulsed him gently.

" You will make your sprain worse, my dear man. You must not excite yourself until you are cured."

" But the consummation of our marriage——"

" I am afraid you are not well enough yet——"

" You are wrong, delicious Pauline," he cried in dismay, fearing that in spite of her promise, woman-like, she was going to change her mind. " And in any case I would rather lose a leg than wait until to-morrow. Besides, I shall take good care. . . . Oh, say that you will be mine ? "

" Oh, dear, dear ! . . . A wife is told to obey her husband, and so I suppose I must consent."

" When ? "

" After supper."

" Never mind supper. . . . Let us——"

" No, no, the servants would suspect. . . . We must not forget our good manners."

" You talk like Cato, dearest girl. . . . You are quite right."

Supper was served at Casanova's bedside, for Pauline would not allow him to get up. The meal was soon over, for neither was hungry, and the girl was distrait and embarrassed. She became more bashful still when Clairmont had cleared the table and left the room, and when her lover began to entreat her once more she was reluctant still.

" Dearest," he protested, " you slept in the same cabin as your fiancé for fifteen days."

" Yes, but he slept in the hammock, and he always turned his back when I undressed."

" What, he never tried——"

" I wouldn't allow him to take any liberties."

" This is amazing ! "

" You must remember that he was going to be my husband," she replied naïvely, " and under such

circumstances a young woman is always very careful. . . . Besides, being a timid young man, he did not dare to make any advances, and I did not encourage him. . . . To-night you must allow me to sleep in my clothes."

" Yes, if I put on mine too. Otherwise it would be ridiculous."

" How cruel you are ! "

" But, darling, you ought to be ashamed of these silly scruples."

" Well, put out the candles and I will be with you in a few moments."

" It would be nicer to keep them lit, but we will put them out."

No doubt Pauline did not notice that the curtains of the bed, behind which she hid herself to undress, were of thin muslin, and so was not aware that the moonlight that streamed through the window revealed all her movements to the curious eyes of her lover.[1]

* * * * * *

He was the first to awake in the morning, and as he gazed upon the sleeping face of Pauline, " the first beauty in Portugal and the only child of an illustrious family," he could scarcely realise his good fortune. She awoke presently, and, smiling up at him, stole lovingly into his arms.

[1] It was full moon on July 24 at eleven o'clock, which agrees with Casanova's chronology.

" What are you thinking of, darling ? "

" I am trying to convince myself that my happiness is not a dream, and if it is a reality I want it to last until I die. I am the happy mortal to whom you have given an inestimable treasure, and I realise that I am unworthy of it, though I love you more than tongue can tell."

" My dearest, you are welcome to all my love and devotion if you care to have it."

" You don't doubt me, Pauline ? "

" No, sweetheart, I am sure of your love, and I shall never regret having trusted you."

This tender conversation, as a matter of course, was followed by a fond embrace, during which Casanova begged for and received what he calls " the sweetest of presents." Then Pauline sprang out of bed and began to dress. In the midst of her toilet it occurred to her that she was not in the least embarrassed, as she had been on the previous evening, by the presence of a man in the room.

" Dearest," she cried, " if the acquisition of knowledge takes away shame, how was it that our first parents were ashamed when they had acquired it ? "

" I don't know, my sweetest. Did you ever ask your Italian master ? "

" Oh, yes."

" What did he tell you ? "

" That they were ashamed not because that they had tasted the fruit, but because they had been disobedient. . . . Whatever they say, I shall always think that Adam was more to blame than Eve."

"Why?"

"Because Adam had a command direct from God, whereas Eve only received it from Adam."

"I thought that both of them received it direct from God."

"Then you haven't read Genesis."

"You are making fun of me."

"Well, if you had read it, you would know that it is stated positively that God made Eve after He had given the command to Adam."

"It is singular that the commentators have not noticed the point, for it is an essential one."

"Oh, they are rascals and nearly all of them dislike women."

For three weeks the two lovers lived together in unalloyed happiness, wholly absorbed in one another, without a thought of the outside world. Casanova denied himself to all callers, making the excuse that he had not recovered from his fall. Pauline only left the house on Sundays, when, being deeply religious, she always attended Mass at the Bavarian minister's chapel.[1] Each day he grew more infatuated, deeming her the most adorable mistress that he had ever possessed, perfect alike in body and in mind. A love of letters was a bond of sympathy between them, and, being highly educated, she was able to talk with him on equal terms. She kept him amused continually by her prattle.

In order that both should have a souvenir of these happy hours, Casanova wrote to his friend Marti-

[1] Count Haslang, who lived in Golden Square, near the chapel, was Envoy-Extraordinary and Minister-Plenipotentiary for Bavaria in 1763.

nelli asking him to recommend "the best miniature-painter in London," and Martinelli sent a Jew, who painted an excellent portrait of each of them.[1] That of himself he had mounted in a ring, and it was the only present that he could induce Pauline to accept. She, too, had become as love-sick as he was, and as the days passed by and she received no news from Lisbon, she began to hope that her relatives had cast her off for ever, and that she would be able to pass the rest of her life with her Italian protector.

"I have discovered too late," she told him, "that it is chance alone that can make a happy marriage."

At last, on the 1st of August, the fatal message arrived. Two letters came for her, one from her aunt, the abbess, the other from the Marquis de Pombal, the Foreign Minister of Portugal. Both of them contained the same promise. On condition that Pauline returned home at once she was to be allowed to take possession of her property and to marry the young Count d'Al——. Pombal enclosed a cheque for twenty million reis,[2] which Casanova appears to imagine was equal to £2000. Pauline, who seems to have been a kaleidoscopic young lady, accepted the position with calm philosophy.

"We shall have to part, my dear friend," she declared, "and we must try to forget one another,

[1] Dr. G. C. Williamson believes that the Jew miniature-painter was the famous Jeremiah Meyer [1735-1789].

[2] 1000 reis = a milreis. In 1763 the milreis was worth 5s. 7d. Cf. Dispatches of Hon. Edward Hay, British Minister at Lisbon.

for my honour compels me to return to Lisbon to marry the man to whom everybody believes I have given myself already. I have pledged my word to the young count and I must keep it. . . . I am certain that I shall love him when I am his wife, for he is good, kind, and amiable. . . . Now, my dear friend, I beg of you to grant me a favour. . . . Promise me never to come to Lisbon unless I ask you. You must guess my motives. I am sure that you would not wish to disturb my peace, for, if I were to meet you again, I could not resist you, and such a sin would make me unhappy for evermore. . . . While we have been living together I have looked upon myself as your wife, and when we are parted I shall regard myself as a widow who is going to marry again."

She wrote to tell Pombal that she could not arrive in Lisbon until October, since she must travel overland through France and Spain, because she could not endure another sea voyage. A carriage was purchased for the journey, and she engaged a maid, while Casanova insisted that Clairmont, his valet, should escort her as far as Madrid. It was on the 10th of August that the party set out from London, Casanova accompanying them as far as Calais, where he bade a sad farewell to his Portuguese charmer two days later. Returning to England on the same afternoon he had a tempestuous crossing, but he felt too sick at heart to be affected by minor tribulations, and without resting in Dover he posted direct to London.[1] He was bitterly distressed at the loss of his Pauline, being overcome,

he tells us, by " un véritable spleen britannique." Jarbe, the negro, came to him next morning as he lay sulking in bed.

" Sir, the housekeeper asks if you want her to put up the notice again ? "

" The old hag, I should like to strangle her ! "

" Good gracious, sir, she is very fond of you, and seeing you so unhappy, she thought——"

" Tell her never to think of such a thing again, and as for you——"

" Can I do anything for you, sir ? "

" Oh, go to the devil."

It is never possible to sympathise with the love-sick Casanova, and it would be almost as absurd to feel pity for any of his dupes. None of them appear to have suffered much on his account. The women whom he seduced, or said that he had seduced, appear to have been creatures of his own kind—light, inconstant, self-indulgent—and all seem to have found consolation after he had ridden away.

Since he does not succeed in portraiture, it is difficult to visualise the Pauline that he has tried to depict, but it is safe to conjecture from what he tells us that morally she was little the worse for her acquaintance with him. The blood of the warm South ran in her veins, and whether she was peasant, bourgeoise, or grand lady, there is little doubt that, like most women of her clime and period—when there was no chance of being found out—she was

[1] The newspapers report a violent storm on Friday, Aug. 12. So Casanova's account of his second passage of the Channel is probably accurate. There was a still worse storm on Aug. 19.

eager to meet him half-way. And since Boccaccio reminds us, in regard to ladies of this disposition, that "kissed lips do not lose their sweetness, but renew themselves like the moon," it is probable that the hoodwinked husband found nothing to complain of in her subsequent conduct as a wife.[1]

[1] I have examined the dispatches of the Hon. Edward Hay, British Minister at Lisbon, from 1761-1764, in the Public Record Office, but he says nothing that throws any light upon the mystery of Pauline.

CHAPTER IX

SIGNORA ANNA BINETTI—ANGE GOUDAR—LORD PEMBROKE'S VILLA AT ST. ALBANS—THE GAMECOCK—MARQUIS AND MARQUISE DE CASTEL-BAJAC—COUNT SCHWERIN—GENERAL JOHN BECKWITH—SOPHIE CORNELYS GOES TO SCHOOL AT HAMMERSMITH—SIGNORA CALORI AND HER HUSBAND — FELICE DI GIARDINI — MADEMOISELLE DE CHARPILLON

After Pauline had left him, Casanova does not seem to have kept as good company as he had done previously. Most of his aristocratic friends had gone to their country homes, and his natural inclinations led him to look to the stage-door for amorous adventure. At the Orange Café in the Haymarket, which was so close to his home, he met all the people from the Opera House, a class with whom, *cabotin*-like, he loved to associate. At this period also his passion for the gambling-table broke out anew.

One of his first undesirable associates was a dancer named Anna Binetti, one of his former flames—whom he had helped to make her début on the stage years ago—now attached to the Italian opera. Only thirty-five years of age and in the prime of her beauty, which appears to have been of the exuberant kind, she was far more celebrated as a courtesan than as an actress. She began to boast of her manner of life as soon as Casanova asked her why she was not living with her husband.

"He gambles and loses all I earn," she replied, with a flash of her white teeth—a feminine charm that always had an irresistible appeal to the Venetian. "Besides, if a woman of my position has a husband in tow she cannot expect to gain a rich lover; but if she lives alone she can find as many admirers as she likes."

Then, to Casanova's surprise, she told him something about the English divorce laws, and he learnt that an injured husband could bring an action for criminal conversation against the seducer of his wife and obtain enormous damages, which were far heavier than in modern times—although Casanova exaggerates somewhat—as a reference to the old trials will prove. A few years later the Earl of Grosvenor cited the Duke of Cumberland, a young brother of George III., as co-respondent, and was awarded the sum of £10,000.

"The husband only requires two witnesses," said Signora Binetti, "and it is enough if the lover is found sitting on a bed with the wife. He is compelled to pay one-half of his possessions! Several rich Englishmen have been entrapped, and now they are chary of visiting married women."

"In that case," remarked Casanova dryly, "you and Binetti ought to make your fortune."

But he was grateful to her for warning him of the danger of paying visits to English ladies.

She proceeded to abuse Lord Pembroke, against whom she was incensed apparently because she was unable to keep him in chains.

"He is a wretch!" she exclaimed. "He wants a new wife every day. What do you think of that?"

"I envy his good luck."

"We women are fools. He persuaded me by a trick. Otherwise I never should have listened to him. . . . Why do you laugh?"

"I was thinking that perhaps you had played a trick upon him too," replied Casanova.

Another of his dangerous friends was a Frenchman, named Ange Goudar, a clever but unprincipled publicist, whom he met about this time at Vauxhall Gardens.[1] The son of an inspector-general of commerce, and born at Montpellier in the south of France, this Goudar had already made some mark as a man of letters, and was to become famous five years later as the author of *L'Espion Chinois*, a political tract in the form of an imaginary conversation between various Chinese notables, criticising the state of Europe. Later still, he gained even more celebrity through his wife Sarah, a beautiful Irishwoman, whom he is said to have taken to Naples in the hope that she would captivate King Ferdinand. Scandal relates that she was so successful that the masterful Queen Caroline was obliged to interfere, and banished the two adventurers from her kingdom. In 1763 he was in his forty-fourth year, and had been living for some time in England.[2]

[1] Casanova tells us that the entrance fee at Vauxhall was "half the sum charged at Ranelagh." The price of admission at Vauxhall was a shilling; that at Ranelagh half a crown.

[2] Ange Goudar [1720-1786] died a bankrupt in London. Sarah Goudar died in Paris about 1800. *Bibliographie Générale; Giac. Casanovas Briefwechsel*, by Aldo Ravà and Gustav Gugitz, pp. 173-6.

Casanova also continued to see much of Lord Pembroke, who, perceiving that he was in low spirits still on account of the loss of Pauline, invited him one day to a convivial party.

"You are behaving stupidly, my friend. You will be in love again in a week—yes, perhaps to-morrow, if you will come and dine with me at my villa in the country. A most beautiful Frenchwoman is coming, and I have asked a few people who are fond of play."

Casanova pricked up his ears. The double bait was irresistible.

"Faro and the like?"

"Exactly."

"Is the charming Frenchwoman fond of the card-table?"

"Not she, but her husband is."

"What 's his name?"

"The Count de Castel-Bajac."

"A Gascon?"

"Yes."

"Big, thin, and dark, and pitted with smallpox?"

"That 's the man. I 'm glad you know him. Well, isn't it true that his wife 's a beauty?"

"I cannot say. I was acquainted with Castel-Bajac about six years ago, but I never heard that he was married."

Casanova had good reason to remember the man, for this Castel-Bajac—who bore the title of Marquis and belonged to the old nobility of France—had accused him of an infamous crime during one of his visits to Paris, and had endeavoured to levy

blackmail.[1] Not wishing to frighten the rascal away, for he was curious to meet him once more, he told Lord Pembroke not to mention his name to the fellow, and promised to join the party on the morrow.

The Earl's villa was at St. Albans, twenty-one miles from London on the Holyhead Road, and Casanova says that it took him three hours to reach it in a post-chaise, passing through the most beautiful country.[2] He did not consider the house large, although there was sufficient accommodation for twenty guests as well as their servants. The ornamental gardens were spacious and well-kept, and there were some magnificent conservatories. Lord Pembroke does not seem to have possessed any seat of his own in Hertfordshire, so he may have merely rented this particular place, or it may have been Holywell House, St. Albans, which had belonged to his wife's mother, the Duchess of Marlborough, who died in 1761.[3]

While strolling through the grounds with his host before the rest of the company had arrived, Casanova caught sight of a gamecock, tethered by a chain. He was struck by the ferocious appearance of the bird.

"What have you there, my lord?"

"A cock."

[1] Louis, Marquis de Castel-Bajac.

[2] He gives the distance as twenty miles, which is correct if he went via Edgeware.

[3] Holywell House had "a very pleasant garden, with a bowling green, a fine sheet of water, a canal, and two other pieces of water, well stocked with fish."

" But why is it chained ? "

" Because it 's so fierce. It is very amorous, and if it was not tied up it would go after the hens and kill all the other cocks in the neighbourhood."

" But why condemn him to celibacy ? "

" So that he 'll fight better."

Lord Pembroke gave his guest an account of the bird's victories, thirty in number, and showed him the steel spurs and helmet, at the sight of which the cock began to caper and crow.

" But with such advantages," said Casanova, " he is sure to beat any of his antagonists."

" No," replied Lord Pembroke, " for when he is armed he would refuse to fight a cock that is unarmed."

" I can't believe it."

" Still it 's a well-known fact."

Lord Pembroke produced a piece of paper containing his cock's pedigree.

" The bird could prove his thirty-two quarters on his father's side much more easily than many a great nobleman," writes Casanova in his autobiography, " but his blood was not equally pure on his mother's side."

" I gave a hundred guineas for him," said Lord Pembroke, " and I wouldn't take a thousand."

Presently the other guests began to arrive. The Marquis de Castel-Bajac greeted Casanova with perfect assurance, expressing his pleasure at meeting him again, and he introduced a friend, whom he had brought with him, a Count Schwerin, the nephew of the famous Field-Marshal of Frederick the Great,

who had fallen at the battle of Prague. Yet instinct warned the Venetian that the man was as great a rogue as his companion. He was pleased, however, with the *soi-disant* Marquise de Castel-Bajac, a pretty woman, although not comparable in his opinion with the lost Pauline, and he perceived that Lord Pembroke intended to monopolise her. The only other member of the company whom he deigns to mention was Major-General John Beckwith—whose name, by the way, he distorts—a gallant soldier who commanded a brigade in the Seven Years' War, and whose four sons all became general officers.[1]

After the mid-day dinner a game of faro took place for high stakes, at the suggestion of Madame de Castel-Bajac, whom Casanova seems to have regarded as the decoy of her husband. During the play he managed to administer a slight snub to his old enemy, who wanted to " go partners " with him, but no other contretemps occurred ; and when Lord Pembroke proposed that the whole party should meet again on the following afternoon, for he was anxious for an excuse to continue his flirtation with the pretty Marquise, Casanova gave them all an invitation to dine with him.

On this occasion, however, there was unpleasantness. After dining in Pall Mall the company adjourned to the residence of General Beckwith, where they sat down to faro once more. Casanova

[1] John Beckwith died at Bishop-Middleham, Durham, on Dec. 2, 1787 (vide *History of Frederick the Great*, Thomas Carlyle, vii. pp. 249, 485).

HENRY, 10TH EARL OF PEMBROKE
From a mezzotint by John Dixon after Sir Joshua Reynolds

held the bank, keeping a sharp eye on Schwerin and Castel-Bajac, whose method of play was suspicious. They lost both their money and their tempers, and finally left the house in anger, having paid what they owed in bank-notes. General Beckwith was so annoyed that he declared after their departure that he would not have them in his house any more. It then occurred to Casanova that the notes which he had received might be forgeries.

"You will find out when you take them to the bank," was the only consolation he received from Lord Pembroke, whose thoughts were monopolised entirely by the beautiful Madame Castel-Bajac.

"And if they are forgeries."

"Say nothing about it, or take proceedings against the rascals."

On the following day Casanova discovered that the notes were forged, and when he called on Lord Pembroke at Pembroke House, No. 4 Privy Gardens, to inform him of the fact, his friend gave him the address of a magistrate, who, after hearing his evidence on oath, issued a warrant against both Schwerin and Castel-Bajac. The latter fled the country at once, but the thief-takers succeeded in capturing the former, whereupon Casanova took pity upon him, and tells us that he refused to proceed against him. If such indeed was his clemency, the London magistrate, whose name we do not know, must have connived at the miscarriage of justice, and did not bind him over to prosecute. His charity also extended to Madame Castel-Bajac, for when she came to him in tears two days later to tell

him that Lord Pembroke had grown tired of her already, although she had shown him "the clearest proof of her affection," he gave her sufficient money to leave England.

About this time a coolness sprang up between him and the worthy Martinelli. He seems to suggest that the scholar was offended because he declined to allow Lord Spencer [1] to introduce him to a certain betting club, which from his description might have been either White's or Almack's. It could not have been the latter, however, as it was not opened until the following year; and it is impossible also that he could have become the guest of Lord Spencer at White's, for that nobleman did not join the club until 1771. If there had been any question of taking Casanova there, which is unlikely, it could have been done either by Lord Pembroke or Augustus Hervey, both of whom had been members for several years.

On the day of the card-party at St. Albans, Casanova heard that Sophie Cornelys was unwell, and he went to Carlisle House to see her immediately. The little girl was in bed with a high temperature, and he diagnosed the cause of her malady very shrewdly. He perceived that Sophie was suffering from the ill-effects of a too-luxurious home-life, being the victim of late hours, rich food, and perpetual excitement. Daily association with her neurotic and ill-tempered mother also was harmful. He took Mrs. Cornelys aside.

[1] John, first Earl Spencer [1734-1783]. The owner of the Althorp library and Martinelli's patron. His London house was No. 10 St James's Place.

" Send the child to boarding-school for a couple of years," he suggested. " She needs the companionship of children of her own age—girls of good family."

" But a good school will cost a hundred guineas a year," she replied, " for she will require the best masters."

" If I approve of the school I will pay a year in advance."

Mrs. Cornelys accepted this proposal with gratitude, being, so Casanova suggests again, in great financial embarrassment.

" Come, my friend, and tell the news to your daughter yourself," she asked him, eagerly. " Let us see how she takes it."

" My dear Sophie," said Casanova, following Mrs. Cornelys to the bedside, " both your mother and I think that you ought to have a change of air. Would you like to spend a year or two in one of the best schools in London ? "

" I will do as my mother wishes," replied Sophie, with resignation.

" It is not a question of what we wish. Would you like it yourself ? Tell me frankly."

" Would it please my mother ? "

" Very much, my dear child, if it would please you," broke in Mrs. Cornelys.

" Oh, then, dearest mamma, I should love to go to boarding-school."

And Casanova was more certain than ever from the child's manner that she was being bullied by her mother.

On the following Sunday they took Sophie to visit the school, which Mrs. Cornelys had selected in the meantime on the recommendation of her patron, the Countess of Harrington. It was a Roman Catholic seminary, carried on by the Sisters of the Institute of Mary, and was situated in the Broadway, Hammersmith, a village three and a half miles from Hyde Park Corner.[1] Casanova was pleasantly impressed by the Lady Superior, a woman of sixty years, who was brisk, witty, and worldly-wise, but he does not tell us her name, which was Frances Gentil. She gave them a hearty welcome, and showed them over the establishment. The pupils' drawing-room, dining-room, and bedrooms were spacious and well-furnished, and the fifteen boarders, who were about the age of thirteen or fourteen, seemed to be girls of good class. There happened to be an immediate vacancy, so it was arranged that Sophie should commence her school-life on the following Sunday.

Casanova tells a curious anecdote of an incident that happened at this period, which must have come before his notice in consequence of his association with the houris of the Opera House. Amongst the actresses there was a fellow-countrywoman of his, named Angiola Calori, who played the principal parts in the burlettas, a lady of many lovers, like Signora Binetti.[2] One of her chief patrons was

[1] *Environs of London*, by James Thorne, p. 275; Records of the Catholic Society. The Sisters of the Institute of Mary are now established at St. Mary's Convent, York. In Casanova's *Mémoires* it is stated that the school was at *Harwich*, an obvious misprint.

[2] *Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*, ii. 394.

Giardini, the famous violinist, who lived in Suffolk Street, and was now the manager of the Italian opera.[1]

Suddenly, the fair Calori's husband appeared in London—a man of the name of Constantini, a native of Vicenza—a wretched parasite, come in quest of her money, and he made Casanova his confidant.

"She is my wife and everything she has belongs to me," he babbled excitedly.

"I didn't know that."

"Then you don't know the laws of this country," retorted the model husband. "I am going to put her out of doors with only one dress to her back, for everything that she has belongs to me."

Constantini, however, was hoist with his own petard. Perhaps he had acquired his knowledge of the English law from a congenial spirit like Signor Binetti, whose only idea of a livelihood, also, was to sponge on his wife. At all events, in his case the knowledge was a dangerous thing. For Giardini and Calori, having heard of his coming, concocted several bills of exchange—purporting to have been drawn by the lady—which, so she pretended, she was unable to meet; and by this means they were able to take advantage of another good old English law, which makes the husband responsible for the debts of his wife. So, to his great surprise, Constantini was arrested and clapped into the King's Bench Prison in Southwark. He

[1] Felice di Giardini, born at Turin in 1716, died at Moscow, Dec. 17, 1796. Vide *Public Advertiser*, Aug. 4, 1763.

communicated with Casanova, who went to see him in due course.

" I am arrested for two of my wife's debts," he explained. " They say I must pay them because I am her husband."

" Your wife has played a trick on you," said Casanova. " She must have been aware that you had followed her to London."

" I didn't know that she was in debt."

" No more she is. The bills are spurious. . . . She has acted illegally, and she may have to pay dearly for it."

" But meanwhile I am in prison ! "

With the help of a barrister, Casanova says that he managed to procure Constantini's release, and Signora Calori paid him a hundred guineas to leave the country. It is a good story and may have some basis of truth, although Casanova is prone to exaggerate the eccentricities of the English juridical code whenever it suits his purpose.

Towards the end of September, after he had spent an unprofitable month in the company of tempestuous ladies, like Mesdames Binetti, Calori, and Castel-Bajac, Casanova made the acquaintance of a beautiful young girl with blue eyes and auburn hair at the house of a Flemish officer, named Malingan, whom he had known at Aix-la-Chapelle. She reminded him that they had met in Paris in 1758, five years ago, when she was a child.

" I was called Augspurgher then," she told him, " but now my name is de Charpillon. . . . I was only thirteen when I last saw you. . . . For the

last four years I have been living in London with my mother and my aunts."

"When had I the pleasure of seeing you, mademoiselle?"

"*Au palais marchand.* You were with a charming lady, and you gave me these buckles (she lifted up her shoes) and you also kissed me."

He recollected the incident at once. He was in a jeweller's shop with a beautiful friend of his, named Madame Baret, buying some trifling present for her, when a little girl had entered with an elderly woman and asked the price of some ear-rings. The jeweller demanded three louis, which the child's companion refused to give, and they were both going away, when Casanova, perceiving that the girl was disappointed, and attracted by her prettiness, made her a present of the trinkets.

"Oh, I remember you now, Mademoiselle de Charpillon," he replied, not troubling to remind her that he had given her ear-rings and not shoe-buckles.

There was another reason why he should remember, for his friend Francesco Morosini, when they had met at Lyons, had given him a letter of introduction to Mademoiselle de Charpillon, telling him that she was the most beautiful courtesan in London. Drawing the letter from his pocket he presented it to her.

"What!" she cried. "A letter from my dear ambassador, the Procurator Morosini.[1] . . . And

[1] Francesco II. Morosini [1714-1793], Procurator of Venice, Ambassador-Extraordinary in London, along with Senator Angelo Querini, in April 1763.

you have been in London three months without presenting it ! "

" I am greatly to blame, mademoiselle, but you see it has no address."

" Well, come and have dinner with us to-morrow."

" I cannot. Lord Pembroke is dining with me."

" Will you be alone ? "

" I think so."

" Then don't be surprised if I arrive with my aunt."

He told her that he would be delighted to see her at any time, and gave her his address. She burst out laughing.

" So you are the Italian who put up that amusing notice in his window ? "

" I am."

" They tell me that the joke cost you dearly."

" On the contrary, it brought me the greatest happiness."

" You must ask my aunt if I may take a room in your house, though I don't suppose my mother would let me."

" Are you looking for cheap lodgings ? "

" No, but it would be fun, and I 'd like to punish the wicked author of the notice."

" How would you punish me ? "

" Oh, I 'd make you fall in love with me, and then keep you at arm's length. It would be a great joke."

Throughout the whole of the conversation Miss de Charpillon laughed merrily, using every art of coquetry, striving to lure him on with her pert

raillery ; and as he looked into her bright, provocative eyes and gazed upon her piquant little face, he began to think that she was the most beautiful girl that he had seen since his arrival in London.

" Tell me where you live ? " he demanded, as he bade her good-bye.

" In Denmark Street, Soho," she told him.

He took a careful note of the address and entered it subsequently in his diary, although he made a pardonable mistake in recording the name of the parish. Denmark Street, of course, is in St. Giles-in-the-Fields, not in the parish of Soho ; but the Holborn Rate-books prove that the de Charpillon family were actually living in this particular street in the year 1763, paying a rent of £24 for their house.[1]

Giacomo Casanova, like Count Smorltork in *The Pickwick Papers*, found it difficult to comprehend English nomenclature, but he seems to have been just as assiduous in taking notes, a great number of which have been found on investigation to be surprisingly accurate.

[1] Holborn Rate-books.

CHAPTER X

MARIANNE GENEVIÈVE DE CHARPILLON

THE family in Denmark Street, St. Giles's, consisted of Mademoiselle de Charpillon, her grandmother, her mother, and two aunts. In the local rate-books the occupier of the house is called Frances de Charpillon, but this is an alias, for the name of the grandmother was Catherine Brunner, and that of the mother Rose Elizabeth Augspurgher. The name of one of the aunts was Julie Brunner, that of the other is unknown. They had been disreputable folk during the whole of their careers, keeping a brothel in every town where they stayed, and the old lady, who also was a light-o'-love in her youth, had trafficked in the charms both of her daughter and her grandchild.

Catherine Brunner was a clergyman's daughter—a real one—the offspring of Daniel Brunner, pasteur of St. Étienne in Switzerland, who died in 1710, and being pretty and poor and unprincipled she had taken to evil ways from her earliest youth. But for her vicious inclinations she might have lived a life of ease and tranquillity, for Michel Augspurgher—a man of property and " bailli " of his town—whose mistress she became when quite young, was deeply attached to her, and would probably have made her his wife if she had been faithful to him. By her he

had several children, all of whom he allowed to bear his name, the youngest of them being a handsome girl, christened Rose Elizabeth Augspurgher, who was born in the city of Berne about the year 1722.

Catherine Brunner, however, was naturally depraved, and her sisters were as wanton as herself. Their house became notorious as one of the most infamous in the capital; they themselves were known to be the most unscrupulous of procuresses. They were often in trouble with the police, and were summoned before the Consistoire on several occasions. At last, in 1739, when Rose Augspurgher was seventeen years old, they were banished from Switzerland, the authorities giving them a sum of money to pay for their journey abroad.

At first, they only travelled as far as Besançon in Franche-Comté, a province of eastern France. Here, for some time, they earned a living by selling a quack medicine, which they called " le baume de vie "—pretending it was the elixir of life—and by vending the charms of the youthful Rose. She was an attractive brunette, built on robust lines, with dark hair and large black eyes, and soon found many admirers. Amongst these were two noblemen, the Baron de Versac and the Count de Boulainvilliers.

Realising that they would find a more profitable market for their wares in the French capital, they soon drifted to Paris, where they took up their abode in the rue Pagevin. Here, Rose succeeded in captivating Prince Lichtenstein, the Austrian Ambassador, and when she gave birth to a daughter

about the year 1745, she protested that he was the father. The Prince, however, who had cast her off because of her numerous infidelities, refused to accept the paternity, and it was generally believed that the child owed her existence to a bourgeois Jew. They christened the baby Marianne Geneviève, and she grew up into a very pretty girl, as Casanova bears record when he met her at the age of thirteen in the jeweller's shop in Paris.

About the year 1759 Catherine Brunner and her tribe crossed the Channel, and established themselves in London under the name of de Charpillon. She was not more than fifty-seven years of age at this time, while Julie and her other sister were much younger, and her daughter Rose was still on the sunny side of forty. Profligacy and self-indulgence, however, had made the latter prematurely old, and so when they arrived in the metropolis their livelihood depended principally upon the sales of " le baume de vie." [1] Then Marianne Geneviève Augspurgher de Charpillon blossomed into a most lovely young woman, and the fortunes of the family began to improve.

The picture that Casanova has drawn of her at the age of eighteen, when he met her in the September of 1763, is worthy of quotation :—

" Her hair was of a beautiful chestnut colour and of astonishing length and luxuriance ; her blue eyes had the languor natural to their shade and all the

[1] The early career of Catherine Brunner and her progeny is described at full length in *Jacques Casanova, Vénitien*, by Charles Samaran, pp. 270-82, and in *Les Aventures de Casanova en Suisse*, by Pierre Grellet, pp. 149-66.

brilliance of a woman of Andalusia; her skin, which had the tints of the rose, was of dazzling fairness, and her tall figure was almost as finely-modelled as that of Pauline. Her breasts, perhaps, were rather small, but of a perfect mould; she had white, plump, tiny hands together with the prettiest feet and that proud and graceful carriage which gives charm to the most ordinary woman. Her sweet open face had a frank and honest expression, and seemed to promise that delicacy of feeling and sensibility which are the irresistible weapons of the fair sex."

Once more the versatile Venetian had fallen desperately in love, and he left the house of Malingan, after saying good-bye to Marianne, like a man in a dream. The image of the dark-eyed Pauline faded from his memory; the face of his new charmer haunted him continually. If the one had walked in beauty like the night, the other was all sunshine and radiance; and he believed, as usual, that the last divinity was more lovely than any he had ever beheld.

On the next day, at dinner, he made a confidant of Lord Pembroke, who, being still in disgrace at Court and avoided by many of his former friends in consequence of the Kitty Hunter adventure, no doubt was well pleased to have such a congenial companion as the high-spirited Italian. Pembroke, however, laughed at his fancy for La Charpillon.

"I coveted the little rogue myself once, for a few moments, when I ran across her at Vauxhall with her aunt, and I offered her twenty guineas to come with

me into one of the dark walks.[1] She agreed on condition that I paid in advance, which I was idiot enough to do. She walked with me down an alley, but directly I put an arm around her she ran away and I couldn't find her all the rest of the evening."

"You should have slapped her publicly."

"That would have done no good, and I should have made myself a laughing-stock. It was better to let her go and the money too. Are you in love with her?"

"No, but I am inquisitive, as you were."

"Be on your guard! She will do all she can to entrap you."

At that moment Miss de Charpillon arrived, as she had threatened, and was shown into the dining-room. The presence of Lord Pembroke did not embarrass her at all. Taking a seat at the table, she began to prattle to him with the most friendly vivacity. In a little burst of raillery she referred to their adventure at Vauxhall, chaffing him for his lack of enterprise, telling him that she had played the trick upon him in order to entice him.

"Another time," she whispered significantly, "perhaps I shall not be able to escape from you."

"Another time, my beauty, I shall certainly not pay you beforehand."

"Oh, fie! It is horrid to talk about money."

During the remainder of the meal she continued to flirt with Lord Pembroke, who remained cold and

[1] In October of this year, when an application was made for the renewal of the licence for Vauxhall Gardens, the proprietors had to promise that the "dark walks" should be lit before the renewal was granted.—*London Chronicle*, Oct. 11-13, 1763.

indifferent in spite of her blandishments, causing her apparently considerable chagrin. Casanova, on the contrary, grew more and more infatuated, and when she asked him to visit her on the morrow he consented with the greatest joy.

Next morning he paid his first visit to the house in Denmark Street. Marianne was awaiting him and presented him to her mother, Rose Augspurgher. To his amazement Casanova recognised her as a former acquaintance—although she was aged beyond her years by ill-health and dissipation—an acquaintance, too, who had swindled him out of six thousand francs—in collusion with a man named Bolomay [1]—by giving him spurious bills of exchange in payment for some jewellery that he had purchased at her request.

"Madam," he said, with icy politeness, "I am enchanted to see you again."

"I, too, am delighted, sir." That villain Bolomay——"

"Pray, don't speak of him, madam. . . . I see you have been ill."

"I almost died, but I am better now. My daughter did not tell me your real name."

"Pardon me, yes. I am called Seingalt as well as Casanova. I was using the latter name when I met your daughter in Paris four years ago"; and he added, significantly, "I didn't know then that she was your daughter."

In a little while Catherine Brunner, the wicked

[1] David Bolomay, clockmaker, of Lausanne (vide *Jacques Casanova, Vénitien*, Charles Samaran, p. 271 *n*).

old grandmother, came in with her two sisters. "Aged folk" they are called in the *Mémoires*, although the eldest of the three was little more than sixty. Soon afterwards Ange Goudar arrived with two men named Rostaing and Caumon, whom Casanova guessed instinctively were the pimps of the establishment. Remembering how Rose Augspurgher had robbed him in Paris, he realised that he had fallen into the worst of bad company. Yet he could not tear himself away. The innocent blue eyes of Marianne de Charpillon had cast upon him an irresistible spell.

The mid-day dinner was a bad one, but he was placed beside his inamorata who was all sweetness and merriment. Just as he was flattering himself that he made some progress in winning her regard, she annoyed him beyond measure by suggesting that he should invite the whole company to supper at his house in Pall Mall.

"Fix a day," she insisted.

"Any that you choose, mademoiselle, will suit me," he answered politely.

"Well, then, to-morrow?"

"Forgive me, I forgot that I was engaged to-morrow."

"With some pretty lady, I 've no doubt."

Turning her back on him in a pet she gave all her attention to the man on her left, one of the two strangers. It was not until he suggested a date for the projected supper party that she deigned to speak to him again.

For two days he had the strength of mind not to

pay her a visit, but on the morning of the third day—the evening of which had been appointed for the entertainment of the de Charpillons and their hangers-on—while he was sitting at breakfast he was surprised to receive a visit from Marianne, who was accompanied by her aunt Julie.

" I am sorry to disturb you so early," she said in her most charming manner, " but I have something very important to discuss with you."

" Now, or after breakfast ? "

" After breakfast. We must be alone."

After breakfast the aunt went into the adjoining room, whereupon Marianne began to tell him of the financial difficulties of her family.

" Be an angel," she entreated, " and lend my aunt a hundred guineas. It would make our fortune."

" How ? "

" She has the secret of an elixir of life—' le baume de vie '—which has the most wonderful effects.[1] We would pay back the money in six months, and give you half the profits."

" You have a clever aunt, my dear. I will think over your suggestion. At present, I want to talk to you about something else."

He drew her towards him, but she laid her fingers on her lips, glancing towards the open door. Then, since he would not take the hint and redoubled his caresses, she sprang from the sofa and fled to her

[1] A " most admirable family medicine," called " le Beaume de Vie," was advertised in the *London Chronicle*, Nov. 28–Dec. 1, 1772, as being sold by W. Nicoll, 51 St. Paul's Churchyard, and T. Becket in the Strand.

aunt in the other room. It dawned upon him that unless he paid the hundred guineas that he would advance no further in her esteem. Yet, at the same time, he was pleased to know the price of her goodwill.

In the evening when all the company had arrived Marianne suggested a game of cards until supper was ready, entreating Casanova to hold the bank, but he declined.

" At all events, let us play whist," she persisted.

" It appears to me," he replied, " that you are not very anxious to have my reply to your question of this morning."

" Then you 've decided ? "

" Yes, come with me."

When she had accompanied him into the adjoining room he made her sit beside him on the sofa, and told her that the hundred guineas were at her disposal.

" Well, give them to my aunt," she replied primly. " Else they 're sure to think I 've got the money from you improperly."

" You can depend on me."

Then, once more he tried to take liberties, but she repulsed him with indignation.

" You will get nothing from me by money or by force. . . . I won't be friends with you unless you behave yourself."

Since she declined to receive either kiss or embrace he returned in dudgeon to the drawing-room, whither she followed him, serene and unperturbed. During supper she was as merry and pert as ever,

and assailed him with saucy banter continuously, but he remained in the sulks, as he usually did when one of his sweethearts was unkind, treating her with frigid politeness. Just before she took her departure she spoke again of the hundred-guinea loan.

"We 'll talk of it another day," he answered evasively.

"Won't you fix a time?"

"That is for you to do," he said, taking out a purse of gold and jingling it before her, but he was so vexed by her greed that he resolved to have nothing more to do with her.

During the next three weeks he continued to avoid her, and he was beginning to congratulate himself that the thought of her beauty no longer disturbed his peace of mind, when Julie Brunner—her favourite aunt, or rather great-aunt—called upon him one morning. After reproaching him for not coming to see them, she mentioned that her niece had informed her that he was going to provide the finances for making the Balm of Life.[1]

"It is true, madam, that I would have given your niece a hundred guineas if she had treated me as a friend, but she refused me favours that even an innocent girl might have granted me."

"What a silly child! But she has a good heart."

"How am I to know that?"

"She tells me that she loves you, but she 's afraid that your affection for her is only a passing fancy."

[1] At a later date Marianne de Charpillon often speaks of "le baume de vie" in her letters to John Wilkes. Add. MSS. 30, 880A.

" Prove to me that you are speaking the truth."

" Certainly ! She is in bed with a cold. Come and see her now."

At the idea of meeting his beauty again and so soon, all his resentment vanished, and he was ablaze with expectation. Allowing Aunt Julie a few minutes' start he flung on his coat and followed her to Denmark Street. She opened the door for him herself.

" Come back in a quarter of an hour," she whispered. " My niece is taking a bath."

" It 's a lie ! " he retorted angrily. " Another of your tricks."

" You are cruel and unjust. . . . To prove that I 'm speaking the truth you had better come and see for yourself."

He followed the woman upstairs, having no notion what was in store for him, filled with a mad desire to meet Marianne face to face. Julie Brunner paused at the door of the room, but Casanova pushed in boldly. Mademoiselle de Charpillon was sitting in the bath with her back turned to him, and thinking that his footstep was that of her aunt, she called out for a towel. Then, as he advanced, she caught sight of him.

" Go away," she cried, with a shriek, huddling herself beneath the water, and burying her face in her hands.

" There is no need to make a noise, my pretty one."

" Go away ! "

" All in good time."

"I tell you to go."

"Be calm! I 'm not going to touch you."

"My aunt shall pay dearly for this!"

"She 's done me a good turn. Come, I won't lay a finger upon you, so relax yourself a little."

"What d' you mean?"

"Sit up, as you were doing when I came in."

"I won't! . . . Go away!"

"You needn't be afraid of your—honour."

After teasing her for a while he left the room, exasperated that a girl who had yielded to other men should refuse so obstinately to grant him the least favour, but gratified that he had succeeded in humiliating her a little. Although both surly and malicious whenever balked in his desires, it was not his habit to offer violence to any woman.

Aunt Julie followed him to the door, babbling entreaties for the loan of a hundred pounds.

"Here 's your reward," he cried in a rage, thrusting the notes into her eager hands, and he fled from the house, resolved never to set foot in it again.

One evening, about a week later, he encountered Marianne de Charpillon at Vauxhall in company with Goudar.[1] Wishing to avoid her he turned aside, but she caught him by the arm and reproached him gently for his rudeness in invading her bathroom. Then she suggested enticingly that he should take her into one of the alcoves for a cup of tea.

[1] Vauxhall Gardens, the most famous of all the old London pleasure gardens, was situated on the Surrey side of the Thames, and a short distance east of the present Vauxhall Bridge.

" I don't wish for any tea," he replied, still sulking. " I am going to have supper."

" Let me have supper with you," she persisted. " Don't refuse, or I shall think you bear malice."

Unable to resist her coquetry he escorted her into one of the little boxes, followed by Goudar and the inevitable aunt, and ordered supper for four, which, in that place, usually consisted of chicken and ham—a " Vauxhall slice " being proverbial for its diminutiveness. By degrees his ill-humour vanished. The little siren chattered to him gaily, making use of all her arts to draw him beneath her spell once more. At last, excited by the wine that he had drunk, he asked her to take a stroll with him down one of the " dark walks," whispering a hope that she would treat him more kindly than she had treated Lord Pembroke.

" I will surrender," she murmured, " on one condition."

" What ? " he cried impatiently.

" That you will come to see me every day and accompany me everywhere."

" Of course. Now, let us have a walk among the trees."

" No, certainly not ! "

Rising angrily he paid the bill, and departed without a word, although she begged him to see her home. Once more he determined never to speak to her again.

Marianne, however, was not disposed to lose him altogether ; at least not just yet. Aware that he was rich and lavish, she resolved to keep him in

her toils, enticing and beguiling him while she drained his purse. Perceiving no doubt with feminine intuition that he was a fickle soul, she deemed it more discreet to bleed him as much as possible before she capitulated. It was not long since she had made her début, and, so far, she had been the spoilt darling of great noblemen, consequently she was not in the least disposed to stoop to a mere commoner unless he was prepared to make it worth her while. At the same time she realised that he was a touchy fellow, who would have to be cajoled and humoured with consummate skill. Thus, when a few days had elapsed and he did not come near her, she sent Goudar as an emissary to suggest a reconciliation. At least Giacomo seems to have imagined that the man visited him at her instigation, although he does not seem to have been a very loyal friend. Perhaps she made a dupe of him also.

Very craftily, Goudar began by reminding Casanova that Marianne was a mere *ingénue*, provoking him still further by the suggestion that she was only making a sport of him. He informed him that the Venetian envoy, the distinguished Morosini, had been her first protector, maintaining her in style during his brief residence in London, which had come to an end only a few weeks before Casanova himself had crossed the Channel. Since then, he declared, numbers of great noblemen had sought her goodwill, and amongst them were Lord Grosvenor,[1]

[1] Richard, first Earl Grosvenor [1731-1802]. His town house was No. 14 Grosvenor Place. The evidence produced in the course of his

Lord Baltimore,[1] and M. de Saa, the Portuguese Minister. Finally, Goudar threw out a hint that if Casanova were to offer the mother a present of a hundred guineas the daughter no doubt would become more amenable. Rising to the bait Giacomo commissioned his visitor to make the proposal next time he paid a visit to the house in Denmark Street.

The message was delivered, and it gave Mademoiselle de Charpillon the opportunity for which she had been seeking. Next morning she made her appearance, while Casanova was sitting at breakfast, in her most proud and scornful humour.

"I am come to demand an explanation, sir," she began, indignantly. "Is it true that you have offered my mother a hundred guineas, through Monsieur Goudar——"

"It is true, mademoiselle. Isn't the sum large enough?"

"Pray, do not jest, sir. What right have you to insult me in such a manner?"

"If you think it was an insult I will confess I was wrong."

"I have told you already that you would get nothing from me by money or by force, and unless you made me fall in love with you that it was hopeless to pester me. You have insulted me by breaking into my bathroom! You have insulted me by sending this vile message to my mother! . . . No

action against H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland, in 1770, indicates that Casanova's statements are not unwarranted.

[1] Frederick Calvert, seventh Baron Baltimore [1732-1771]. In 1768 he was tried at the Kingston Assizes on a charge of criminal assault upon Sarah Woodcock, and acquitted.

one but a rascal like Goudar would have dared to bring it."

" Goudar, a rascal ! Why, he is your best friend. Didn't he introduce you to the Procurator Morosini ? . . . Ah, don't cry, mademoiselle, for I know the source of those tears. . . . They are impure."

" Great heavens, that is untrue. You know I love you, cruel man, and yet you treat me like this."

" If you love me you should have shown me a little kindness."

" You have treated me as though I were the vilest of prostitutes. You seem to think that you can buy me through a horrid pander."

" Supposing I had sent the message by letter ? "

" I care nothing for your money," she cried, in a flood of tears. " I wanted you to make love to me. I hoped that you would come and court me, taking me for walks and going with me to the theatre. Unhappy creature that I am, when I first saw you I believed that I had found my affinity at last. All the others have been forced upon me. You are the cause of my greatest unhappiness ! You are the only man that has ever seen me weep ! "

Vanquished utterly, he threw himself on his knees.

" Pardon, a thousand pardons ! I will do anything to wipe away those tears."

" Then come and see me. Come every day and tell me that you love me. Come and conquer me like a kind, not like a brutal lover."

Perceiving that she had gained her purpose, she took leave of him at once ; and, although he begged for one kiss, she refused to grant it, suggesting that

it was just that he should do penance a little longer. It occurred to him before many days that Marianne de Charpillon was the most accomplished actress he had ever seen.

Although she is one of the most vivid and life-like personages that appear in the crowded pages of Casanova's *Mémoires*, Mademoiselle Charpillon—for it is thus that he writes her name—has been regarded until recently as almost as visionary a person as Pauline. Yet, as a matter of act, she did actually exist, and was no doubt as artful a young lady as Giacomo has depicted her. Records of her family have been discovered both in Berne and in Paris, where the archives of the police have yielded many curious particulars.

There is a still more convincing proof of her identity in her own autograph letters, two of which Casanova fortunately has preserved. These prove beyond all doubt that a voluminous correspondence, bearing the signature of Marianne Geneviève de Charpillon—in the MSS. Department of the British Museum—is actually in the handwriting of the courtesan of Casanova's *Mémoires*, and this correspondence helps to reveal her temperament.[1] The letters are more than a hundred in number, and were written by Marianne between the years 1773-1777 to her *cher ami*, the famous John Wilkes. Although woefully illiterate, they show at least that she was a woman of character.

[1] Add. MSS. 30, 880A; *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, iv. 382-3, 461, v. 484; *Life of John Wilkes*, Horace Bleackley, pp. 339-346. Cf. Appendix II.

CHAPTER XI

LORD EGREMONT—COMTE DE GUERCHY—CHEVALIER D'EON — PRESENTATION AT COURT — GEORGE III. AND QUEEN CHARLOTTE — ZUCCATO — KITTY FISHER — FRESH ADVENTURES WITH MARIANNE DE CHARPILLON

MEANWHILE Casanova had been meeting with disappointments in other directions. When he arrived in London he had found it impossible to present his letter of introduction to Lord Egremont,[1] as the Secretary of State was taking a rest at his country home after the recent worries he had gone through in prosecuting John Wilkes, the popular idol, for a "seditious libel." Consequently, the grand scheme for a Casanovian lottery guaranteed by the British Government made no progress. On the 15th of July, however, Lord Egremont came back to town from Petworth, whereupon Casanova immediately called upon him at Cambridge House, No. 94 Piccadilly, but, as the statesman was unwell, he did not succeed in obtaining an interview. Then came the three or four weeks' seclusion with Pauline, while every other thought was obliterated by his passion; and when, late in August, he had recovered from his infatuation, all chance of using the letter of introduction was over, for Lord Egremont died suddenly of apoplexy on the 21st of the month.

[1] Charles Wyndham, second Earl of Egremont [1710-1763], statesman.

Still, it is improbable that the haughty nobleman would have looked with favour upon the lottery project even if it had been submitted to him.[1]

Casanova also had been much annoyed for a long time by his failure to be presented at Court. He tells us that he called at the Venetian Residency in Soho Square on the day after his arrival in London, but that Zuccato, the Resident, declined to present a fugitive political prisoner. Thus he was compelled to await the arrival of the Comte de Guerchy, the French Ambassador,[2] who did not reach London until the 17th of October, although the date is misstated in the *Mémoires*, which are so often inaccurate in their chronology. Since Casanova had been a *persona grata* with the French Government, de Guerchy welcomed him affably, and invited him to dine with him at No. 14 Arlington Street, the French Embassy for the time being while Lord Bateman's fine mansion in Soho Square was being prepared.[3]

This dinner must have taken place between the 17th and the 28th of October, for the Chevalier d'Eon was a guest at the table, and the latter date, owing to a famous quarrel, was the last occasion on which he accepted the hospitality of his ambassador. At an earlier period d'Eon had dressed in female

[1] There were two lotteries in England to the amount of £350,000 during the year. *London Magazine* [1763], 144, 332; *London Chronicle*, Dec. 17-20, Dec. 22-24, 1763. Cf. *The North Briton*, No. 42, March 19, 1763.

[2] Claude François Rignier, Comte de Guerchy, Marquis de Nangis [1715-1767], Ambassador in England 1763-67, died in Paris, Sept. 17, 1767.

[3] No. 14 Arlington Street was Lord Holland's house.

CHARLES, 2ND EARL OF EGREMONT
From a stipple engraving by Harding after a portrait at Petworth

attire, although an ex-cavalry officer—masquerading thus for some obscure political reason—and, being feminine in his appearance, many persons had believed that he really was a woman. Even such a connoisseur of the fair sex as Giacomo came to a wrong conclusion, declaring him to be " une belle femme," and adding that " his voice is too clear for that of a *castrato*, and his shape too rounded for a man's." [1] At this dinner party the Comte de Guerchy promised to introduce Casanova at a levée.

It was on a Sunday morning—a usual time for these functions in those days—that the Chevalier de Seingalt made his bow to George III. at St. James's Palace. He himself would have us believe that he was presented as early as the 19th of June, but this is impossible—as previously explained—if he was shepherded by the French ambassador. The impression that he has left of the King's personal appearance is not a flattering one.

" A round little man with a face as red as his coat and a feather in his hat, who looked exactly like a fat cock."

He tells us too that he could not understand a word of what the King said, which is scarcely strange, bearing in mind that George III. had an indistinct precipitate utterance. Queen Charlotte, however, was most affable, asking questions about Venice and mentioning the recent visit of the Ambassadors-Extraordinary.

[1] Charles Geneviève Louis Auguste Andre Timothée d'Eon de Beaumont [1728-1810]. He was a fine swordsman, and excited universal curiosity because of the doubts with regards to his sex.

"Monsieur Querini made me laugh," said she, "he called me *diavolo*."

"Madam, it was his way of saying that Your Majesty resembled an angel," replied Casanova, amidst a murmur of approval.

In a little while Zuccato,[1] the Venetian Minister, surprised at the Queen's complacence towards his fellow-countryman, came up to him, and drew him aside.

"Why didn't you reply when the King questioned you?" he demanded.

"I couldn't understand what he was saying."

"Upon being told your name was Seingalt he asked you if you came from Hanover, and, as you bowed, he believed that you had answered in the affirmative. This is unfortunate, for a Saint-Gall was hanged for piracy over there a few years ago, and His Majesty will imagine that you are a relation."

It is unfortunate that there is no corroboration of Casanova's statement that he was presented at Court, but the lists of presentations at St. James's Palace were not kept until nine years later.

While he was being tormented by "La Charpillon" he endeavoured to escape from her spell by seeking fresh diversions, and with the help of the inevitable Goudar he became acquainted with some of the best-known *filles de joie* in the town. By far the most celebrated of all was Miss Kitty Fisher,[2] then

[1] Zuccato succeeded —— Colombo as Venetian Resident in London in July 1761. In August 1764 he was succeeded by Vignola.

[2] Catherine Maria Fisher [1738?-1767] married John Norris of Hemsted Park, Kent, at Haddington, in Scotland, on October 25, 1766, and at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Dec. 4, 1766. She died at Bath, March 10, 1767.

at the height of her beauty, a pretty little ex-milliner, who had been a reigning toast for five years. A fine horsewoman and renowned for her wit, she was always surrounded by a crowd of admirers, and it was believed that the members of White's alone contributed many thousand pounds towards her income. Songs were written in praise of her beauty; she set the fashion in clothes; her portrait was painted by all the great artists. A little later she married one of the landed gentry and became the lady of a manor.

It would be remarkable if Casanova, who prides himself upon going everywhere and doing everything, had nothing to say about this fair and frail lady; and he tells us that he met her at the house of Mrs. Welch, a very famous "priestess of Venus."[1] She was in evening dress, patched and powdered and covered with diamonds, for she was waiting for a duke to take her to a ball; and he was amazed at the multitude of her jewels, which others have assured us were the envy of every woman in London. Never backward in his wooing, Casanova began the conversation with a prompt "I love you!"—the only English words he knew.

Always a merry soul, Kitty was much amused by the brusqueness of the tall Mephistophelian stranger, and, forgetting her usual good manners, she could

[1] The name is spelt both Wells and Wals in the various editions of the *Mémoires*. Other documents give the name as Welche or Walsh. *The Female Jockey Club*, *vide* under Countess of S-ft-n; *Court of Cupid*, Ed. Thompson, i. 31, 33, 138; *Town and Country Magazine*, iii. 123, iv. 10; Hall-Stevenson's *Works*, ii. 33; cf. *London Chronicle*, June 29–July 1, 1758.

not help laughing in his face. Then, to make atonement, she began to chatter to him vivaciously—"like a magpie," he tells us, adding that "the hissing almost made him giddy." To his sensitive Southern ear the English language always sounded sibilant and harsh. Unfortunately, Miss Fisher could speak no French, and, although he acknowledges that she did her best to make him understand what she was saying by "a lively pantomime," he found it impossible to make love to a woman, however beautiful, who was both deaf and dumb as far as he was concerned.

So Kitty bade him adieu, going off to meet her duke, and when she had departed Mrs. Welch told the tale of how she had clapped a bank-note for £20, given to her by one of her admirers, between two slices of bread and butter and had eaten it like a sandwich to show her contempt for the donor and his paltry gift. It is a story that is told of other courtesans of the period—of both Fanny Murray and Sophia Baddely, to mention two of them—and in the present instance Casanova seems to confuse it with the stock anecdote related of the former lady, for in connection with it he mentions Sir Richard Atkins, who was Fanny Murray's own particular lover.[1] Still, it is quite probable that both Fanny and Kitty munched a bank-note sandwich in the course of their hectic careers, although Miss Murray, being the elder, was the first to accomplish the feat. Casanova could see nothing humor-

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole* [Toynbee], ii. 346; *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, viii. 444, 491.

KITTY FISHER
From a portrait by Nathaniel Hone

ous in the tale. On the contrary, he was shocked at the waste of money, and remarked that the bank ought to have been grateful to Kitty Fisher for the present she had made to it.

At Mrs. Welch's house he renewed his acquaintance also with Miss Kennedy, the beautiful Irish girl, who seems to be the person of that name mentioned in "Harris's List of Covent Garden Ladies" for 1773, and was the friend of Nancy Dawson and Ned Shuter. At this period she was living in Hyde Street, Bloomsbury.[1] About the same time he supped with the Misses Garrick, two pretty sisters who were famous in the annals of gallantry, one of whom, we know, was called Nancy. None of these beauties, however, had any charm for him. He was bewitched still by Marianne de Charpillon.

Amongst the women whom he met in the company of Ange Goudar was another Irish girl, named Sarah, the barmaid of a tavern into which his friend took him one day for a bottle of "porter." He declared that the drink was "like nectar and a thousand times better than wine," but this preference may have been influenced by his admiration for the maid of the inn. Sarah was only sixteen and exceedingly pretty, and he was beginning to grow covetous when Goudar took the precaution of telling him that she was his mistress. She was the girl, indeed, whom he eventually married, who, as Madame Goudar, became famous in Naples and in Paris and elsewhere. In one of the several versions

[1] *Notes and Queries*, 10th Series, xi. 437.

of his *Mémoires* the unscrupulous Giacomo has boasted that he accomplished the seduction of the pretty barmaid under her protector's very nose, but the incident is omitted in other editions.[1] Until the original manuscript is printed in its entirety it is impossible to decide which of the various texts is most reliable.

When Marianne de Charpillon had completed his subjugation by confessing that she loved him, Casanova began to resume his visits to the house in Denmark Street. On each occasion he brought her some costly present; every day he took her and some of her relatives for an excursion into the country or made a party for them at the theatre or at one of the pleasure gardens. Affection for her family seems to have been the most pleasant trait in the girl's character, and she tried to include as many of them as possible in all her amusements. At the end of a fortnight Casanova had spent four hundred pounds. Yet she had not allowed him even to kiss her hand.

One evening, however, after most earnest solicitations, he persuaded Rose Augspurgher to allow him to stay all night.

"You will promise to pay me the hundred guineas?" she stipulated.

"Oh, fie!" cried Mademoiselle de Charpillon, in a tone of outraged modesty, rushing to the door.

Casanova pursued her into her bedroom. Pretending to be bashful she insisted upon putting out

[1] *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova* [J. Rozez, Brussels, 1871], vi. 23-26.

the light, and when he wished to assist her to disrobe she repulsed him gently, begging to be allowed to undress in peace. He waited patiently until he heard her lie down, and then flung himself beside her on the couch, but still she refused to receive his caresses, avoiding his kisses and thrusting him from her. In vain he implored and scolded and offered tempting promises. She was deaf to all entreaties.

At last, his patience being exhausted, he was filled with a blind rage. Losing all sense of chivalry, he began to use her roughly. She was wrapped up in a long dressing-gown, which in the midst of the struggle was soon torn to rags, so great was his anger at her obstinacy. Finally, he leapt from the bed and, overturning chairs and tables in the darkness, he fled from the room and out into the street.

A few days later Goudar called upon him. He knew all about the tempestuous night in Denmark Street.

" La Charpillon is covered with bruises," he announced, " and the mother is furious because she hasn't got her hundred guineas."

" Is there any wonder that I did not pay, considering that her daughter has treated me so abominably ! "

" The old lady is afraid that you will get tired of the girl and abandon her. . . . Have you decided what you are going to do ? "

" Yes, I shall have nothing more to say to her."

Casanova then proceeds to relate that Goudar suggested that he should lend him a curious chair

with concealed springs, which would hold the obdurate Marianne a helpless prisoner if she was persuaded to sit in it. Yet the story is too fantastic to be believed. It seems probable that Casanova has borrowed the idea from the description of a similar piece of furniture in a publication with which he must have been familiar at a later date, called *L'Espion Anglois, ou Correspondance secrète entre Milord All'Eye et Milord All'Ear*. In this book the chair is said to have belonged to the notorious Alexandrine Ernestine Jourdan, known as "La Petite Comtesse," who had an establishment in the Rue des deux Portes, Saint-Sauveur, Paris, and the account of it tallies almost exactly with that of "Goudar's Chair":—

"Je n'y trouvai rien d'extraordinaire qu'un fauteuil, dont la forme singuliere me frappa. 'Asseyez-vous dedans, me dit le président; vous allez concevoir son utilité.' A peine je m'y fus jetté que le mouvement de mon corps fit jouer une bascule; le dos se renversa et moi aussi; je me trouvai les jambes écartées et enlacées mollement, ainsi que les bras, en croix. 'Ma foi, répondis-je, les filets du Dieu de Lemnos[1] ne valoient pas mieux.' Le magistrat m'apprit que ceux-ci se nommoient *les filets de Fronsac*; qu'ils avoient été imaginés par ce Seigneur, pour triompher, d'une vierge qui, quoique d'un rang très-médiocre, avoit résisté à toutes ses séductions, à tout son or, et à toutes ses menaces."[2]

A similar chair is described in the second series of *The Mysteries of the Court of London*, by G. W. M.

[1] Vulcan.

[2] *L'Espion Anglois*, by Pidansat de Mairobert, ii. 363-4.

Reynolds. It is scarcely probable that Ange Goudar, who knew something of the English law, would have risked being hanged by having such a machine in his possession.

One morning, a few days later, the amazing Marianne, all gentleness and docility, called at the house in Pall Mall while Casanova was taking his chocolate. Sitting down at the table in demure silence, she poured out a cup for herself, and, having drunk it, wiped her lips upon his serviette and then lifted up her mouth for a kiss. He turned his head away sullenly.

"I suppose the marks of the blows you gave me make my face look horrible," she said with a pout.

"You lie, mademoiselle! I did not strike you in the face."

"No, but your nails made marks all over my body. Look at your handiwork, sir."

And raising her skirt she showed him some bruises on her legs.

At the sight of the shapely limbs Casanova thawed immediately, and when she begged his pardon most humbly for treating him so cruelly, he was conquered completely once more. Then she went on to implore him to give her a home of her own, as his fellow-countryman Morosini had done, where she could live with self-respect as his mistress, and not be subject to the domination of her mother.

He was powerless to resist such an appeal. Promising to do what she asked, he accompanied her to Denmark Street and told Rose Augspurgher of the new plan, but the base woman insisted upon

receiving a hundred guineas before she would allow her daughter to place herself under his protection. Eventually Casanova gave her the money in the presence of Mademoiselle de Charpillon, whose modesty does not seem to have been shocked on this occasion by the idea of barter, seeing that the transaction was carried out in hard cash. After these details were arranged he went in search of a house. With the help of Goudar he found a suite of rooms in a pretty villa in Chelsea, which he was able to secure for ten guineas a month, paying the first instalment of rent in advance.

Marianne was delighted with her new home when he escorted her thither, and was all smiles and gratitude. After their luggage had been carried indoors they went for a walk in the country, not returning until it was time for supper. During the meal she was gay and amiable. When bedtime came she followed him submissively upstairs.

Casanova, however, must have been rude and unmannerly in his love-making, or else she found something repulsive in his personality to which she could not overcome her dislike, for in a few moments they were in the midst of an angry quarrel. According to his account she wound her arms around his neck when he began to caress her, squeezing him so tightly that he was almost strangled.

" Infamous creature ! " he cried, struggling from her clutches.

" Are you mad ? " she exclaimed.

" Don't you know that you have nearly choked me ? "

" If you don't like me to hug you I won't."

" You shan't make a fool of me any longer."

" What a funny man you are! Sometimes you say I am too cold; sometimes you say I am too passionate."

" I 've had enough of your passion. You 've almost broken my neck."

It was an inauspicious prologue, but worse was to follow. Since he had found fault with her ardour—which nevertheless may have been inspired, as he believed, by malice—she proceeded to give him an example of her frigidity. As before, she repulsed him when he tried to embrace her; she sulked and scolded; and at last scratched him savagely with her nails. With a cry of pain he released her.

" You deserve to be horsewhipped."

" You are an impudent blackguard."

A pitched battle followed. She gave him a savage blow in the face; in retaliation he kicked her behind. And when she began to hurl missiles at his head, he threw a pin-cushion at her, which unluckily hit her on the nose, making it bleed profusely. Terrified at what he had done he rushed to her with a glass of water, but she struck at him fiercely, throwing the water all over his shirt. At that instant the landlord of the house burst into the room, fearing that murder was being committed, and demanded indignantly the cause of the uproar. Giacomo began to babble explanations in Italian, Marianne shrieked abuse in her broken English, while the lodgers and servants, awakened out of

their first sleep, flocked down the passage in night attire to the doorway. At last, Mademoiselle de Charpillon flung on her hat and cloak and, pushing her way through the crowd, fled from the house into the darkness. Next morning, Casanova sent back her boxes to Denmark Street and returned to his own home.

Goudar, as usual, soon paid him a visit, having been requested to mediate, so he said, by Madame Augspurgher.

" La Charpillon," said he, " has a swollen nose."

" So much the better," growled Casanova. " I wish I had broken her neck."

" Listen to me," continued Goudar. " It 's a serious matter, and I should advise you to hush it up."

And he proceeded to explain to Casanova that he might be liable to heavy damages for assault if Miss de Charpillon was disposed to take action against him.

" Nevertheless," he concluded, " the mother has asked me to tell you that she is prepared to forgive you. . . . If you will call upon her again, I can assure you that you will be received as a friend."

Whether Giacomo feared an action at law or whether he believed that this was a message of surrender is not made clear, but whatever his motive he made his way to the little house in Denmark Street on the same evening. Marianne was working at a piece of embroidery as he entered the room, and at the sight of him she raised her handkerchief to wipe away a tear. Her cheek was bruised, her

dainty nose was twice its usual size. But she showed no resentment against her cave-man, plying her needle with downcast eyes, acting the part of a patient martyr. Casanova was filled with remorse, and, as he gazed upon her, still beautiful in spite of her disfigurement, he felt that if he could not hold her in his arms again he must surely die.

On the following morning he bought her a splendid pier-glass and a costly breakfast set of Dresden china, sending them to her with a loving letter, imploring her forgiveness. Each day for three weeks he paid her a visit, sitting with her for hours, and although he realised the folly of his infatuation he was powerless to tear himself away. By degrees, so he imagined, she began to soften towards him, always welcoming him when he came, seeming to be brighter and happier when he was present. Then one day he received a letter from her, a letter of love, containing a promise to belong to him entirely.

Intoxicated with happiness, he called upon her at supper-time—the hour she had appointed in her *billet-doux*. She received him in the parlour with her mother, and he observed with delight that his mirror was hanging over the mantelshelf, and that the Dresden china was arranged upon a table. In a few moments she invited him to follow her into another room, where he found a table spread for two, and they supped together merrily *tête-à-tête* as though nothing had ever happened to mar their friendship. Presently he took her in his arms, finding her gentle and yielding, but when he begged

for the fulfilment of her promise she thrust him away and burst into tears. Exasperated by the rebuff, he demanded if this was always going to be her attitude.

" Yes," she sobbed in reply.

This answer, he tells us, petrified him. For a few moments he stood silent and motionless, and then, taking up his cloak and sword, he moved towards the door.

" What ! " cried Marianne. " Aren't you going to stay all night with me ? "

" No."

" But we shall see you to-morrow ? "

" Good-bye."

And he went home to bed.

CHAPTER XII

THE ASSEMBLY AT CARLISLE HOUSE—LADY HARRINGTON —A PICNIC TO RICHMOND—THE ILLNESS OF MARIANNE DE CHARPILLON

CASANOVA attended the first assembly that was held at Carlisle House by "The Society in Soho Square" after his arrival in England. This did not take place until Friday the 2nd of December—if the advertisements in the newspapers are to be trusted—though Giacomo, owing to lapse of memory, or because he wished it to be believed that he figured in high society as soon as he appeared in London, declares that the function took place in June. Lady Harrington was the patroness from whom he had received the privilege of a ticket, for which he had paid two guineas.

Mrs. Cornelys was pleased and surprised to see him, but he was cold and haughty, remembering that she had suggested on a former occasion that he should appear at the assembly as her son's tutor.

"As I have been presented at Court," he said to her ironically, "you might have guessed that I should be here. . . . Since we are old friends I am sorry that I did not buy my ticket from you, but you could not expect me to accept a free pass."

At that moment the ubiquitous Lady Harrington came bustling up, overflowing as usual with animal spirits.

" My dear Cornelys," she cried, " I have a lot of guineas to give you, and two from Monsieur de Seingalt among the rest. I fancy you know each other, but I didn't dare ask him."

And she gave Casanova a significant glance.

" Why not, my lady ? I have known Madame Cornelys for years."

" So I imagined, and I congratulate the two of you. . . . I suppose, Chevalier, that you also know the amiable Miss Sophie ? "

" My lady, if one knows the mother one must know the daughter too."

" Oh, yes, yes. . . . She is your image."

" It is one of the freaks of nature."

" I suspect that nature knew what she was about ! "

Sophie happened to be standing close by, so, taking the little girl's hand, and slipping her fingers beneath Casanova's arm, Lady Harrington led the way through the assembly rooms. As they passed amongst the crowd whispers arose on every side.

" There is Mrs. Cornelys's husband ! "

" That is certainly Monsieur Cornelys ! "

" Oh, it 's undoubtedly Monsieur Cornelys ! "

" No, no ! " answered the mischievous Lady Harrington, in reply.

For a long time she kept Casanova by her side, pointing out every one of distinction and introducing him to many people. He tells us that he " made the acquaintance of all the nobility and the royal family, who were all there with the exception of the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales." Still,

as the latter was not yet sixteen months old, it would have been remarkable had he been present. The ball lasted all night without ceasing, the company going in to supper in turn and at all hours, and Casanova was amazed at the waste and prodigality. He understood now why Mrs. Cornelys could not make ends meet.

It was at the close of September when Giacomo and Marianne first met, and the year had ended while she was still keeping him at bay. Although he continued to avoid her after his last disappointment at supper in Denmark Street, he could not drive her from his thoughts, and he knew that if he saw her smiling upon him again he would become her humble suppliant once more. It was a novel experience, for, if we believe his word, he had never sighed so long for a lady in vain. Hence, perhaps, his pertinacity.

One day in January fate delivered him into her clutches again. He had been asked to dinner at the house of Malingan, where he had met her originally, and just as the company sat down at table Miss de Charpillon made her appearance as an uninvited guest. Casanova ignored her utterly, not speaking a word to her, not even glancing in her direction. Presently, one of the party—a good-looking lady from Liège—expressed a desire to see the view from Richmond Hill, whereupon he invited them all, with the exception of Marianne, to accompany him thither on the following day.

" I will order two carriages," he observed. " We shall be eight."

"No, nine!" cried Miss de Charpillon, with gay effrontery. "I 'm coming too. Please, don't leave me out."

Although his assent was somewhat churlish she was not rebuffed, but turned up next morning, demure and smiling, and insisted upon coming into his carriage. During the drive to Richmond, which took an hour and a quarter, he treated her with cold politeness, but she paid no heed to his obvious ill-temper, talking to him as though they were on the best of terms. At the midday dinner, which they seem to have taken at the old "Star and Garter" hotel, she insisted upon sitting beside him, casting gentle glances and whispering soft words throughout the meal. Afterwards when they walked out into the park she took his arm, drawing him apart from the others. The weather, he says, was beautiful.

Together they wandered into the gardens of Richmond Lodge, where she led him into the maze, in which stood a little Gothic building, known as "Merlin's Cave," which had been constructed by Queen Caroline.[1] On every side were impenetrable thickets; they were quite alone. Being acquainted with the place, she had selected it from *malice prepense*.

"I can't walk a step farther," she panted. "Let us sit down."

"Don't imagine that you are going to entice me again," he answered viciously.

[1] Although Casanova says that he went to Richmond, his description—which affords but few clues—will apply equally well to Hampton Court. If there had not been a maze also at Richmond, one would imagine that he had confused the two places.

" I shouldn't dream of it. But I suppose you 'll allow me to rest a little ? "

" Certainly, and while you are resting I will rejoin the others."

And he strolled majestically away. His boast, however, was as idle as that of John Gilpin. He had come hither for her pleasure, but he was unable to return for his own. The maze was intricate, and he could not find his way out of it. Every time that he sought the entrance he wandered around in a circle, always coming back to the same spot again. And each time he found Miss de Charpillon in the same attitude, reclining on a bank in graceful abandonment, making a generous display of the rounded limbs that had caused him to lose his head on a former occasion. The same thing happened again to-day.

" Tell me why you won't forgive me," she murmured at last when he had returned from one of his fruitless peregrinations. " You know I love you."

" You are insincere," he retorted savagely.

" I am sincere and I will prove it," she murmured, holding out her hand to him invitingly.

Unable to resist such a provocation, he flung himself beside her and folded her in a passionate embrace.

" You must be mine," he muttered fiercely.

In an instant her mood had changed and she was struggling with him desperately.

" You are frightening me," she cried, on the verge of tears.

Maddened by desire he lost all control of himself. Snatching his dagger from its sheath he held it to her throat, threatening to put her to death unless she yielded to him then and there. Her struggles ceased, but her courage was undaunted.

"I am in your power," she answered, with set teeth, "you can do what you like with me. But bear this in mind. I shall not move from this spot afterwards. They are sure to come in search of me, and I shall tell them all of your brutality."

Then reason returned to him and he realised the depths of degradation into which he had fallen. The thought that he was offering violence to a woman made him shudder with horror. Springing to his feet he fled from the temptress and strove to find his way out of the maze, but was soon lost amidst the meandering passages. Presently he heard a soft footfall behind him. A hand was thrust beneath his arm, and Marianne nestled lovingly to his side as if nothing had happened, whispering that she would show him the way. Laughing and chatting gaily she led him out into the park, where they rejoined their companions.

Next evening, about ten o'clock, he paid another visit to the house in Denmark Street. Although he pretends that he went thither to compel Rose Augspurgher to return the forged bills of exchange—the instruments that she had used in swindling him in Paris, which in a generous humour he had given back to her—it may be conjectured that he was unable to keep away from his beloved Marianne. When drawing near her home he caught sight of the young

barber, who always dressed her hair every Saturday night, going in at the front door, so he waited patiently in the street until such time as she should be disengaged. Becoming impatient at last after an hour had passed by, and making sure that the coiffure must be finished by now, he boldly entered the house. Walking noiselessly along the passage, he opened the parlour door. To his amazement, as he glanced inside, he beheld Marianne and her handsome hairdresser sitting on the sofa, clasped in one another's arms.

With a yell of jealous rage he sprang forward, cane in hand, and gave the young man a severe thrashing, whilst Miss de Charpillon uttered shrieks of terror, which brought her mother and her two aunts downstairs in a panic. With one accord they all fell upon Casanova like furies, scratching at him and hurling abuse, while he, aroused to the highest pitch of frenzy, stormed around the room, slashing at everything that stood in his way, wrecking mirrors, ornaments, and furniture. In the midst of the confusion the amorous barber made his escape ; and in a little while, when Giacomo's anger was exhausted and the old women had become less vociferous, it was discovered that Marianne also had disappeared. A terrified maid-servant reported that she had fled from the house. Once more the mother and the aunts began to weep and scream.

" My poor daughter, alone at midnight in the streets of London ! . . . My dear niece, oh, the poor child will be lost ! "

Casanova was seized with remorse. The idea

that his sweetheart might be in peril made him realise how intensely he loved her still in spite of her disdain and faithlessness. He implored her mother to send the servants in search of her to the houses of all their friends. He asked their pardon for his brutality, promising to pay for the damage that he had done, and finally, since they did nothing but revile him, he took his departure with a heavy heart, after promising to give the maid two guineas if she would come to inform him immediately her young mistress had returned. A night watchman, who was waiting outside the door, conducted him to his house in Pall Mall.[1]

At eight o'clock the next morning the maid from Denmark Street came to tell him that Miss de Charpillon had just arrived in a pitiable state and had been put to bed.

"Where did she pass the night?" he inquired.

"At a shop where she is known. . . . She is in a high fever. We fear that it will be serious."

Anxious for further news he called to make inquiries early in the afternoon, but one of the aunts, who opened the door, begged him to go away as her niece was delirious, crying out continuously, "There 's Seingalt! Save me, save me! He has come to kill me!"

Sick at heart, he turned away without the least suspicion that the old woman might be deceiving

[1] Casanova's description of the night watchmen of London is excellent: "There is only one watchman in each district, which he promenades all night with a lantern in one hand and a long staff in the other. It is on these men that the tranquillity of the great city depends." Cf. Fielding's *Amelia*, book I. chap. ii.

him again. All day long he never touched a morsel of food. Throughout the night he was sleepless, tormented by suspense. Before nine o'clock on the next morning he was knocking at his mistress's door. In answer to the summons one of the aunts appeared.

"The doctors have given her up!" she declared, but refused to allow him to enter.

Pressing a ten-guinea note into her hand he implored her to see that her niece had every comfort, but she slammed the door in his face without another word.

While he was staggering down the street, stricken with grief, he encountered Goudar, whom he begged to go and inquire how Marianne really was, as he would be more likely to ascertain the truth. Goudar promised to do what he could, alarmed at his friend's ghastly appearance. In about an hour he arrived at the house in Pall Mall with the news that the girl was desperately ill.

"They say she is dying."

"Did you see her?"

"No, they won't let her see any one."

"Do you think it is true?"

Goudar confessed that his information had come from one of the maid-servants, but he had always found the woman to be truthful. What she said seemed plausible. Miss de Charpillon had caught a chill while wandering through the streets in the cold winter's night. Casanova was heart-broken, declaring that it was all his fault, and the Frenchman found it impossible to console him. For the rest of

the day and all through the night he continued to pace the room, unable to touch a morsel of food, drinking large quantities of brandy, more miserable perhaps than he ever had been in the course of his gay and careless life.

At seven o'clock the next morning he was knocking again at Marianne's door. It was opened by Rose Augspurgher, who was bathed in tears. She told him in the midst of her sobs that her daughter was in her last agony. At that instant, a feeble old man came out of the house, murmuring to the mother in German Swiss that she must resign herself to the will of God.

" Is that the doctor ? " cried Giacomo.

" A doctor is useless now," replied Madame Augspurgher, weeping bitterly. " He is a minister of the Gospel, and there is another upstairs. . . . Oh, my poor daughter ! In less than an hour she will be no more."

Casanova felt as though a hand of ice had been clasped upon his heart. He burst into a flood of tears.

" Yes," he cried bitterly. " And it is I who have dealt the blow ! "

With tottering limbs he turned away, filled with the sudden resolve to put an end to his existence.

CHAPTER XIII

WELBORE ELLIS AGAR—CANNON COFFEE-HOUSE—RECOVERY OF MARIANNE DE CHARPILLON—BALL AT CARLISLE HOUSE—ARREST OF CASANOVA—BOW STREET—SIR JOHN FIELDING—NEWGATE—CASANOVA IS RELEASED—COMTE DE ROSTAING

It is not improbable that the emotional Casanova did actually contemplate suicide—as he says he did—at all events for a few minutes, but whether in the end he would have had the resolution to fulfil his purpose may well be doubted. However, such an idea gives him the opportunity of telling a picturesque story, and allows him to introduce another of his English friends at an appropriate moment.

Going home he locked up all his jewellery and valuables in his bureau, and then sat down to make his will, leaving everything he possessed to the Senator Bragadin. When this was done he put his pistol in his pocket and sallied forth with the intention of blowing out his brains on the parapet of Westminster Bridge, so that his body should fall into the river and be swept from the sight of mortal eyes for evermore. This desperate scheme, however, was doomed to failure. As he was drawing near his destination a hand was laid upon his arm and a familiar voice greeted him. Looking round with a start he recognised a pleasant young Englishman, whom he had often met in Lord Pembroke's

company, " a rich and jovial libertine," designated in the various editions of the *Mémoires* as Sir Edgar, Chevalier Egard, or simply Egard.[1]

The real name of this individual was Welbore Ellis Agar. He was the son of Henry Agar, M.P. for Gowran, Co. Kilkenny, and Anne, only daughter of the Right Rev. Welbore Ellis, Bishop of Meath, and was born in 1735, being thus twenty-eight years old, or ten years younger than Giacomo. There is reason to suppose that he was affluent, or sufficiently well-off, at all events, to lead the life of a man of fashion, for he belonged to a wealthy family, and he had succeeded John Calcraft, on the 30th of November 1763, in the profitable place of Deputy Lieutenant Commissary General of the Musters, his uncle, Welbore Ellis, being Secretary at War. There is no corroboration of Casanova's version of his moral character. At a later date he became a famous collector of pictures.[2]

" Chevalier," cried Agar, as he grasped Casanova's arm. " You look like a tragedian! Why this gloomy air ? "

" I really don't know."

" What 's the matter ? "

" Nothing."

[1] Among the Casanova MSS. is an autograph letter from a W. E. Agar, which has led Gustav Gugitz to conjecture very shrewdly that this was the Egard of the *Mémoires*. On the strength of this I have ventured to identify him.

[2] Welbore Ellis Agar [1735-1805]. Eventually one of the Commissioners of the Customs. Married Gertrude, daughter of Sir Charles Hotham, Oct. 21, 1767, but the marriage was an unhappy one. He died Oct. 30, 1805, in New Norfolk Street, Marylebone. His brother was the first Viscount Clifden ; his uncle the first Baron Mendip.

" Nonsense, you 're going to do something foolish. I can see it in your face."

And then he caught sight of the butt of a pistol in Casanova's pocket.

" Ah ! " he cried. " An affair of honour ! Well, I can't let you go without a second. I 'll act for you, if you 'll let me."

" I assure you," stammered Casanova, " I 'm not going to fight. I 'm only taking a walk."

" Then I 'll come with you."

" Yes, do."

They set off together, strolling hither and thither for half an hour or more, Agar chattering all the time, Casanova taciturn and gloomy. Presently both became aware that they were hungry. At that moment they happened to be passing a place that Giacomo calls the Canon, " one of the celebrated London Taverns," so Agar proposed that they should go in and have dinner. It was the famous Cannon Coffee-House in Cockspur Street, then kept by Patrick Cannon, and carried on after his death in 1765 by his widow.[1] Nothing loath, Casanova agreed, and being ravenous after his prolonged fast, he made a hearty meal in spite of his depression. While they were taking coffee a handsome girl entered the room.

" I have a friend who is French," she intimated, when she had realised that Casanova was a foreigner.

" Excellent ! " cried Agar. " We 'll have a *partie carrée*."

[1] It was at the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, on the site of the present Union Club.

Instantly the spirit of conviviality entered into Casanova's heart. Warmed by the food and wine and infected by the gaiety of his friend, he cast away his burden of sorrow and once more life seemed worth living. He embraced Agar affectionately, no doubt much to that gentleman's embarrassment, and, declaring that he had saved him from death, he unloaded his pistols and threw the bullets out of the window.

Still, he was not yet the man that he had been before his sufferings of the past three days. His misery had left its mark upon him. Although the two girls, who came to take dessert with them, were most beautiful creatures—"*en vérite créées pour la joie*"—their charms did not fascinate him in the least, and he gazed upon their pretty faces without the slightest emotion. Although he was being resuscitated rapidly, he explains that he was still feeling weak and languid after his long fast and sleepless nights. So, when the convivial Agar proposed that the four of them should dance a hornpipe "in the costume of Adam and Eve," and called for a blind fiddler to provide the music, Casanova—who usually was not averse to bacchanalian orgies—was obliged to protest that his prowess was not equal to such recreations.[1]

Determined to make an evening of it in some fashion, Agar then insisted upon going to Ranelagh, and, bidding good-bye to the two girls, he ordered a

[1] Blind fiddlers seem to have been in vogue at the time. When John Damer, son of Lord Milton, shot himself at the Bedford Arms on Aug. 15, 1776, he had spent the evening with four women of the town and a blind fiddler.

hackney-coach and dragged his friend off with him. Upon entering the Rotunda Casanova's spirits began to revive again. The glitter of the lights, the lilt of the music, and the spectacle of the gaily-dressed crowd made his heart beat with exaltation. Ranelagh—so much more exclusive than Vauxhall, for there was seldom a person to be seen there without silk stockings!—always appealed to him. With head erect and wonted swagger he paced the huge circular assembly-room by the side of Agar, his hat beneath his arm and his hands thrust behind his back, English fashion—or it was, so he says, in those days.

A minuet was in progress, and, attracted by a lady who was dancing with exquisite grace, he paused to watch her. Then, while gazing in admiration, he noticed that she was wearing a hat and gown exactly like those that he had given to Mademoiselle de Charpillon. For a few moments he could not see her features, her back being towards him, but, as he advanced with beating heart, she turned round suddenly and he found himself face to face with a radiant Marianne. Directly she caught sight of him she fled among the crowd.[1]

The shock was so unexpected that his brain reeled. For an instant he thought he was going to fall to the ground in a swoon. His limbs shook and a cold sweat broke out all over his body. Perceiving his distress, Agar led him into one of the side boxes and

[1] Evidently this was a ball night. Occasionally Ranelagh was opened as early as January or February for dances, but I have found no advertisement in the newspapers to show that it was open on any night in January 1764.

procured a cup of tea for him; while Casanova, recovering from his agitation, began to babble forth the story of his woes. He told Agar that he had not eaten nor slept for three days and three nights owing to his sorrow at the imaginary illness of this girl, and that he had been on the point of committing suicide that very morning because he believed that she was dying.

"She is here with Lord Grosvenor," said Agar. "She has just gone off with him."

It was an exquisite relief to the conscience-stricken *roué* to know that Marianne was alive and well, and that he had nothing with which to reproach himself on her account. The weight of a great crime seemed to be lifted from his mind. His heart was filled with an intense joy. He turned to Agar excitedly.

"I owe you my life—do you hear, my life! . . . Come, you must spend the rest of the evening with me."

"I am at your service."

"Then we will go home."

"With pleasure. Come along."

It was after midnight when they reached the house in Pall Mall, but the cook served a good supper, and they had a festive time.

On the following morning, instead of trying to forget all about the Augspurgher family like a wise man, Casanova determined to take his revenge for the trick that they had played upon him. Since he possessed bills of exchange proving that they owed him six thousand francs, there was a convenient

weapon at his hand, and he proceeded to make use of it at once. Laying his case before a magistrate, he had no difficulty in obtaining a warrant to arrest Madame Augspurgher and her two aunts on account of the debt ; but the constable deputed to execute the warrant insisted that some one who knew the women should accompany him, explaining that *he was only empowered to arrest the persons named in the warrant*, and that he was afraid of making a mistake.

It is little scraps of information like this that give the *Mémoires* of Casanova their historical importance. The timidity of the constable, of course, was due to the hubbub that had been aroused by the apprehension of Wilkes and his printers on the charge of seditious libel under " a General Warrant," that named nobody, in the previous April. The act caused the most intense indignation throughout the country. Serious riots had followed, prolonged debates in Parliament had taken place, and the victims were awarded heavy damages in a court of justice. Naturally, the authorities now took the greatest care not to repeat their unfortunate blunder.

So Casanova was obliged to go with the constables to Catherine Brunner's house, where he pointed out Rose Augspurgher and her two aunts, who were taken into custody forthwith and conveyed to the King's Bench prison in St. George's Fields, Southwark. " La Charpillon," dressed in black, happened to be in the room when the arrests were made, but he scarcely glanced in her direction, leaving the house immediately his vengeance had been accomplished. He swore to himself that the women

should not be set free until his debt had been paid.

A fortnight later, however, they were liberated in an unexpected manner. One morning an excited Agar burst into Casanova's room before he was up, and deposited notes for two hundred and fifty guineas on the bed.

"What is this money?" demanded the sleepy man.

"My dear friend, I 'm in love," began Agar, who was in the highest of spirits.

"Who 's the lady?"

"The Charpillon, of course. I must give her mother back to her. She 's been crying her eyes out. . . . Let me have an acknowledgment that the debt is paid."

"Does she know that you saved my life?"

"She saw us together at Ranelagh. . . . I 've told her everything since."

"And no doubt she wants you to intercede for her with me?"

"Not at all! She says that she detests you."

"Thank God! The horrible creature! But it 's strange that she should have got hold of you with the idea of revenging herself on me."

It was still more strange that Casanova did not feel jealous, but apparently he did not. Disgusted at last with Mademoiselle de Charpillon's behaviour, he seems to have lost all affection for her, and was pleased to think that she would not pester him again.

There is no mystery either in her attitude towards him. Being in the budding freshness of her beauty,

a young woman with grace, vivacity, and charm, she was assured always of a score of idolaters of the highest rank, and therefore she was not in the least inclined to allow a mere Venetian commoner of questionable antecedents to monopolise her unless such a concession seemed to be a lucrative transaction. From her point of view, however, he did not prove surpassingly generous, and therefore, since he was rough, expectant, and irascible, she was glad to dismiss him in favour of less troublesome and more creditable lovers.

About the time of the breach between Giacomo and Marianne all England was greatly excited by a royal wedding. On the 16th of January 1764 the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick [1] was married to the Princess Augusta,[2] elder sister of George III., in the Great Council Chamber of St. James's Palace. Although only twenty-nine years of age the bridegroom had already gained much renown as a soldier, and he received in consequence an enthusiastic welcome from the people of England. According to Casanova, the Prince was given the Freedom of the City and the Goldsmiths made him a member of their Company. The latter statement is incorrect; but on the 15th of October 1765 the Court of

[1] Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, Hereditary Prince of Brunswick [1735-1806]. He commanded the Prussian troops at Auerstädt on Oct. 14, 1806, and died on Nov. 10 at Altona of the wounds he had received in the battle.

[2] Princess Augusta, elder daughter of Frederick, Prince of Wales [eldest son of George II.] and Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha. She became the mother of Frederick, Duke of Brunswick, who fell at Quatre Bras in 1815, and of the turbulent Queen Caroline, wife of George IV.

Common Council agreed to present His Serene Highness with the Freedom of the City in a gold box. A foreigner naturally would conclude that a gold box must come from the Goldsmiths !

One of the chief entertainments given in the Prince's honour was a subscription ball, promoted by the Dukes of Grafton and Devonshire, which was held on Tuesday the 24th of January, at Carlisle House, lent by Mrs. Cornelys for the occasion. Casanova says that he managed to obtain a ticket—for three guineas—and that he was present in his most magnificent suit of clothes, but he appears to overestimate the number of the guests, which, he says, was one thousand, for according to the newspapers there were only two hundred and fifty. The lady whom he seems to have admired most was the Duchess of Grafton [1]—one of the chief hostesses—and he tells us that she " wore no powder in her hair, which fell half-way over her forehead." All the other women, he declares, were loud in disapproval of this style, which they condemned as ugly, but in less than six months " la coiffure à la Grafton " became fashionable all over the Continent, although it was not known by her name.

There is reason to suppose that there is some truth in what Casanova says. According to Horace Walpole, the Duchess's great friend, she had given

[1] Anne Liddell, daughter of Henry, first Baron Ravensworth, born Aug. 7, 1736. Married first, Augustus Henry Fitzroy, Earl of Euston, who succeeded his father as third Duke of Grafton in 1757. She was divorced by Act of Parliament in 1769, and married second, John Fitzpatrick, second Earl of Upper Ossory in the same year. She died on Feb. 23, 1804.

DUCHESS OF GRAFTON
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

up using rouge eighteen months previously, while it is stated in the *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London in the Eighteenth Century*, by James Peller Malcolm, ii. 348, that "the rational change of wearing the natural hair instead of wigs" began in the year 1763.[1] Still, at Court functions monstrous coiffures, covered with powder, pomatum, and trinkets, continued to be worn for at least thirty years longer. Casanova's statement that the Duke of Cumberland,[2] uncle of the King, was present at the ball is also correct, but he is wrong when he tells us that it was a Sunday night, for it happened to be Tuesday.[3]

He left the entertainment at one o'clock, driving away in his coach with Jarbe, the negro, on the footboard. Just as he was turning into Pall Mall a voice in the street hailed him "Good-night, Seingalt," and when he put out his head to reply the horses stopped suddenly, and he found himself surrounded by armed men. It was a party of constables with a warrant for his arrest, but with the memory of the Wilkes affair fresh in their minds they had taken the precaution of ascertaining his identity before trying to apprehend him. At first they told him that he was to go to prison, and when he demanded—with Jarbe as his interpreter—to be

[1] M. Grosley, who visited England in 1765, tells us that at Lord Byron's trial he saw only a few ladies "dressed in the French taste. All the rest . . . had no other head-dress but a riband tied to their hair —no rouge was laid on their faces."—*A Tour to London*, M. Grosley, i. 254.

[2] William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland [1721-1765], third son of George II., known as "the Butcher."

[3] Report of the ball in *London Chronicle*, Jan. 24-26, 1763.

taken before a magistrate, they retorted that the magistrate was in bed. Finally, he appears to have been conducted to one of the watch-houses—possibly the Round House in St. Martin's Lane hard by—which he describes as "a large room on the ground floor, furnished only with benches and long tables."

Early next morning he was brought before the magistrate, being carried to the office—which obviously was Bow Street—in a sedan-chair, still attired in the splendid suit that he had worn at the ball. He saw an old man sitting at the top of the room, a blind man with a broad bandage tied across his eyes, and some one whispered to him that this was Mr. Fielding. In an instant he was filled with awe and reverence, believing himself to be in the presence of the author of *Tom Jones*. However, he was mistaken. The magistrate was Sir John Fielding, half-brother to the great novelist.[1]

"Signor Casanova of Venice," he observed in Italian—so we read in the *Mémoires*—"you are sentenced to perpetual imprisonment."

It is possible that John Fielding could speak Italian, for it is believed that he made one voyage at least in the Mediterranean in his youth, but he cannot have addressed Casanova in such terms. No doubt, he warned him that he was accused of a serious offence, the penalty of which *might be* imprisonment for life.

[1] Sir John Fielding [*ob.* Sept. 4, 1780], Magistrate, knighted in 1761. He was blind, and, as Casanova says, wore a bandage over his eyes.

" Of what am I accused ? " demanded Giacomo.

" You are charged with threatening to do grievous bodily harm to Miss de Charpillon, whereby she goes in dread of her life."

It was a grave accusation. Evidently Marianne had consulted a skilful attorney. If she was able to prove her case, Casanova was liable to penal servitude for life.

" *Monsieur le juge*," he answered, " this is a base calumny."

" There are two witnesses."

" They are false ones."

" Then you have not threatened to assault the lady ? "

" Certainly not."

In the end Sir John Fielding agreed to accept bail, being sceptical, no doubt, of the truth of the charge, but he announced that the two sureties must be English subjects and householders, who were able to offer testimony with regard to the prisoner's character. When the magistrate's decision had been made, Casanova was taken back to the watch-house, whence he sent notes by his servants to all the " *chefs de maison* " that he knew, explaining his predicament and begging them to come to his succour as soon as possible.

The morning passed, but no answer came to his appeal, and at last the constable informed him that he must go to Newgate, which he knew to be the prison in which the worst and the meanest criminals were confined. In response, Casanova protested that his bail was sure to arrive, and if it did not, that

it would be time to take him to gaol in the evening, but the officer was inexorable. The interpreter whispered that the fellow was seeking a bribe.

"How much does he want?" asked Casanova.

"Ten guineas."

"Oh, then, tell him I 'd like to see Newgate."

A coach was summoned and he was driven to the prison.

"I shall never forget the terrible impression," he declares, "that this hell upon earth made upon me —a hell such as Dante might have imagined. A crowd of wretches, many of whom were to be hanged in the course of the week, greeted me with howls and curses, furious at the sight of my splendid dress. Then, since I did not answer their questions, they became furious and began to threaten me. The gaoler [1] tried to pacify them, telling them that I was a foreigner and did not understand a word of English, but at last he was obliged to give me a private cell."

However, in an hour's time, the news arrived that his bail was forthcoming, and he was taken back to Bow Street, where he found Pegu, his tailor, and Maisonneuve, his wine-merchant, who were eager to be his sureties.[2] Sir John Fielding accepted the sum of forty guineas in his own recognisances and twenty guineas from each of the others as sufficient

[1] Richard Akerman, the younger, keeper of Newgate from March 1754 until his death on Nov. 19, 1792. He bore an excellent reputation.

[2] The name of Benjamin Maisonneuve, jeweller, Craven Street, Strand, appears in Kent's Directory for 1767. I have found no wine-merchant of that name, nor any mention of Pegu the tailor, in any contemporary guide or directory, or newspaper advertisement.

bail, and told him that he was now free to depart. As he was leaving the court he caught sight of Marianne de Charpillon amidst the crowd, with Rostaing [1] and Bottarelli, her two witnesses, but he stalked past them with his head in the air, muttering a few words of bitter scorn. Outside he encountered half a dozen well-known Englishmen, who had come to his assistance and were mortified to hear that they were too late.

Most of the circumstances of his arrest, as set forth in the *Mémoires*, may be accepted as accurate ; although unfortunately, since all the Bow Street records of the period have been destroyed in recent years,[2] there is no corroboration of his statements. The account of his apprehension by the constables, of his detention in the watch-house, and of his remand on bail, all have the ring of truth, and contain circumstantial evidence that could not well have been invented. His description of Sir John Fielding is also correct, and the mistake of confounding him with his illustrious brother is pardonable in a foreigner. His report of the magistrate's remarks is credible too—in spite of his misinterpretation of the gist of some of them—bearing in mind the

[1] Antoine Louis Alphonse Marie, Comte de Rostaing. In 1753 Jean Meusnier, the inspector of police in Paris, speaks of him as "le sieur de Rostaing," and describes him as a young man and a professional gamester. In the *Mémoires du Comte Dufort de Cheverny* he is said to belong to the old nobility and to have had an estate at Saint-Calais, near Vendôme. He appears to have taken part in La Vendée insurrection and was imprisoned during the Terror. Cf. *Memoirs of the Count de Cartrie*, p. 223.

[2] An act of vandalism that was reprobated severely, but not severely enough, in the *Report of the Royal Commission on Public Records* in 1914, vol. ii. p. 68.

character of the accusation against him, and its heavy penalty.

Nevertheless, it is impossible to believe that he was really taken a prisoner to Newgate. His thumb-nail sketch of the gaol—although merely a sketch in all the editions—is graphic and verisimilar, but it might have been written by a casual visitor to the prison. As it was one of the sights of London, no doubt Casanova visited it, or he had heard enough about it to describe it as he has done. Even in the mid-eighteenth century no constable would venture to take a prisoner to Newgate without a " mittimus " from a magistrate, and no gaoler would have received him without such an authority. In the case of Casanova, it is clear that Sir John Fielding did not sign any warrant for his commitment, else he must have been brought to trial, and it is inconceivable that a humane and conscientious public servant like Richard Akerman would have allowed him to be incarcerated through the whim of a minor official. Casanova loved to represent himself as the intrepid victim of an unpropitious fate, and he could not resist the telling of a picturesque anecdote. Hence the high-coloured embroidery that is strewn throughout his *Mémoires*.[1]

After their meeting at Bow Street Mademoiselle de Charpillon passes out of Casanova's life. Although he does not usually excel in portraiture—always excepting the marvellous impression that he has left of himself—the fastidious Marianne is one

[1] Apparently Casanova was bound over to keep the peace for one year.

SIR JOHN FIELDING
From the original picture by M. W. Peters R.A. 1778

of the most real and convincing personages in his *Mémoires*. It is easy to follow the various stages of their sweethearting and to appreciate the craft with which she played with him, checking him peremptorily when doubtful of an expected largesse, luring him onward if there was a probability of extortion. On every occasion she seems to have estimated his mentality to a nicety, never allowing him to imagine that his pursuit was in vain, always whistling him back in the nick of time when he was inclined to break away. It is obvious—even if we were unacquainted with her history from other sources—that she was a courtesan of distinction and therefore a successful ruler of men. When she quarrelled finally with Casanova it was because she had no further use for him.

CHAPTER XIV

BOTTARELLI—THE PARROT—DR. MATTHEW MATY—MARYLEBONE GARDENS—LOUIS DE MURALT—SARA DE MURALT—BOSANQUET

At the close of the Charpillon incident there were two aftermaths, immaterial in themselves, but of consequence in the evidence they provide in regard to the complex personality of Casanova.

On the day after his appearance at Bow Street, Ange Goudar called upon him, bringing a copy of the *St. James's Chronicle*, which, he says, contained an account of his arrest and release upon a bail of eighty guineas. His name and that of Marianne de Charpillon were disguised under initials, but those of Rostaing and Bottarelli were printed in full, and their action was applauded.[1] Curious to make the acquaintance of the latter, who was well known in the world of letters, Casanova requested his friend Martinelli to introduce him.

They went to his lodging, entering a squalid room on the third floor of a tumble-down house, where they beheld a scene of the greatest misery—

[1] In spite of this categorical statement a careful search through the files of the *St. James's Chronicle* from June 1763 to April 1764 has not resulted in the discovery of the paragraph in question. It is the same in the case of the window-card advertisement. Nor are there any comments in the *Public Advertiser*, the *London Chronicle*, or the *Gazetteer and London Daily Advertiser*.

a woman and four children dressed in rags and Bottarelli writing at a rickety table, garbed in a tattered dressing-gown. At the entrance of the visitors he rose from his seat.

" Do you know me, sir ? " Giacomo demanded, glaring at the unkempt creature who had borne false witness against him.

" No, sir."

" I am the Casanova whom you tried to shut up in Newgate by your lying evidence."

" Monsieur, I am deeply grieved, but in the name of God, look at my children. I had no bread for them, and I was promised two guineas——"

" Aren't you afraid of the gallows ? "

" No, for in England the perjurer is never hanged."

In spite of his anger against the man, Casanova's heart was softened by the spectacle of his misery.

" You are a poet, are you not ? "

" Yes, I have lengthened the *Didone* and abridged the *Demetrio*," [1] replied Bottarelli, eagerly.

" A worthy poet, undoubtedly," retorted Casanova, filled with contempt for the vandal ; and laying a guinea upon the table he left the room.[2]

The second *dénouement* was of a more mischievous character. While walking towards home Casanova

[1] Two poems by the Italian poet Pietro Antonio Metastasio [1698-1782].

[2] Giovanni Gualberto Bottarelli, an Italian poet, a native either of Florence or Pisa. There are many cantatas and operas written by him, *circa* 1759-72, in the British Museum and Bibliothèque Nationale. He is said to be the author of "L'Ordre de Francs-maçons trahi" [1745]. Possibly, he is the Jean Waspert Bottarelli, mentioned in *Bibliographie Universelle*, who came to London in 1755, and published *Del Canzionere d'Orazio*, 1757.

happened to pass a bird-shop, outside which there was a parrot in a cage, talking volubly. It suggested a malicious idea, so he inquired what was its price, and eventually bought it from the dealer for ten guineas. When it was delivered at his house he amused himself for several days by teaching it a new speech :

" *La Charpillon est encore plus catin que sa mère !* "

By the end of the week it was word-perfect, croaking the phrase from morning until night.

His revenge having been thus prepared, Giacomo proceeded to carry it into execution. He ordered Jarbe, the negro, to take the bird into the City, and, standing outside the Royal Exchange, to offer it for sale amongst the bankers and merchants. For a day or two the parrot attracted little attention, since it spoke in French, but in a little while the gist of its recitative began to be understood, and the cage was always surrounded by a laughing crowd.

" The Charpillon is a greater harlot than her mother ! "

The name of the famous courtesan was known to all, and the jest was thought a capital one. There were many bids for the parrot, but wishing to keep it as an instrument of vengeance, Casanova asked the prohibitive price of fifty guineas. The family in Denmark Street were furious—so the double-faced Goudar informed him—and sought legal advice. They were told, however, that they could not bring an action for libel against a bird ; but, if they could prove the identity of its instructor they might sue him for damages. A sound inter-

pretation of English law, like many similar ones in the *Mémoires*.

In a short time the *St. James's Chronicle*, so Casanova alleges, contained an article on his parrot. "The ladies who have been insulted by the parrot at the Exchange," it ran, "are poor and friendless, otherwise they would have managed to purchase the bird in order to prevent this scandalous publicity. The author of the deed would have been more successful in his revenge if he had made the bird speak English." [1]

About this period M. de Saa, the Portuguese Minister, gave Casanova a letter from Pauline.[2] It conveyed the news that she was married to Count d'Al——. At the same time he received sad tidings about his servant, Clairmont, who had accompanied the fair Portuguese to Lisbon. The vessel in which the man was returning to England had foundered at sea, and he was one of those who had perished in the wreck.[3]

Casanova now began to lead a more decorous life, often paying visits to the school at Hammersmith to visit Sophie Cornelys, whom he persists in calling his daughter; and he frequented the British Museum,

[1] I have been unable to discover this reference in the *St. James's Chronicle*, or in the other newspapers.

[2] M. de Saa was succeeded by Don Mello y Castro, the Envoy Extraordinary, who was received by George III. on Jan. 11, 1764.

[3] The packet *Hanover*, homeward bound from Portugal to England, was lost off Falmouth in the great storm of Friday, Dec. 2, 1763, when sixty persons perished. Letter from the Hon. Edward Hay, British Minister at Lisbon, to the Secretary of State in London, Dec. 25, 1763, Public Record Office; *Gentleman's Magazine* [1763], p. 614.

where he became a friend of Dr. Matthew Maty, the under-librarian, who, in spite of the sneers of Dr. Johnson, seems to have been a man of ability.[1] To this savant Casanova showed an onyx of great beauty, a gift to him from his brother Giovanni.[2] It was a cameo, he says, " representing Venus at the bath, a real antique, for with a powerful magnifying glass the name of the sculptor Sostratus, who flourished three centuries ago, could be read distinctly." Maty took a fancy to the gem and eventually purchased it for £300.

Unfortunately, there is no cameo in the British Museum exactly answering to the description, so the above statement cannot be corroborated. No. 802 in the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities is an onyx cameo representing Aphrodite; and No. 2309 is an onyx cameo representing a satyr seated, clutching at the robe of a mænad who stands (back to front) looking at him. In his right hand is a thyrsus inscribed ΣΩΣΤΡΑΤ (Sostrat), but presumably thus engraven in modern times. It came to the Museum in the Townley Collection in 1814.[3] Of course, Maty may have sold the Casanova cameo to a private collector.

Soon after his final breach with " La Charpillon " Giacomo informs us that he happened to meet an

[1] Matthew Maty [1718-1776]. Afterwards principal librarian of the British Museum.

[2] Giovanni Battista Casanova, born at Venice, Nov. 2, 1730, died at Dresden, Dec. 8, 1795. An accomplished painter, like Giacomo's second brother, Francesco Giuseppe [1727-1803].

[3] Mr. Richard Edgcumbe in *Notes and Queries*, Jan. 16, 1897, 8th Series, xi. 44.

old friend at Marylebone Gardens—a friend whom he designates under the initials M. M—— F——. This individual has been identified recently by sedulous annotators of the *Mémoires* as Louis de Muralt, who had been Chargé-d'affaires in London for the Republic of Berne since the beginning of 1762.[1] Nothing is more confusing than Casanovian chronology, for, although Casanova seems to have taken notes and preserved letters, his memory for dates is often unreliable, and in this particular instance he is obviously inaccurate. His reunion with the Swiss Minister must have taken place at the beginning of September 1763, since the Marylebone Gardens were only open during the summer time, and Muralt left England before the end of the month.

Louis de Muralt was a most incapable person, and should never have been chosen for the important position that he occupied. Vain and capricious, he had little talent for business, and most of the financial transactions with which he was entrusted ended in disaster. By the summer of 1763 he had fallen into disgrace through being behind-hand with his remittances, and the Council of the Two Hundred of Berne had handed over their interests in London to the banker Vanneck.[2] An order was sent for the

[1] Louis de Muralt, son of a councillor of the Republic of Berne, was born in 1716. In 1745 he married Sara de Favre, daughter of Jean Louis de Favre, a member of the Two Hundred of Geneva. He died in January 1789.—*Les Aventures de Casanova en Suisse*, Pierre Grellet, pp. 168-79.

[2] Joshua Vanneck & Co., Shorter Court, Throgmorton Street, E.C. Sir Joshua Vanneck, who died on March 5, 1777, at Havingham Hall, Suffolk, was an ancestor of the Lords Huntingfield. In the *Mémoires* his name is spelt Vanhel.

recall of the Chargé-d'affaires, so that he might give an account of his stewardship, and Muralt, who was head over ears in debt through his follies and extravagances, was preparing for his departure.

One evening Casanova went by chance to Marylebone Gardens. After wandering about the grounds, curiosity led him into the theatre. The spectators—he tells us, and truly—sat at little tables, and the charge of admittance was only a shilling, but everyone was expected to order something, if only a glass of ale.[1] Presently his attention was attracted by a young girl, who was sitting next to him, a girl of surprising beauty, whose features seemed familiar to him. The more he looked at her the more certain he felt that he had seen her before, and the demure smiles that played upon her lips as she glanced at him from time to time beneath her lashes made him desire to speak to her. At last she dropped her glove, and when he returned it to her with a bow she thanked him politely in French.

"Madam is not English, then?" he observed respectfully.

"No, sir, I am Swiss and a friend of yours."

Then he remembered her. She was Sara de Muralt, whom, as a little girl of ten, he had known at Berne three years previously. At the same moment he recognised also her father and her mother—old friends of his also—who were sitting

[1] Marylebone Gardens were situated between Harley Street, Devonshire Place, and Upper Wimpole Street. The price of admission was, as Casanova tells us, only one shilling, and evening concerts, at which refreshments were served, took place in the Great Room.

beside her.[1] Rising to his feet he saluted them with a profound bow, but although Madame de Muralt beamed upon him amiably, the ex-Chargé-d'affaires acknowledged his greeting with a curt nod. Curious to ascertain how he had offended the man, he began a whispered conversation with the wife, from whom he learnt in a little while that her husband had been prejudiced against him by some letters that he had received from a common acquaintance.[2]

Fascinated by the charms of the daughter, who, although only thirteen years of age, appears from his description to have been a buxom beauty of the Helvetian type and prematurely developed, Casanova went out of his way to propitiate the father. Ignoring the fellow's churlishness, he began by ordering oysters and a bottle of champagne, and when de Muralt, who was a gourmet, had condescended to accept this hospitality, he proceeded to provide an elaborate supper—larks, ortolans, truffles, and *pâtisserie*, and a hare, which, he tells us, was a rare delicacy in London.[3] The bill amounted to ten guineas, and the only comment made by the ill-mannered de Muralt, who "had eaten like a Turk and drunk like a Swiss," was that it was "too dear."

When the concert was over, having ascertained that his friends had no carriage, Casanova proposed

[1] Anna Sara de Muralt was born at Berne on Aug. 31, 1750.

[2] Recent research has proved the truth of this statement.—*Les Aventures de Casanova en Suisse*, Pierre Grellet, pp. 170-71.

[3] When Dr. Taylor invited Johnson to dinner, in September 1777, he endeavoured to entice him by the information that he "had got a hare." Johnson replied that he would dine with him "hare or rabbit."

to lend them his coach, telling his servant to get him a sedan-chair. De Muralt, however, insisted upon occupying the chair, so Giacomo had the satisfaction of accompanying the mother and the daughter. On the way home he learnt to his chagrin that the family was returning to Switzerland in a few days, for he had become infatuated by the pretty Sara ; but he gained some consolation from the discovery that they were in financial distress, since it gave him the opportunity of placing them under an obligation. Hearing that they were obliged to change their lodgings, he suggested to Madame de Muralt that they should take up their abode with him, seeing that it was not worth their while to go to the trouble of finding fresh rooms for so short a time. When the proposition was laid before the father, he declined the invitation at first as a matter of form, but ended by accepting it. Finally, it was arranged that the whole family should remove to the house in Pall Mall on the following day.

Next morning Giacomo received a visit from Sara, who was accompanied by her elder sister. The two girls brought a tale of woe. It appeared that their landlady would not allow them to remove their goods until their father had paid her what he owed, which amounted to forty guineas, so Monsieur de Muralt had sent a bill for that amount to Casanova by his daughter, with the request that he should discount it. It was impossible to refuse such an emissary. The money was provided at once, and the girls went away, promising to return in time for supper in the evening.

During the course of the afternoon their luggage arrived, but its owners did not follow it. At last, about nine o'clock, the amorous Venetian, who had been waiting in expectation all day, set out for de Muralt's lodgings. There he found the Swiss in the clutches of a couple of catchpolls.

"I 'll wager that you are being persecuted by some implacable creditor," he said, with a tactful laugh, treating the matter as a joke.

"Exactly," stammered the unfortunate de Muralt, "but of course I shall be able to discharge the debt in five or six days."

"You ought to have let me know," continued Casanova, "for I 've prepared an excellent supper, and I am dying of hunger."

Having ascertained that the amount of the debt was one hundred and fifty guineas, he produced a bundle of notes and got rid of the bailiffs. Then a carriage was summoned and he drove off to Pall Mall with the grateful and overjoyed family.

On the following day he had a confidential talk with the mother, who confessed to him that her husband's salary while in London had been insufficient to provide for their needs, and that during the last few months, since he had been dismissed from his position as Chargé-d'affaires, they had been living wholly on credit.[1] Pity for the beautiful Sara only served to increase his love. Three years ago, when a child of ten, she had won his heart by her daintiness and *naïveté*, and her budding

[1] Casanova's account of Louis de Muralt's financial position has been confirmed by the researches of M. Pierre Grellet.

womanhood now inspired him with an intense passion. Having just lost Pauline he was greedy for consolation.

Carried away by his feelings, in an unguarded moment and in the presence of Madame de Muralt, he made the girl an offer of marriage, or at all events his amorous declarations were regarded by the good lady as an offer of marriage. Apparently, she was not displeased at the idea, for his generosity must have convinced her that he was a rich man, but she warned him that the religious prejudices of her husband would be difficult to overcome. The prophecy was correct. Two days later Louis de Muralt had a heart to heart talk with his host. He assured him that he was greatly honoured by his proposal, but that it was impossible to give his consent, as Sara was affianced already to her compatriot, Monsieur de Wattenwyl.[1]

" Besides," he added, " my old father is a bigot, and he would never agree to an alliance with a man who did not belong to our Church."

Giacomo was not in the least perturbed by this refusal. He had blurted out his avowal involuntarily, and having always had " an insuperable objection to the marriage tie "—as he assures us on many occasions—he was relieved that the parents of his inamorata had not taken him at his word. His volatile conscience was now appeased, and, since he had condescended to a formal proposal, he considered that he was free to pursue the pro-

[1] The marriage took place, but not until 1785, twenty-two years later, when Sara was thirty-five.

jects of seduction, which always arose in his mind at the sight of a pretty girl.

Three days later, having made love to her meanwhile with wonted avidity, he took advantage of the temporary absence of her relatives to test the extent of Sara's affection for him. Gathering her in his arms he covered her with kisses, but, although she returned his caresses, she would not allow him any further liberties.

"Don't you love me, divine Sara?" he protested.

"My sweet friend," she answered, "do not ask more than I can give."

"You cannot care for me!"

"*Ingrat*, I adore you."

"Then why do you refuse——"

"It is self-respect that is keeping my passions in control," replied the ingenuous young woman. "I am under an obligation to you, and I cannot repay you with my body without degrading myself in my own eyes."

"What strange philosophy, my dear Sara, and it is unsound. . . . You owe me nothing."

"At least you must confess that you would not have assisted my father unless you had been in love with me?"

"No, I won't! My esteem for your worthy mother would induce me to do as much for her, and perhaps more. It is quite possible that when I did this small service for your father I was not thinking of you at all."

"I don't believe that. . . . Forgive me, dear friend, I cannot pay my debts in such a manner."

"What a cruel speech! Can't you understand, my dearest Sara, how bitterly you are punishing me?"

"Alas, I am punishing myself too. But don't reproach me. Let us continue to love one another."

A few moments later the return of Madame de Muralt put an end to the unprofitable discussion.

In spite of the rebuffs he had received from both father and daughter, Casanova was not disheartened in the least. Determined to win his new sweetheart in one way or another, he made up his mind to accompany the family on their return to Switzerland, and with his usual impetuosity he began to arrange his plans without delay. He paid a visit to the school at Hammersmith to bid farewell to Sophie Cornelys, who wept bitterly at the news of his departure. He called upon Bosanquet, who had been authorised by his banker in Paris to cash his bills of exchange, in order to obtain money for the journey.[1]

It was obvious that Sara was fond of him, and he paid court to her assiduously. On the morning after he had announced his intention of leaving London, he took her hand in the presence of her mother and demanded again if she would marry him at Berne providing her father's consent was

[1] Casanova calls him "the honest Bosanquet." No doubt he was one of the descendants of David Bosanquet, a French Protestant, who sought refuge in England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and died July 5, 1732. Probably it was Jacob Bosanquet, the fifth son of David, who married Elizabeth, daughter of John Hanbury, Jan. 18, 1748.

The banking-house of Harman, Salt, Bosanquet, and Watman originated between 1770-1780.

obtained. Under cover of such a promise he was confident that he would succeed more swiftly in his purpose. The trustful Madame de Muralt, who still regarded him as a desirable son-in-law, left the room abruptly with her elder daughter, to give him the opportunity of pressing his suit, and once more he was alone with his Sara.

"I love you dearly," she whispered tenderly, "and I know that I shall be perfectly happy as your wife."

Encouraged by her gentle trust, he clasped her to his breast, but when he grew more audacious she reproached him gravely, beseeching him not to ask for what she could never give until they were joined together in lawful wedlock.

"What!" he cried. "You wish to drive me mad! Do you know that your unkindness may cost me my life? Is it possible that you can love me and still entertain this foolish prejudice against gratifying our love? Since you love me, why postpone our happiness?"

"Oh, my dearest friend, I adore you, and I should love to give you pleasure. But I must ask you to respect my modesty."

So intense was the emotion of the girl that she swooned in his arms. Laying her upon the couch, he brought smelling-salts and rubbed her brow with perfume. In a little while she recovered consciousness. Raising herself, she gazed upon him with a look of gratitude.

"You have proved the sincerity of your love for me," she murmured.

" Can you imagine, my darling, that I could have been so base as to take advantage of your fainting-fit ? " he ejaculated.

" I should not have offered any resistance," replied the precocious girl, disappointed perhaps by his self-restraint, " but I don't think I could have loved you afterwards."

" Sara," he cried with rapture, " you are perfectly enchanting."

Nevertheless her obduracy had damped his ardour. Instinct seems to have warned him that he would never succeed in his design. As the days passed, and he was only able to obtain from her " *des faveurs très légères*," he abandoned his intention of returning with her to her native land. The father, too, by his repeated warnings that a marriage was impossible, deprived him of the chief weapon in his nefarious project. About the third week in September the family took ship for Ostend. Giacomo accompanied them to the mouth of the Thames, where he bade them farewell without any grievous pang.

Although Casanova always tells the story of his numerous love-affairs in a style of the most earnest sincerity, there are no portions of his autobiography that are more apocryphal. It is obvious on the face of it that the interminable duologues with which he regales us must be almost entirely fictitious, and there is an odd similarity between most of his *chères amies*, making the Casanova girl as easily recognisable as the Du Maurier or the Gibson girl of a later generation. Although this family likeness

can be explained by the fact that each of them was his spiritual affinity—minx-like and meretricious—it is hard to resist the conclusion that, temperamentally, one and all are creatures of his imagination. Sara, and perhaps Pauline too, were really flesh and blood, but when described by Casanova their souls are created in his own image.

CHAPTER XV

THE BURGLARY AT LADY HARRINGTON'S HOUSE—THE FIVE HANOVERIAN GIRLS: SARAH, VICTORINE, AUGUSTA, HIPPOLYTA, GABRIELLE—NANCY STEIN AND HER FATHER

At this part of his *Mémoires* Casanova makes reference to an odd piece of gossip that was current about this time.[1] There had been an important sale of *objets d'art* in the city, at which he met Lady Harrington and her daughters, Lady Caroline and Lady Amelia Stanhope, though he bungles sadly in transcribing their names. "Their mother, *i.e.* Lady Harrington, was concerned in a strange affair," he adds. "She had given information to the magistrates that her husband had been robbed of six thousand pounds sterling, though not a soul in London doubted that she had stolen the money herself."

The scandal-mongers indeed had explained the burglary thus, although the rumour perhaps had been started in jest, for the exuberant Countess was the butt of every kind of outrageous story. On Saturday the 3rd of December 1763, a burglary had taken place at 8 Stable Yard while Lord and Lady Harrington were at the Opera, a bureau having been forced open in the Earl's study and bank-notes and jewellery to the value of three thousand pounds abstracted. The newspapers remarked that it was

[1] Garnier edition, vii. pp. 26-27.

extraordinary that there was no evidence of thieves having broken into the house, and Lady Harrington was most assiduous in trying to discover the culprit, two circumstances which helped to set mischievous tongues a-wagging. At all events, the letters of the Walpole and Selwyn clique leave no doubt as to the person who was the object of the first suspicions. Finally, when many months had elapsed, the robbery was traced to John Wesket, the hall-porter, who was brought to trial and hanged at Tyburn.[1]

Soon after his final breach with Marianne de Charpillon, consolation came to Casanova in a most complete and wholesale manner. It was procured for him by Goudar, whose principal occupation would seem to have been that of pander, although we have only Giacomo's word for it. One day, while they were walking together in Hyde Park, the Frenchman made a new proposition.

"What do you say to a little more love—cheap and with variety? I have the very thing for you."

"Always women, my dear Goudar! You are an inexhaustible showman."

"Listen. Close by lives a lady from Hanover, fifty years old——"

"Thank you!"

"Wait. She is in debt, poor woman, with an aged mother and a sick aunt——"

"So she keeps a hospital, does she! And this is where you want to take me?"

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole* [Toynbee], v. 409-10, 417; *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries* [1882], i. 324, 326, 329, 333, 336, 345; *London Chronicle*, Dec. 3-6, 1763; *The Newgate Calendar* [Knapp and Baldwin], ii. 349.

"Hear me out. The husband is old and blind——"

"You 're making game of me, Monsieur Goudar," and he turned his back on him petulantly.

Goudar clutched him by the arm.

"This lady has five daughters! Now, d' you understand? Five! Each more charming than the others."

"Perhaps they are all Charpillons!"

In the end, his curiosity piqued, Giacomo allowed his friend to conduct him to the lodgings of the Hanoverians. They entered a large room where there were three pretty girls, the eldest of whom appeared to be about seventeen years old, also a dirty-looking man, who proved to be a bailiff.

"He 's going to take the old lady to prison," announced Goudar, after he had interrogated the catchpoll. "She owes twenty guineas to her landlord."

"We can spare the old woman," answered Casanova.

"But her daughters will be turned into the street," objected Goudar.

Casanova asked one of the girls where her other two sisters had gone.

"To try and get some money, sir."

"And what of your mother?"

"She only weeps. . . . Although she is so ill and cannot leave her bed, they are going to take her to prison."

"Well, mademoiselle, you are pretty and I am rich. I will help your mother on one condition."

" What ? "

" Can't you guess ? "

The girl lowered her eyes.

" Sir," she answered with a sob, " we are not girls of that sort."

Although he pitied the poor child and regretted his rudeness to her as soon as it was uttered, the memory of the Charpillon incident had hardened his heart. Perceiving that the three girls were shocked by his suggestion, he left the room in disgust without another word. Fate decreed, however, that they were not going to pass out of his life so quickly. As he was leaving the house he met the two eldest—*deux magnifiques personnes*—who were returning home with sorrowful faces. To his surprise one of them accosted him.

" Is it not M. the Chevalier de Seingalt ? "

" It is, mademoiselle, and I deeply sympathise with your misfortunes."

" Oh, sir, will you be good enough to come in again for a few moments ? "

He could not resist the entreaty and accompanied her upstairs. Here she told him that the family had come to London to obtain compensation for the injury that had been done to their property in Hanover by the troops of the Duke of Cumberland during the late war, but hitherto the British Government had refused to pay them any indemnity. Hence their financial difficulties. It was a plausible story. No doubt Casanova had seen the recent notices in the London newspapers, asking that the claims of residents in the Electorate should be sent

to the office of the Secretary of State as soon as possible, so there was no reason why he should doubt the girl's word.[1]

"But haven't you any friends who will help you?" he inquired.

"They have all hearts of stone."

"Pray tell me their names."

"Marquis Caraccioli,[2] Lord Baltimore,[3] and Lord Pembroke."

"I doubt the hardness of their hearts, mademoiselle, for I happen to know that they are all rich and generous. . . . Bear in mind that you are a charming girl, and beauty is a letter of exchange which every man is glad to honour at sight."

"That is only too true. And these gentlemen have no pity on us because we are virtuous."

"I understand. They have taken a fancy to you, but because you won't be kind to them they will not be kind to you. I think they are quite right."

"Quite right, sir!"

"Certainly, mademoiselle. Virtue is beautiful, but it is also expensive. We men have our natural

[1] *London Chronicle*, Oct. 25-27, 1763. Unfortunately the records of the Commission appointed to examine these claims are not preserved at the Public Record Office. At this period the Electorate of Hanover had a minister resident at the Court of St. James's, so there are no dispatches from a British minister in Hanover among the Foreign Office papers. In the Schütz edition of Casanova's *Mémoires* (Leipzig, Brockhaus, 1826), ix. p. 423, it is stated that the Hanoverian sisters came from Stöcken in the Calenberg district of Hanover, which at present is the only clue to their identity.

[2] The Marquis de Caraccioli, Envoy Extraordinary from the King of Naples, was received by George III. on Jan. 11, 1764.

[3] Lord Baltimore was travelling abroad during the greater part of 1763 and 1764. Casanova met him in Naples *circa* 1769.

passions, and we keep our money for those ladies who will gratify them. I tell you candidly that your beauty is your misfortune. If you were ugly any one would give you twenty guineas out of mere pity. I would let you have them myself, and it would be thought that I had acted out of benevolence. But I can't be charitable to such a pretty girl. People would think I was a dupe and laugh at me."

The girls hung their heads in silence. Casanova asked the eldest how it was that she knew him.

"I saw you at Richmond with Miss de Charpillon."

At the sound of her name his heart was hardened still more.

"That lady, let me tell you, cost me two thousand guineas, and she gave me nothing in return. . . . I have learnt a lesson."

At that moment a message came from the mother, who was in bed in the adjoining room, requesting Monsieur de Seingalt to come and speak to her. Obeying the summons, he found a middle-aged woman sitting up in bed, a woman who once must have been beautiful, but, although she was looking sad and anxious, seemed in excellent health. Somehow she reminded him of the mother of Marianne de Charpillon.

"Sir," she began, reproachfully, "I heard every word of your conversation with my daughters."

"Then it won't be necessary for me to repeat it."

"You did not talk to them in a very fatherly manner."

"Madam, I am a libertine by profession. I have

told your girls what I think, and I 'm sure that you are too broad-minded to be shocked. I admire virtue, but I love Love, and it is only in that respect that your daughters interest me. But I see that they are too respectable to associate with a wicked fellow like me, and so I am going to wish you all good-bye."

" Wait a moment, sir. My husband was the Count of —— [she lied, interpolates Casanova], so you see that my daughters are of respectable birth."

" I cannot prove my respect better than by avoiding them."

" So, then, you have no pity ? "

" A great deal, and I would help you at once if you had nothing to give me in return, and if your daughters were ugly, but as they are pretty, that alters the case."

" What a thing to say ! "

" It is apropos. . . . You need twenty guineas to save you from prison. Well, I will give them to you after one of your five countesses has spent the night with me."

" What language to a woman of my rank ! No one has ever dared to speak to me like this before."

" Pardon my bluntness and allow me to wish you good-day."

" We have nothing to eat but bread."

" That is unpleasant for countesses."

Nevertheless Casanova determined to persevere in his friendship with the Hanoverian girls. He informed the mother that he would get rid of the bailiff and stay her arrest for twenty-four hours,

asking nothing in return, not even a single kiss, confident that in a day or two she would be obliged to accept his terms. As a first step in his unrighteous scheme he sent Goudar to order a splendid supper and some bottles of wine. In a short time the table was groaning with food and they all spent a merry evening together, the five girls, who were ravenous with hunger, doing full justice to the unaccustomed fare.

On the following day he took counsel with Lord Pembroke, who burst out laughing when he mentioned the Hanoverians.

"They 've already fleeced me of a dozen guineas," he exclaimed, "and for nothing at all! . . . They are as bad as the Charpillon."

"Thanks for the information, my lord. I 'm charmed with the eldest——"

"Her sisters are just as delightful, but I fear it 's hopeless. Even Lord Baltimore could get no satisfaction out of them."

"Well, we shall see what happens when the old lady is locked up."

That same evening, just as Casanova was sitting down to supper, the four eldest girls arrived at his house in the deepest distress. They told him that their mother had been taken to prison, and that they would have to pass the night in the street unless he would give them lodging.

"You shall have rooms and beds and a good fire," he answered. "But first of all you must let me see you eat. Come along. Sit down, all of you."

They were full of gratitude, but although he gave

them a dainty repast their spirits did not revive, and they would drink nothing but water.

On the following morning, however, he put an end to their suspense. Presenting Sarah, the eldest girl, with twenty guineas he told her to procure the release of her mother, whom he also invited to become a guest in his house. In the course of the day the old lady arrived in a sedan-chair along with her youngest daughter, who had accompanied her to prison. Pleading her usual ill-health, the strange woman went to bed immediately.

Having thus established a harem in his house Casanova proceeded to exercise his rights as sultan, and his *Mémoires* contain a complete and glowing description of his amours with his five sultanas. Sarah, the eldest, proved to be cold and distrait, and he discovered that she was in love with a penniless Neapolitan noble, named the Marquis de Petina, who was in the King's Bench prison for debt. However, Augusta and Victorine, the second and the third daughters, were voluptuous creatures, and for many days he devoted himself to them absolutely without a thought of the two younger ones. Then one morning, as he was going for a ride, Hippolyta, the fourth sister, begged to come too, telling him that she was a good horsewoman.

" Certainly," he replied, " but have you a habit or riding-breeches ? "

" No."

" Then you must wait till I get a costume for you."

So Pegu, the tailor, was called in, and the clothes having been made, Hippolyta rode out with him

on the following morning. Her skill as an equestrienne won his heart, or perhaps, as he suggests, it was her attractiveness in her knickerbockers. Henceforth she shared his affections with her two elder sisters !

At supper the same evening he noticed that Gabrielle, the youngest of all, looked rather sulky. When he asked the reason she replied with a pout :

" I can ride just as well as my sister ! "

" Will your mother let you go ? "

" Mamma lets me do anything, but I haven't any riding-breeches."

" Very well, you can't come with us till the day after to-morrow."

When the day after to-morrow came and Gabrielle had been properly booted and breeched, she sat her horse, he tells us, as if she had been two years in the riding-school, although, so she assured him, she was wholly self-taught. They proceeded through the streets of the town at a walking-pace, but as soon as they got into the country they set off at a gallop, never stopping till they reached a place which he calls Bame, but which obviously was Barnet, where they stopped for *déjeuner*. They had done the journey—a distance of ten miles—in twenty-five minutes, which, he remarks, " will seem incredible to those who do not know how swift the English horses really are." His two companions, stimulated by exercise, looking ravishing. He felt proud of them, and he was pleased with himself for making them so happy.

Just as they were remounting, Lord Pembroke

rode by on his way to St. Albans. Drawing rein, he stopped to admire the two horsewomen. Not recognising them at first, he begged to be introduced, to Casanova's great amusement. Then, as he realised who they were, he congratulated his friend upon his conquest, demanding which was the favoured lady. Casanova, to whom the last love was always the dearest, answered that it was Gabrielle.

" May I come and see you ? " inquired Pembroke, hoping to share in the good fortune.

" Most certainly," replied Casanova, divining his intentions.

Next day, sure enough, Lord Pembroke paid a morning call at the house in Pall Mall and stayed for dinner. Of all the girls, Augusta, the third of them, seemed to appeal to him most, and he flirted with her persistently, slipping a ten-guinea note into her hand when he went away. But Casanova, whose favourites were now the sixteen-year-old Hippolyta and the fifteen-year-old Gabrielle, was not in the least jealous.

A few days previously, in a moment of generosity, he had rejoiced the heart of Sarah, the eldest girl, by giving her the money to obtain the release of her fiancé from prison. Beforehand he had taken the precaution of ascertaining from the Marquis Caraccioli, the Neapolitan Minister, that the young man was really the Marquis de Petina. He proved to be an ill-favoured person, very thin and excessively ugly. Sarah, however, was deeply in love with him.

On the previous Sunday, out of compliment to his Hanoverian friends, he gave a small dinner-party.

Mrs. Cornelys and her son were present, as well as Sophie, and a pretty schoolfellow of hers—to whom Giacomo had taken a fancy—a girl of thirteen, named Nancy Stein. As she was a pretty little thing he was always kissing her, and although the others seemed to imagine that he took merely a fatherly interest in the child, he acknowledges that his affection was of a different character. Nancy, whom he says seemed to him "almost divine," was the daughter of a rich merchant. He told her that he was anxious to make the acquaintance of her father, and was gratified when she replied that he was going to call upon him that very day.

Mrs. Cornelys, who appears to have become unwontedly humble, was not at all perturbed by the company whom she had been asked to meet, but made a point of congratulating her old lover upon his seraglio.

At the dinner-table every one was in the merriest mood. Casanova placed himself between Sophie and Nancy, and Mr. Stein, who "arrived with the oysters," sat down with them. He had already dined, but he managed to eat a large quantity of scalloped oysters, and did full justice to the champagne. Casanova was touched to observe that he rushed to embrace his daughter directly he came into the room, and he makes the remark that English parents seem to be the most affectionate in the world.

After dinner they went up to the salon on the third floor, where they had music. Mrs. Cornelys sang to them, Sophie accompanying her on the piano,

and her brother played upon the flute. Mr. Stein declared that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life, and complained of the dullness of the usual English Sunday. Casanova must have agreed with him heartily, for he often scoffs at the Puritanism of the British people himself, although he is inclined to exaggerate the penalties of Sabbath-breaking. In another part of his autobiography he declares that a householder was liable to instant arrest if he allowed any music in his house. Nevertheless, he did not allow this risk to deter him on the present occasion.[1]

A day or two later he had a surprising interview with the Hanoverian matron, who, although there seemed to be nothing the matter with her and she was able to eat and drink *ad libitum*, persisted in keeping her bed. As soon as he entered the room to pay his usual morning visit, she jumped up and flung herself into his arms.

" Madam," he stammered, " I cannot understand why you should deem me worthy of this honour."

" You have saved my daughters ! You are their protector and their father ! "

" Say no more about it, I beg. I am delighted to do all I can for them."

" And you shall be rewarded, my dear Chevalier Casanova. . . . I offer you my hand and my heart."

At first he could not understand her meaning, but she hastened to clear away all doubt.

" You consent, do you not ? You will be my husband ? "

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 364.

He bit his lip to keep from laughing, and then, as soon as he had recovered his gravity, he reminded her that both she and Goudar had told him previously that her husband was alive. She recoiled from him with indignation.

" I am a widow," she replied haughtily. " But I realise the motives of your refusal. Leave me, sir. I have misjudged you."

Casanova, however, was under no illusion with regard to her.

" I perceived," he says, " that the consummate hypocrite had made this absurd proposal because she wished me to believe that she was under the impression that the money I had spent upon her daughters was inspired merely by pity for their innocence. Undoubtedly, she knew what had happened, but she imagined that she was justifying herself by her false pretences."

To keep up the pretence he assured her that her proposition was a very great honour to him, but as the question was such an important one, he asked her to allow him time for consideration.

CHAPTER XVI

ELOPEMENT OF SARAH—AUGUSTA BECOMES LORD PEMBROKE'S MISTRESS—DEPARTURE OF THE HANOVERIANS—BARON STENAU—THE FORGED BILL OF EXCHANGE—CASANOVA'S FLIGHT FROM ENGLAND

When the Hanoverians had been living with Casanova for about two weeks the family party was broken up by Sarah, who was persuaded by Petina to elope with him. This "Marquis of Misery," as Casanova calls him, had managed to raise money for the journey by persuading Colonel Frederick,[1] son of the famous Theodore, King of Corsica, and Antoine de Lavalette,[2] a Jesuit refugee from France, to discount a bill of exchange for two hundred guineas. In a letter which the girl left behind, she told her mother that the Marquis de Petina was taking her to Naples, where he was going to marry her, but Casanova does not appear to believe that

[1] Colonel Frederick, also known as Frederick de Neuhoff [1725?-1797], came to England *circa* 1754. Falling into debt he shot himself in the west porch of Westminster Abbey, Feb. 1, 1797. His father died in London, Dec. 11, 1756. They are both buried in St. Ann's Church, Soho.

[2] Antoine de Lavalette. Born in diocese of Valbres, Oct. 26, 1708, or Oct. 21, 1709. On Dec. 10, 1725, he entered the "Company of Jesus." In 1742 he sailed to the island of Martinique, where he became "general superior." In 1762 he became a bankrupt, and the parliament of Paris commanded the Jesuits to pay his debts. He died at Toulouse, Dec. 13, 1767. Note by G. Gugitz; *Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus*, Carlos Sommervogel, iv. 1576.

the fellow would keep his word. The *soi-disant* Countess seems to have shared his doubts, for she wept and scolded as soon as she heard of the elopement, cursing both her daughter and the abductor, and blaming Casanova for releasing him from prison.

About the same time Augusta received a letter from Lord Pembroke, offering her fifty guineas a month, with board and lodging, servants and carriages, at his villa at St. Albans, if she would place herself under his protection. The girl immediately sought Casanova's advice.

"I cannot advise you," he replied. "In a matter like this you must be guided entirely by your inclinations."

The mother, however, insisted that he should give his opinion, declaring—much to his amusement—that he was the wisest and most honourable of men, and finally he suggested that Augusta should accept Lord Pembroke's proposal, since, with her beauty and charm, it was certain that she would become Lady Pembroke before very long. He must have forgotten for the moment, or purposely concealed the fact, that there was a Lady Pembroke already,[1] to whom he refers in an earlier part of his narrative. Nevertheless, the Hanoverian dame was delighted at the idea, declaring that she was sure that a marriage would take place, otherwise she would have refused her consent, for her daughters were countesses and should not become the mistresses of any man.

[1] Elizabeth, daughter of the third Duke of Marlborough, married Lord Pembroke, March 13, 1756, and did not die till April 30, 1831, at the age of ninety-three.

So Augusta went away to St. Albans, and Casanova's seraglio was reduced to three. Apparently he was glad to get rid of two of his guests, being completely absorbed by the youthful Gabrielle. For a whole fortnight he remained faithful to her, treating the other two girls as if they had been his sisters, never attempting the slightest liberty with either of them. Both Victorine and Hippolyta, so he tells us, regarded the favourite as his wife, and were not at all jealous of her. But he seems to have been impartial in his bounty, buying each of them frocks and millinery, and taking them frequently to the theatre. They adored him, he declares, and seemed to imagine that they could go on living with him indefinitely. Nevertheless they only stayed for a couple of weeks after the departure of their sisters.

It is not difficult to guess why their visit came to this abrupt conclusion. Casanova was getting near the end of his resources. He had been in London for almost nine months, living in the most expensive style, squandering his money recklessly. Perhaps he had hoped to create an impression by this display of wealth, believing, no doubt, that those in authority would be more likely to make use of him in the manner he desired if they imagined he was a rich man. But he had failed entirely to obtain any sort of employment. The officials at the Lottery Office had no need of his services. Although he had been given introductions to men of influence in the City, such as Vanneck, Bosanquet, Trèves, Salvador, and Lee, none of his financial

schemes appealed to any of them. At last, he realised that there was no chance of making a fortune in England.

Every day he was drawing nearer to bankruptcy. All his money had gone and he had sold most of his diamonds and precious stones, and though he still possessed some valuable watches and snuff-boxes, he was loath to sell them until absolutely obliged, knowing that they would fetch only a small part of their value. He determined to leave London as soon as possible, meditating a journey to Lisbon.

It is not clear whether he informed the Hanoverians of his intentions, or whether their mother, foreseeing disaster, determined to desert the sinking ship. At all events, about the middle of February, she called him into her bedroom and intimated that she had made up her mind to return to Hanover in three or four days, as she had lost all hope of getting anything from the English Government. She told him also that his conduct had influenced her decision.

" In what manner ? " he inquired.

" By refusing my hand you have exposed me to scandal."

" But I have treated you with the greatest respect, madam."

" Are you aware, sir, that people think that my daughters are your mistresses ? "

" But you don't believe it ? "

" Of course not. I have the utmost confidence in you. . . . I wish you would become their father."

"Unfortunately my means will not allow me to make the provision for them that I should like."

"They are content with very little."

"It is impossible for me to give them even *a little*."

"Then you will not come and see us at Hanover? . . . I have a large estate, and I shall be very pleased to receive you."

"I should be glad to accept your invitation, but I must remain in London."

Probably, these leading questions convinced the mercenary frau that there was no more money to be obtained from him, and she hastened the arrangements for her departure. Besides keeping the whole family for a month and buying them clothes, Casanova had given the four girls two hundred guineas in cash, which had been handed over, so he tells us, to the ingenuous mother. It grieved him sorely to part with them, and they were loud in their lamentations, especially the neglected Victorine, but he realised that he would be ruined if he induced them to remain.

When they had gone he locked himself up in his room, just as he had done when bereft of Pauline and Sara de Muralt, and began to examine his financial position seriously. To his dismay he found that he was in debt to the amount of four hundred guineas. There was no alternative but to dispose of all his valuables at once, so he sold his diamond cross, six or seven gold snuff-boxes, all his watches except one, and two large trunks full of clothes. Then, having paid his debts, he found that

he had only eighty guineas in hand, the remains of the fortune of three hundred thousand francs, which, according to his *Mémoires*, he had brought with him to England in the previous June. "I had dissipated it," he declares, "like a fool, or like a wise man, or perhaps a little like both."

Leaving his fine house in Pall Mall he took a small room for a guinea a week in a lodging-house kept by a Mrs. Mercier.[1] One of the letters found amongst his manuscripts after his death mentions the name of Madame Mercier of Greek Street, London, which reveals her address.[2] Reference to the Rate-books for the parish of Soho proves that Susanna Mercier occupied a house in this street between the years 1762-1764, paying a rent of £19 per annum, so there is no longer any doubt as to Casanova's place of abode during the last few days of his residence in England.

At the end of February, about a fortnight after the departure of the Hanoverians, Casanova happened to go to the Cannon Coffee-House in Cockspur Street, where he had dined with Agar on the day when he had contemplated suicide. Here he met an acquaintance, named Baron Stenau, a Livonian nobleman, who was accompanied by a beautiful young Englishwoman, whom he had seen

[1] Garnier edition, vii. pp. 60, 68.

[2] Until the Peace of Versailles the Casanova MSS. were preserved in the Castle of Dux, near Teplitz in Bohemia, and through the generosity of its owner, the Count Waldstein, the valuable library and collection of autograph letters were always accessible to the scholar. After the creation of that pinchbeck republic, Czecho-Slovakia, the castle was confiscated by the State, and its contents have disappeared

and admired a few days previously at a concert given by Signora Sartori, the singer.[1] Stenau asked him to share his table in a private room, and, as the lady could speak Italian, the lonely Giacomo was glad to accept the invitation. After an excellent dinner and a bottle of champagne the two men began to throw the dice to determine who should settle the bill, and, proceeding from small stakes to large, in a little while the Baron had lost a hundred guineas. Vexed at his bad luck he snatched up his hat and cane in a sudden fit of rage and left the room abruptly.

"Don't have any fear about your money," said the girl, as soon as he had gone. "Stenau will pay you when he comes back, . . . but, of course, I know that you will give me half your winnings."

"If you know that you must realise also that I think you are very charming."

"I suppose so."

"I will give you fifty guineas when the baron has paid me."

"Very good, but he must know nothing about it."

Scarcely had he written down her address and made an appointment to visit her than Baron Stenau returned, his passion having evaporated. Producing a bill of exchange for £500, drawn upon one of the best firms in Cadiz and made out by a good house

[1] The concert for the benefit of Signora Sartori took place at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, on Thursday, March 1, 1764. The principal performers were Signors Giustinelli and Mazziotti and Signoras Mingotti and Sartori. The latter, who was a prima donna at the Opera House, lived in Mead's Court, Dean Street, Soho.—*Gazetteer and London Daily Advertiser*, March 1, 1764.

in Lisbon, he told Casanova that he had been unable to find a banker to cash it.

"If the signature of the drawer is known," Casanova replied, "it is strange that no one will discount it. Haven't you a recommendation to a banker?"

"No, when I came to England I thought I had brought plenty of cash, so I didn't have a letter of credit. . . . If you have any acquaintances on the Exchange, perhaps you could arrange this business for me."

"If the signatures are all right I can get you the money to-morrow."

"Then I will make it payable to your order."

Although not trustful as a rule in regard to comparative strangers, Casanova took the bill on the following morning to "the honest" Bosanquet, who told him that Leigh,[1] the banker, was in need of letters of exchange on Cadiz, and gave him an introduction to his firm. Any suspicion that Casanova may have entertained with respect to his friend the baron must have been laid at rest by his reception at the banking-house. Mr. Leigh declared that the bill was worth more than its face value, and discounted it for five hundred and twenty guineas.

Later in the day Casanova took the money to Stenau, who was much obliged to him, and having paid the hundred guineas that he had lost on the previous evening, made him stay to dinner. During

[1] A banker named Lee was a partner at this period in the firm of Brassey, Lee & Co., Lombard Street.

the meal Casanova introduced the subject of the mistress.

"Are you fond of her?" he inquired.

"Not at all. She 's no more to me than lots of others. If she pleases you, go and see her by all means."

"She has asked me."

"And when is the *rendez-vous*?"

"This very evening!"

Casanova kept the appointment, and was so charmed with this English lady, who could speak Italian, that he visited her every day for more than a week, being quite consoled for the loss of the Hanoverians.

About the 10th of March he received a letter from Leigh, the banker. It ran as follows:—

"The bill of exchange that I discounted for you is a forgery. Please return the five hundred and twenty guineas that I have paid you at once, and have the rascal who gave you the paper arrested. Otherwise I shall be compelled to proceed against you to-morrow, and it is a hanging matter."

Giacomo was overwhelmed by this terrible news. He fell upon his bed, he tells us, trembling like a leaf, and bathed in a cold sweat. The gallows loomed before his eyes, for there was no one who would lend him five hundred guineas, and he knew that the law would be put in process before he could obtain the money from Venice. His shivering fit was followed by a burning fever. Loading his pistols he rushed from the house with the intention

of handing over the Baron Stenau to justice, but when he reached his lodgings he learnt that the man had sailed for Lisbon four days previously.

Realising that there was no hope of exonerating himself now, since the forged bill was endorsed with his own signature, he saw that he must take steps to save himself before it was too late. Since Mr. Leigh had intimated that he would not apply for his arrest until the following day, he had twenty-four hours' grace in which to make his arrangements. Having been woefully extravagant during the last fortnight he was in need of money once more, and he managed to obtain a hundred sequins [1] from a merchant, named Trèves,[2] a Venetian Jew, to whom he happened to have a letter. He dared not apply to Bosanquet, Vanneck, or Salvador,[3] fearing that they might have heard of his predicament. With this money in his pocket he returned to his lodgings, feeling as though the constables were already on his track.

Summoning Jarbe, the negro, who was still in his service, he informed him that he was leaving London immediately.

"You can either have twenty guineas and your

[1] 100 sequins = £60.

[2] Trèves is mentioned in a letter, dated Oct. 11, 1758, from John Murray, British Resident at Venice, to William Pitt, Secretary of State. Trèves's brother was a banker in Venice.—*Foreign Office Papers*, Public Record Office.

[3] Joseph Salvador of Upper Tooting, a Portuguese Jew. At one period he was a wealthy man, but in later years he lost both money and reputation through his association with the notorious Margaret Caroline Rudd, who was tried for forgery in December 1775, and he emigrated eventually to America. He died at Charlestown in Carolina on Dec. 29, 1786.—*Notes and Queries*, 12th Series, i. 122.

dismissal, or you can join me at a place from which I shall write to you."

"Oh, sir, I would rather remain in your service. I will go with you wherever you wish."

"I leave in an hour, but don't tell any one, as it may cost me my life. I wish you to stay in London for a few days, so that you can bring on my linen which is in the wash. I will give you money for the journey."

"I don't want anything, sir. Pay me when I rejoin you."

He was touched by the fidelity of the man, but a few days later he discovered that he was not loyal after all, for although he sent a letter, telling him to come to Calais, the negro never arrived.

Having paid his landlady, Casanova ordered a post-chaise, and, without bidding adieu to a single friend, he set off towards the coast. According to one edition of his *Mémoires* he stayed at Rochester for the night, but in another, which gives the more plausible account, it is stated that he proceeded to Dover without a halt. It was early morning when he reached the port, where to his joy he found a packet that was about to cross the Channel. He hurried on board and in half an hour's time he was sailing for the coast of France. The voyage was a tempestuous one,[1] the boat having to remain outside Calais for nearly four hours, waiting for the storm to abate before it could enter the harbour; and during this long ordeal the conscience-stricken

[1] According to the "Ship News" in the newspapers there was a head wind about this period. On March 11 it was E.N.E.

fugitive was in an agony of suspense, fearing that the ship might have to return to England. At last they passed the jetty and he sprang ashore, realising that he was saved.

Such is Casanova's explanation of his sudden departure from London. It may be true, but, as in so many other difficult problems arising out of his autobiography, we have only his word for it. At all events, he was lucky in making his escape, for had he been arrested, it is certain that he must have been brought to trial. If this had happened he would have been indicted on a charge of uttering a forged instrument, and it would have been necessary for him—if we may draw an analogy from other famous trials for forgery at this period—to show that when he had uttered it he was unaware that it had been forged. Since it might have been proved that he had participated in the felony to the extent of a hundred guineas, and it would have been difficult for him to produce evidence that the elusive Stenau had really made him a dupe, it is conceivable that the court might have come to the conclusion that he had a motive in taking part in the fraud. Had fate been less propitious the memory of Giacomo Casanova would have been preserved in the Annals of Tyburn instead of by his own immortal autobiography !

Certainly the case looks very black against him. He was in sore need of funds, and his past record shows that he was not scrupulous in money matters. During his connection with the lottery in Paris he had been suspected of flagrant dishonesty.

Obviously, it was far safer for the nefarious Stenau to employ an accomplice, who would have hastened back to warn him if the banker had rejected the bill, rather than an innocent emissary, who would betray him instantly in the event of the document being discovered to be a forgery. And it was seldom possible for an accused man to convince judge and jury that he had received a forged deed from a person whom he could not produce in court when there was no corroboration of such a defence. It would have been difficult for Casanova to have proved his innocence.

Some day, possibly, a sheaf of papers may be discovered amongst the records of one of the extinct old London banks which will throw some light upon Casanova's precipitate flight from the metropolis. Until then it is just to give him the benefit of a doubt.

CHAPTER XVII

CASANOVA'S LAST ADVENTURES—HE WRITES HIS "MÉMOIRES"

THIRTY-FOUR years of life remained to Casanova after his flight from London, and twenty of these were full of adventure.

After waiting at Calais for a fortnight in the hope that Jarbe would appear with the rest of his baggage, he went on to Brussels, where a welcome remittance reached him from the devoted Senator Bragadin. Thence he made his way into Germany, visiting both Hanover and Brunswick, but he made no attempt to proceed to Stöcken in order to renew his acquaintance with the Hanoverian sisters, having already provided himself with another mistress.

Hearing that one of his old associates, the younger Calzabigi—in conjunction with whom he had made a fortune in Paris in 1757—was now manager of a lottery in Berlin, he hastened to the Prussian capital, hoping for a share of the spoils. His friend was eager for his co-operation, and besought him to try his powers of persuasion upon Frederick the Great, who was trying to exact too large a percentage upon the sale of the tickets. Although he did not approve of Calzabigi's system, Casanova determined to do what he could, and through the good offices of Marshal Keith he managed to obtain an interview with the King.

In the course of this conversation—which Giacomo as usual professes to report verbatim—Frederick declared bluntly that the lottery was a swindle, and that he would have nothing to do with it. Nevertheless, he seems to have been impressed by the abilities of his new acquaintance, for he made a promise to find a post for him. After his second reception by the King, Casanova discovered to his disgust what this employment was to be. Marshal Keith informed him that His Majesty had been pleased to appoint him as tutor, along with five others, to a new corps of Pomeranian cadets, fifteen in number, which had just been established. It was a reflection upon his dignity almost as offensive as that of Thérèse Cornelys, when she had tried to pass him off as the preceptor of her son. Decidedly, Casanova would not have described the King of Prussia as the nicest monarch he had ever met.

Perceiving that there was no hope of obtaining employment in Berlin, he set off to St. Petersburg. Senator Bragadin was now providing him with a moderate allowance, so he was able once more to live in comfort. He remained in Russia throughout the winter of 1764-65, associating with the highest in the land, thanks to letters of introduction that he had brought from Germany, living his usual life of pleasure and debauchery. He visited both Moscow and Riga in addition to the capital, and he was received on several occasions by the Empress Catherine, who seems to have taken a liking to him ; but although he expatiated upon the advantages of a lottery as a means of raising revenue, he was

unable to persuade her to allow him to make the experiment in St. Petersburg.

From Russia he proceeded to Poland, arriving at Warsaw towards the end of the year. Here, for several months, his existence was uneventful, owing to lack of funds. He devoted himself to an elaborate study of the annals and constitution of the ancient kingdom, spending most of his days in the library of a friendly bishop, an industrious period that bore good fruit in later years, when he published a history of the Polish revolution which remained a text-book for many generations.[1] At last, he attracted the favourable notice of King Stanislas, who, in a generous moment, made him a gift of money, which enabled him once more to thrust himself into high society. He plunged at once into dissipation, indulging in expensive mistresses, embarking upon a theatrical speculation. Before long he was in trouble again.

It arose through a quarrel about an actress—the Signora Anna Binetti, whom he had loved in London and elsewhere, who was now singing at one of the theatres at Warsaw. Her chief patron was Count Xavier Branicki, a powerful noble and a friend of the King, who, becoming jealous of Casanova, challenged him to a duel. The battle was fought with pistols on the 5th of March 1766, outside the capital, when Branicki was seriously wounded and Giacomo was hit in the arm. Although the count recovered, the incident seems to have ruined any chance that Casanova might have had of obtaining

[1] *L'Istoria della Turbulenza della Polonia*, 1774. 3 vols.

advancement in Poland. The Court party became hostile to him, and he received an intimation to leave the country. A paragraph in an English newspaper indicates how far he was discredited :—

" They write from Warsaw that Mr. Casanova, the Italian, who had the duel there some time ago with Count Branicky (*sic*), having again shown himself in that capital, the Court immediately sent him orders to retire." [1]

Yet, of all the incidents in his stormy career—next to his escape from " the Leads "—the fight with the Polish count seems to have given Casanova the most intense gratification. Henceforth it became one of his favourite anecdotes, and he was proud to find that it increased his celebrity as a desperado.

During the following year ill-fortune continued to dog his footsteps. The Senator Bragadin died, and he was driven in turn both from Vienna and from Paris, a *lettre de cachet* bidding him leave the latter city within twenty-four hours. Having several thousand francs in his pocket—the profits of the gaming-table and the contributions of credulous dupes—he resolved to tempt fortune in Spain. He reached Madrid just before Christmas.

At first he hoped, as he always did upon arriving in a new country, that the Government would find him employment. Unhappily, however, his reputation had preceded him, as was so often the case in these recent years, and the authorities looked askance at him. Before long an excuse was found

[1] *Public Advertiser*, Sept. 3, 1766.

for casting him into prison. Although he obtained his release in a few days, he was never happy during the whole of his residence in Spain. He disliked the people, finding them cold, suspicious, incompatible; he made little progress in learning the language. His sole triumph was gained, as usual, at the Court of Venus, a pious beauty, named Donna Ignazia, keeping him in subjection for a long time. In Barcelona he was no more successful than in Madrid, once more being thrown into gaol. Altogether he lived in Spain for more than twelve months, proceeding to Montpellier and Aix in January 1769.

During the next four years he resided in Italy, wandering from town to town, earning his living by his pen. For a third time he paid a visit to Naples, where he received a welcome from the English colony, and renewed his acquaintance with Miss Chudleigh and the Goudars. In December 1771 he was expelled from Florence by the order of the Grand Duke; he spent most of the year 1772 at Bologna. Having disgraced himself in some way or other in almost every country in Europe, he realised that his only chance of obtaining a place under the Government was to secure a pardon from the Inquisitors and go back to his native city. With this end in view he strove his utmost to conciliate the authorities. He published an attack upon de la Houssaye's malevolent *History of Venice*. He wrote contrite letters, begging that he might be allowed to return, and protesting his loyalty and devotion.

At last, in September 1774, he succeeded in

making his peace with the Venetian Republic, and was allowed to come home. A novel employment was in store for him. Now that his adoptive father was dead and the credulous Madame d'Urfé was no longer amenable, it was necessary for him to earn his own living. At the end of two years, his conduct having been exemplary meanwhile, the Inquisitors made him one of their secret agents. Naturally, he proved a most capable official, and the reports that he submitted to his employers—preserved still in the Archives of Venice—are a testimony to his zeal and acumen. Although, no doubt, the occupation was an uncongenial one, he found a solace in literary work. During this period he made a translation of the *Iliad*, and published several volumes of miscellaneous essays. A description of the duel that he had fought at Warsaw with Count Branicki gained him almost as much renown as his escape from " the Leads."

In 1781, from motives of economy, his employers withdrew his salary, and two years later, after a characteristic quarrel with some of the powerful patricians, Casanova was obliged to leave his native city for the third and last time. About the middle of January 1783, at the age of fifty-eight, he set out once more on his travels. Although a decree of parliament forbade him to enter Paris, he was unable to deny himself another visit to the French capital. To him, alas! it was a changed city. Most of his friends were dead. Old beyond his years, the once dashing chevalier was incapable of repeating his former triumphs. The fierce, black eyes had

lost their fire ; the bold, aggressive air no longer inspired confidence. Women took little interest in the decayed rake ; men perceived plainly that he was not to be trusted. One gift, however, had not faded with the passing of youth. As he had been all through his life, he was still an incomparable talker. It was owing to his conversational ability that he was preserved from an old age of penury when he came to the end of his resources and was unable to find a means of livelihood that would maintain him in the position to which he was accustomed. Charmed by his lively wit and abundance of anecdote, Count Waldstein, a Bohemian nobleman, offered him the post of librarian in his castle of Dux, near Teplitz. This appointment, which came to him early in 1784, the tired wanderer accepted with gratitude, and then, at last, in the words of M. Charles Samaran—one of his most recent biographers—" les aventures de Casanova étaient finies."

Yet it was impossible for a man of Casanova's temperament to endure such a situation contentedly. When the castle was full of guests, and he was encouraged to entertain the company with jest and reminiscence, he must have been conscious that he was on show to amuse the visitors. The peevishness of old age increased the natural irritability of his disposition. If his soup was served too hot, or his plate of macaroni was forgotten, he imagined that the *chef* intended a personal insult. During the long periods when Count Waldstein was travelling abroad, the silence and loneliness of the great castle

plunged the poor librarian into the deepest gloom. He had a feud with the village priest, who, he complained, was trying to convert him ; he was always quarrelling with the servants, who naturally had no great love for him. Had he not found occupation in writing the story of his career it is unlikely that he could have endured his solitude for so long. It is because of the unhappiness of the author while writing his autobiography that the *Mémoires* of Casanova are so poignant and real. In order to forget the present he sought relief in the splendid memories of the past, living his life over again in imagination as scarcely any chronicler has ever done. He survived almost until the end of the century, passing away at Dux on the 4th of June 1798, in his seventy-fifth year. " J'ai vécu en philosophe," were his dying words, " et je meurs en chrétien." [1] He was buried in the local cemetery, but the position of his grave is now unknown. There is merely a tablet on the chapel wall to his memory.

At the time of his death Casanova had completed his *Mémoires* only as far as the year 1774, but nevertheless they amounted to many mighty volumes. Almost a quarter of a century elapsed before the world knew of their existence. Then, one day in the year 1820, an intelligent Italian, named Carlo Angiolíni, walked into the great publishing-house of Friedrich Brockhaus of Leipzic with a pile of manuscripts—twelve bundles in all, each containing six hundred closely-written pages—

[1] According to the Prince de Ligne.

which he declared to be the autobiography of the famous Venetian adventurer in his own handwriting. This Angiolini had married Casanova's niece, Marianne August, the daughter of his younger sister, Maria Magdalena, who had danced in the opera at Dresden, and he had been on intimate terms with his wife's uncle during the last years of his life. Perceiving that his young relative was a sensible and trustworthy man, Giacomo had made him a present of his dearly-prized reminiscences shortly before his death, giving him instructions, no doubt, with regard to the date on which they were to be published. The rest of his papers, letters, bills, receipts, and a large quantity of unprinted manuscripts—which throw almost as much light upon his career as the autobiography itself, for Casanova preserved the whole of his correspondence —remained in the library at the castle of Dux until the year 1918, when the Czecho-Slovakians got busy.

Friedrich Brockhaus examined the *Mémoires*, and, having satisfied himself that they were genuine, he purchased them in due course from Carlo Angiolini. From the first, however, he realised that they could not be given to the world in their entirety. It was not that the revelations with regard to living personages forbade publicity—for, as the manuscript terminated with the year 1774, a sufficient period had now elapsed since its composition—or that the *latinisms* and *italianisms*, which they contained in abundance, were a serious detriment. The reason that they would have to be severely revised was

because the parts which described Casanova's innumerable amours were grossly and blatantly indecent. Giacomo never used a discreet word where a ribald one would serve his purpose !

After making arrangements for a bowdlerised version in German, edited by Wilhelm von Schütz, which appeared in twelve volumes between the years 1822-1828, Brockhaus proceeded to publish an edition in French—the language in which the *Mémoires* were written—making it as complete a paraphrase as possible of the original manuscript. He chose as his editor one Jean Laforgue, a French professor at the Dresden University. This publication made its appearance at intervals in twelve volumes between the years 1826-1838, and is still the most authentic text that we possess. The original MS., which remains in the possession of the house of Brockhaus, has never been printed verbatim.

Critics are divided in their opinions as to the manner in which Laforgue has accomplished his task. While M. Edouard Maynial condemns him as " an incompetent botcher," who has disfigured the text most unnecessarily owing to his fastidiousness and pedantry, and is supported to a large extent by Mr. Arthur Symons, both MM. Armand Baschet and Octave Uzanne have defended the Dresden professor warmly, declaring that his alterations are immaterial and that he has done his work with tact and discretion.[1] No one who has

[1] See *Casanova and his Times*, by Edward Maynial [Chapman & Hall, 1911, trans.], pp. 235-53 ; " Casanova à Dux," by Arthur Symons

not examined the original MS. is qualified to join in such a controversy, but it is beyond contradiction that Laforgue has taken little trouble to verify the spelling of proper names—in that part of the *Mémoires* at all events which describe the visit to London—although many of the mistakes should have been obvious to him. It seems unfair, however, to indict him as a prude, for the amorous descriptions in his version could not well be more outspoken. He seems to have interpreted his author with the most audacious fidelity.

Laforgue's text has been embodied in the Garnier edition of the *Mémoires* of Casanova—the most popular, perhaps, and most frequently printed that we possess—which was first published in Paris in eight volumes in 1879. And there is also the Rozez edition, published in six volumes in Brussels in 1860-1863, which differs so widely from the Garnier, and particularly in the last two volumes, that one would imagine that its editor had used another manuscript. These two editions have been reissued again and again, and are the ones in which the *Mémoires* are usually read.

The opinion of the literary world has seldom fluctuated more widely in regard to any autobiographical work than in its estimation of the *Mémoires* of Casanova. Placed by common consent in the

in the *Mercure de France*, Oct. 1903; "Preuves Curieuses de l'authenticité des Mémoires de Casanova," by Armand Baschet in *Le Livre*, Jan., Feb., April, May 1881; Introduction to the *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova*, by Octave Uzanne [La Sirène edition, Paris, 1922], i. pp. liv-lvi.

" Index Expurgatorius " for almost two generations, often declared to be spurious and its author set down as a myth, the volumes received little attention except from those who read them for the sake of their ribaldry. In the course of time an inevitable reaction rescued the book from obloquy and gave it a position among the most famous of its class. It was acclaimed as an incomparable " human document," and while few doubted that it was a work of genius, many would have been willing to accept it as the greatest of autobiographies. Latterly, though critics are less generous of praise, the *Mémoires* of Casanova have a larger circle of scholarly readers than at any period since their publication. In almost every country in Europe distinguished antiquaries are engaged in annotating the voluminous record, endeavouring to verify each statement and identify all the personages described. It is a colossal labour, for Casanova, though gifted with a remarkable memory and assisted by his notes and correspondence, was guilty of many mistakes owing to his proneness for exaggeration and the delusions of old age ; while numbers of the characters described in his narrative are obscure individuals or their names are disguised under a pseudonym. In this respect his *Mémoires* may be regarded as one of the great cryptograms of literature.

The task of " documenting " the volumes, which is all the more attractive to the scholar by reason of its difficulties, has much historical importance. For nowhere else is it possible to find such a comprehensive picture of social life in all its phases upon

the continent of Europe in the middle part of the eighteenth century. It is the history of a nomad existence during more than thirty years by one whose blood was that of the *cabotin*, and to whom excitement and adventure were as essential as his daily bread. The pages are as crowded with incident as the tale of Gil Blas or Don Quixote. Almost every town of importance is the scene of some wonderful exploit or shameless adventure. From Constantinople to London, from St. Petersburg to Madrid, the restless Venetian pursued his tempestuous journeys unceasingly, never making a permanent abode in any land. With truth he might have boasted that there was no country that was not full of his labours. The *dramatis personæ*, too, are as interesting as the story, for Casanova describes with equal fidelity the most illustrious as well as the most ignoble of his acquaintances. Hovering between the *salon* and the tavern, passing from the palace to the *bordel*, he gives an account of every one who seemed worthy of his notice. Thus his pages are filled with the strangest medley, an interview with a great king succeeding an encounter with an obscure sharper, the portrait of some noble lady appearing almost side by side with that of a notorious strumpet ; and a vast crowd of thieves and clowns, lackeys and chambermaids is mixed among the most respectable of the *bourgeoisie*. One meets also many a famous writer and illustrious statesman. The *Mémoires* of Casanova are indeed a vast map of humanity, and a fully documented edition, when the labours of the scholar have made its production

possible, will add appreciably to our general knowledge of the period.

In spite, however, of the variety of the material and the vigour of the narrative, the work in many respects does not reach the highest excellence. Though unquestionably a man of genius, Casanova does not reveal the genius we should expect in telling the story of his life. Since he did not possess the gift of portraiture, with which Boswell, for instance, was endowed in so full a measure, his characters for the most part are lay figures, scarcely recognisable from one another except by the antics they play. With the exception of one or two, each of the fair women who won his affections, and upon whom he lavishes all the eloquence of his pen, seems alike in disposition and character, and it is seldom possible to realise what manner of person she was in real life. In no case does he succeed in drawing a masterly portrait. Similarly, he fails entirely to convey an impression of the places that he depicts. Local colour is always lacking, though a wealth of detail usually is provided. In all but name St. Petersburg seems the same as Paris: there is little apparent difference between London and Madrid. As in the Elizabethan theatre, each scene is merely indicated by a label.

Yet, in one most essential particular, he achieves a conspicuous success, and for this reason alone his *Mémoires* are assured of immortality, apart entirely from their historical value. As it has been indicated previously, he succeeds in presenting a wonderful

impression of himself, one of the most complex and various human personalities that the world has ever seen, and for this reason mankind will forgive him for his failure in limning the portraits of his friends in its gratitude for the revelation of his own strange psychology.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ENGLISH PORTION OF THE "MÉMOIRES"

I

A CRITICAL examination of those portions of the *Mémoires* of Casanova that describe his residence in London should convince an unprejudiced person that they have stood the test fairly well. Many of the dates are topsy-turvy, and, of course, there are numerous errors in the spelling of names. All through the narrative, particularly in the descriptions of the amours, there are unmistakable evidences of exaggeration. Although the author protests that he is trying to state the exact truth, it was impossible for a man of his disposition to set down everything without malice, or to withstand the allurements of romance. Still, most of these shortcomings are exhibited, in a greater or lesser degree, by every writer of memoirs in that or any period. While, then, it is necessary to accept the uncorroborated testimony of Casanova with the greatest caution, it is beyond question that he has added appreciably to our knowledge of social life in England in the year 1763. Although the colouring may be extravagant in many places, the draughtsmanship for the most part is correct.

One of the peccadilloes to which his critics often

take exception—his fondness for insisting upon his intimacy with the nobility—is not as conspicuous as usual in this part of his autobiography. It would have been easy for him to boast of imaginary favours bestowed upon him by the Countess of Northumberland. If he was always as fond of drawing the long bow as some persons believe, he might have pretended that Lord Egremont had received him with cordiality and was only prevented from accepting the scheme for a lottery by his untimely death. Yet in neither instance does he allege any close association with these celebrities.

It is manifest that Casanova would have been unable to write as he does of life in London had he been a mere outsider, whose knowledge of the people he depicts and the incidents he describes was acquired entirely from hearsay. Obviously, one or two of his stories are second-hand, but his sketches of most of the persons whom he met, although, of course, not portraits of conspicuous merit, are nevertheless recognisable likenesses. The descriptions of the cynical Hervey, and the self-indulgent Pembroke, and the tactless, officious, good-humoured Lady Harrington are in most respects true to life, and are consistent with all that we know of the individuals. It is impossible that Casanova could have written of them so intimately unless he had kept company with them. There are reasons, too, as already indicated, why each of these acquaintances should have allowed him the slight intimacy that he claims.

II

The visit to England lasted almost exactly nine months—from the 11th of June 1763 to about the 11th of March 1764—and apparently during most of that period he was waiting with characteristic optimism for something to turn up. Although Lord Egremont, the Secretary of State whom he had hoped to interest in his plans for a lottery, had died on the 21st of August, Casanova did not depend wholly upon that minister for the acceptance of his scheme, having only received a letter of introduction to him on the eve of his departure to London. Reading between the lines, one may conjecture that his frequent visits to the City were made in the hope of inducing men of influence like Vanneck, Bosanquet, and Trèves—whose acquaintance he had made through letters from bankers in Paris or in Venice—to look with favour upon his financial projects. Probably, also, when he decided to come to England, he had imagined that Thérèse Cornelys—from whom he must have expected assistance—was a wealthy woman, and would be able and willing to help him with her money and her influence; and his chagrin at this disappointment is responsible, no doubt, for the uncomplimentary picture that he has drawn of her.

On the whole, Casanova adapted himself contentedly to English ways, and most of his criticism of the national habits are not unkind. Our cookery, perhaps, was his chief grievance, and, although he praised the excellence of the meat, he complained of

the lack of variety in the menu. The difficulty of obtaining soup and dessert in a London tavern also aroused his wrath, and he likened an English dinner to eternity, since it had " no beginning and no end." He was surprised that the Englishman should eat no bread with his principal meals, while consuming huge quantities of *tartine* at tea-time. Beer was too bitter for his taste, but he enjoyed a glass of porter.[1]

Sometimes, however, when out of temper, he was incensed by our national pride, and protested with much truth that the people exalted themselves above every other nation. He declared that they all seemed cast in the same mould, sneering at their absolute uniformity and alleging even that the features of every man looked just the same, their noses like parrots and their jaws like nutcrackers. He objected also that a person was esteemed not on account of his character but according to the length of his purse. When he first paid a visit to the City he was amazed that " the honest " Bosanquet, in pointing out the various well-known merchants in the Royal Exchange, should tell him how much each was worth before he mentioned their names.[2]

Most of Casanova's observations upon English jurisprudence are accurate and sensible. He seems to have taken careful notes, and is well acquainted with the laws of marriage and divorce. He is aware that the husband could be arrested for his wife's debts, and yet, on the other hand, that he was the absolute master of her property. Apparently he

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 343, 367-8, 543; Rozez edition, v. 468, vi. 23.
[2] Rozez edition, v. 468-9; Garnier edition, vi. 457.

is right in asserting that persons convicted of manslaughter for the first time were treated as first offenders and merely branded in the hand, while for a second similar offence the penalty was always the gallows. He is also correct when he says, apropos of Mrs. Cornelys, that no person could be arrested for debt in England on a Sunday.[1]

Nevertheless, some of his remarks about " Sunday observance " are somewhat exaggerated, as will be seen from the following quotation :—

" This lady [*i.e.* Lady Harrington] lived in the precincts of the Court, and for this reason she had an Assembly every Sunday. It was allowable to play in her house, as the Park is under the jurisdiction of the Crown. In all other places one does not dare to play cards or to have music on Sundays. The town abounds in spies, and if they have reason to suppose that there is any gaming or music going on they watch for their opportunity, slip into the house, and arrest all bad Christians who dare to profane the Lord's Day by an amusement which is thought innocent in any other country." [2]

Wearied by the dullness of an English Sabbath, like most foreigners, Casanova perhaps was exaggerating the extent of our Puritanism unconsciously, or else some one was " pulling his leg." From references in *The Rambler*, *The World*, and *The Connoisseur*, the late Mr. Lecky has shown that Sunday card-parties were fashionable amusements about the middle of the century. " Sunday concerts

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 381-2, 462, 474, 477-80, 553.
[2] Garnier edition, vi. 364.

were somewhat timidly introduced," the same writer continues, " but soon became popular " (*Hist. of England*, vol. ii. 534). Still, there was the danger of a vigorous protest from the man in the street, as indicated by the statement of Dr. Burney that a Lady Brown " was one of the first persons of fashion who had the courage, at the risk of her windows, to have concerts on a Sunday evening " (*Hist. of Music*, iv. 671). There was no rigorously enforced law to prevent these recreations in private houses, as Casanova declares, but undoubtedly there was a prejudice against them. Speaking of the Berrys a quarter of a century later, Horace Walpole says :—

" This delightful family comes to me every Sunday evening . . . to play at cards. . . . I do not care a straw for cards, but I do disapprove of this partiality to the youngest child of the week." [1]

And Walpole was not an austere Sabbatarian. Lady Mary Coke, however, made no bones about playing cards on Sundays, as her *Journal* testifies.

III

Casanova was not a traveller by profession, after the style of Thomas Pennant, whose business it was to observe every landmark and describe each architectural monument. Still less was he a bookmaker, like the French M. Grosley and the German Charles Moritz, who kept a voluminous diary during their visits to England, and compiled elaborate details of the habits and customs of the country. Although

[1] *Letters of Horace Walpole* [Toynbee], xiv. 89.

he also took notes, the Venetian does not parade his knowledge after the manner of the usual globe-trotter of his day, who published "A Tour to London" or "A Journey to the British Isles." He conveys his impressions spontaneously during the progress of his narrative, and while his information may be set forth less succinctly thereby, his method is certainly the more artistic. There is nothing in common with the ordinary traveller's handbook in the *Mémoires* of Casanova.

People interested him beyond all else, people in their social aspect, not as psychological studies. He excels in his descriptions of a convivial party, seldom failing to exhibit an admirable picture of the event, drawing the portraits and reproducing the antics of a crowd of *dramatis personæ*, broadly and in garish colours perhaps, but managing the whole composition with rare skill. The actors in his little dramas are presented with the same dexterity that the Italian showman is able to manipulate his marionettes, and, although we are often conscious that we are watching puppets, yet they bear such a clever resemblance to human beings, both in stature and demeanour, that the illusion is almost perfect. Thus, while realising that it is travesty, we must acknowledge that it is a travesty of real life. Being the son of an actor and actress, Casanova had a keen sense for the dramatic, and there is always action in his narrative even when he is most artificial.

It is this keen sense of the histrionic that enables him to depict his own individuality so convincingly. He never forgets that he is the hero of the piece,

and at the appropriate moment in each of his interminable *spectacles* the supers retire up-stage and he struts forward in the full glare of the limelight. It is objected that too great a part of the story is occupied by his amorous exploits, and no doubt such criticism is pertinent to the English portion of the *Mémoires*, which are concerned so largely with the wooings of Pauline, Marianne de Charpillon, Sara de Muralt, and the five Hanoverian sisters. Yet all these revelations help to display his character in full perspective, for he never betrays himself more unconsciously than when he is making love. Moreover, the picture of the times is always visible in the background while the tender passages are being enacted.

It must not be thought that, because the larger portion of the amorous duologues are imaginary, all the other conversations have been invented as well. The former, of course, could not have been placed on record, but Casanova makes it clear that he took careful note of much of his talk with interesting people.[1] As emphasised often in these pages, much of this was concerned with topics of the day, and dealt with events that had happened recently, like many of the statements of Pembroke, Hervey, and Martinelli. It is the great triumph of Casanova that he has broken up his autobiography into dialogue, rendering it thus so much more picturesque and real. The following speech, which was made to him by an Anglican clergyman to whom he was introduced by Dr. Matthew Maty at the British

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 461.

Museum, is characteristic of a person of this type, and could not possibly have been invented.

Giacomo had inquired how many sects there were in England.

" Sir," replied " the doctor," in pretty good Italian, " no one knows exactly, for every Sunday a new one is hatched and some of the old ones decay. If any rascal, who seeks money and notoriety, stands up in public and begins to orate, he is certain to attract a crowd of loafers. He expounds some passages of the Bible in his own way, and, should he tickle the mob, they invite him to preach again on the following Sunday, frequently in a tavern where he is sure of congenial company. Let him spread his doctrines vigorously, then people will begin to talk about him and he becomes involved in disputations. His followers increase in proportion to his loquacity, they give themselves a name, and behold you have a faction that is wholly unknown at first but soon acquires a considerable political influence. It is thus that all the sects are produced which defile the soil of my native land." [1]

Although Casanova boasts in the letter to Leonard Snetlage [2] that he made the acquaintance " du savant Johnson, auteur du Lexique," under the auspices of Dr. Maty at the British Museum in the year 1763, it is impossible that " le docteur " of the above speech can have been the great lexicographer, since, while he could understand Italian when it was spoken to him, he was unable to speak it himself.

The following conversation between Casanova

[1] Garnier edition, vii. 9. [2] *A Leonard Snetlage*, published in 1797.

and an English banker also has the ring of truth. Giacomo had entered his counting-house to obtain cash for a note.

"Come back in an hour," he requested. "I am short of money at present."

"Certainly," replied Casanova, "I will call again."

"Take back your note. You can give it to me when I cash it for you."

"It doesn't matter. Keep it. I don't doubt your honesty."

"Don't be so unbusiness-like. If you left me the note I should refuse to pay you, just to teach you a lesson."

"You are not capable of such a thing."

The other explained that as the system of a bank was to give value for every note received, he was not in the habit of relying upon his memory.

Casanova was much impressed by the prevalence of paper credit in England, but he made the wise prophecy—not as obvious in his day as it was fifty years later—that in the event of a protracted war a large issue of notes would be inevitable, and that the suspension of cash payments might lead to national bankruptcy.[1]

IV

It was natural that Casanova should entertain high hopes of employing his undoubted financial ability to some advantage in London, since, in the year 1763, there were *two* lotteries in England, promoted by Lord Bute's ministry. In the original

[1] Garnier edition, vi. 458; cf. 369.

scheme, disclosed to the public early in the year, the first was to be drawn in May and the second in November. There were 35,000 tickets sold at £10 each, and the prizes ranged from two of £10,000 to five thousand two hundred of £20.[1]

It was a favourite form of raising revenue, and had been an annual institution during the greater part of the century. The tickets were taken over by contractors, who purchased them from the Government at a premium, and they were bought and sold in large amounts by speculative dealers at Jonathan's Coffee-House in Change Alley, the precursor of the Stock Exchange. "The contractors proceeded with the utmost diligence to offer their tickets to the public for what they would fetch," writes Sir Walter Besant. "They divided them into whole tickets, half, quarter, eighth, and sixteenth parts. They issued flaming circulars promising wealth without working for it; they put piles of gold coins in their windows with placards showing that all this will be got for a guinea. In order to prolong and increase the excitement they provided that the drawing should take three weeks, during which the people were worked up into a frantic condition. In order to procure tickets, or even small shares of tickets, servants robbed the houses where they worked; clerks robbed their masters; everybody robbed, pawned, sold what he could to get money for a ticket."[2] There was certainly no lack of enthusiasm for the lottery in England.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* [1763], 142; *London Magazine* [1763], 144.
[2] *London in the Eighteenth Century*, Sir Walter Besant, p. 459.

The rage for this form of gambling led to its adoption by the ordinary tradesman, and the newspapers of the day are filled with advertisements, in which all kinds of goods are offered for disposal in this manner. Casanova himself mentions one of these raffles in connection with the de Muralt family. "There was a sale of valuable articles in the City," he says, "the means of disposing of them being by a lottery. Sara had read the announcement, and I invited her to come with her mother and sister to watch it with me. I had not much difficulty in obtaining their consent, and we found ourselves in distinguished company, amongst the persons present being Lady Harrington."[1] It was on this occasion that he learnt of the famous burglary at her house in Stable Yard.

"Fielding wrote a satire on the passion for lotteries," observes Mr. Lecky. "The discovery of some gross frauds in their management contributed to throw them into discredit, and Pelham is said to have expressed some disapproval of them, but they were not finally suppressed in England till 1823. Westminster Bridge, which was begun in 1736, was built chiefly from the produce of lotteries. Another instance of their employment is deserving of special remembrance, for it is connected with the origin of one of the most valuable of London institutions. In 1753, lotteries were established to purchase the Sloane Collection and the Harleian Manuscripts, which were combined with the

[1] Garnier edition, vii. 26.

Cottonian Collection and deposited in Montague House under the name of the British Museum."[1]

It is evident that Casanova did not visit England with the idea of becoming merely one of the contractors of the 1763 lottery. A far more presumptuous scheme was lurking in his mind, and it was his ambition, of course, to persuade the English Government to allow him to adopt the same plan that he had employed with such success in Paris in 1757 in conjunction with the brothers Calzabigi. The moment was appropriate. There had been much opposition to Lord Bute's suggestion of a dual lottery, and a considerable political faction, led by the redoubtable John Wilkes, had denounced the project. It was reasonable to expect that the ministry would welcome an alternative system that might be worked more economically and would produce a larger profit.

" I desire likewise to state the case of the lotteries," writes Wilkes, or one of his collaborators, in his outspoken periodical, the *North Briton*, on the 19th of March 1763, " and of the gross impositions on the public by that part of the late bargain. Lotteries have always been objected to as promoting the spirit of gaming, so peculiarly pernicious to a commercial country. The necessities of government, during the late two wars, forced this measure : I mean of a lottery ; but this year, the year of peace, we are to have *two* lotteries. To make this scheme as chargeable as possible to the public, and creative of more jobs, as well as longer to keep up the spirit

[1] *History of England*, i. 522-523.

of gaming, the *two* lotteries are to be drawn at *two* different times of the year. A minister who had any love of *œconomy* would have made the tickets duplicates of each other, and have saved one half of the expense to the public. The Earl of Bute chooses to parade about œconomy, at the time he is practising the most unjustifiable profusion. In former years the interest on the lottery annuities commenced a year after the bringing in the scheme and was only three *per cent.* In this frugal *Scottish* administration, it commences almost with the first payment and is four *per cent.* I must observe how very unnecessarily, and even wantonly, this was done ; for experience convinces us how little attention is paid by the purchaser of lottery tickets to the rate of interest accruing on them." [1]

The Government, nevertheless, carried out its plans, and there were two lotteries. The drawing of the *first* began at Guildhall on Monday the 30th of May, and ended on Tuesday the 21st of June ; the drawing of the *second* began on Monday the 28th of November, and was finished on Monday the 19th of December. Casanova, of course, took no part in either.[2]

V

The references in the *Mémoires* to the Chevalier d'Eon, the Chargé-d'affaires at the French embassy, whose quarrel with his ambassador was causing a

[1] The *North Briton*, No. 42, vol. ii. 202-3.

[2] *Gentleman's Magazine* [1763], 256, 312, 617 ; *London Chronicle*, Dec. 17-20, 22-24, 1763 ; *Gazetteer*, Oct. 26, 1763.

public scandal at this period, are full of interest.[1] It is stated with truth that d'Eon had a grievance against the Count de Guerchy owing to the non-payment of a sum of money that he claimed from his Government, but Casanova is wrong in supposing that the dispute was settled at the end of three years, for it did not terminate until after the death of Louis XV. in 1774. Inspired by the example of the rebellious Wilkes, the Chevalier d'Eon had conducted his campaign against the French ministers with similar truculence, accusing de Guerchy of employing a French spy, named Treyssac de Vergy, to assassinate him, and publishing an octavo volume on the 22nd of March 1764, in which he reproduced his correspondence with the ambassador. As Casanova suggests, the book also contained confidential letters from the French Government and had a large sale in England, but it does not appear to have been published by subscription. Although d'Eon seems to have had just cause for complaint at the commencement of the dispute, in the end, owing to his methods of controversy, he became absolutely discredited. One of his enemies was Ange Goudar, to whom he is said to have given a caning in the Green Park.

There were many wagers at the time, as the *Mémoires* relate, with reference to the sex of the Frenchman, opinion being equally divided as to whether he was a man or a woman. At this period he was not wearing feminine attire, but he had done so recently for many years, and this habit, in con-

[1] Garnier edition, vii. 44-45.

junction with his curious figure, had given rise to the disputation.

" A London banker," says Casanova, " had deposited twenty thousand guineas in the bank, which he had wagered that the Chevalier d'Eon was a woman. Numbers of persons had accepted the bet, but it could only be decided if d'Eon allowed himself to be examined in the presence of witnesses. But although he was offered half the stakes he refused the proposal indignantly. . . . At the end of a year the bet was withdrawn." [1]

The speculations with regard to the Chevalier's sex involved a far larger sum than Casanova realised. Over a hundred thousand pounds had been underwritten at various times on this mysterious question, says one of d'Eon's biographers,[2] and at last the matter was the subject of an action at law. It was tried on the 1st of July 1777, before Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, when the jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff, who had taken out policies to the amount of £700, which the defendant had engaged to pay in full if it should be proved that d'Eon was a woman. Although the decision may have been justified by the evidence it was only right in point of law, for as a matter of fact, as every one now is aware, " the Chevalier " was a man.

In the same part of his *Mémoires* Casanova introduces another curious individual. One evening at Covent Garden Theatre Ferdinando Tenducci, the famous tenor, presented him to " sa femme légitime

[1] Garnier edition, vii. 44-45.

[2] *The Chevalier d'Eon de Beaumont* [J. B. Telfer], p. 284.

dont il avait deux enfants," although he had the reputation of being a castrato.[1] It would appear as though Giacomo was imposed upon, and that the children did not belong to the opera singer. Three years later, on the 19th of August 1766, Tenducci went through the marriage service at Cork with Dorothea Maunsell, an Irish girl of good family, whose music master he had been, but the marriage was declared null and void in November 1775 at Doctors' Commons, on account of the impotency of the husband.

It is strange that there is no mention of John Wilkes in any part of the *Mémoires*, although he was the most talked-of man in England, owing to his amazing defiance of the Government, during the whole of Casanova's residence in this country. Throughout the years 1763 and 1764 scarcely a day passed in which the public Press was not filled with paragraphs about the agitator. The silence of Casanova is all the more remarkable because Wilkes was a friend of his brother Francesco, the famous painter,[2] and it is possible that Giacomo may have made his acquaintance at a later period. It will be seen from the following letter that a meeting between the two was arranged :—

" My dear fellow-countryman," Wilkes wrote to Francesco Casanova from Longchamps on the 15th of October 1767, remembering that the artist had

[1] Garnier edition, vii. 43. Tenducci, who was born at Sienna *circa* 1735, died suddenly of apoplexy at Genoa in February 1790. *London Chronicle*, March 2-4, 1790.

[2] Francesco Giuseppe Casanova, born in London, June 1, 1727, died at Brühl, July 8, 1803.

been born in London, " I value the friendliness and courtesy of your letter, and am honoured by your brother's favourable opinion of me. I shall be delighted to meet him under your auspices. If neither you nor your amiable wife have any engagement on the 23rd, Miss Wilkes and I, who take up our winter quarters on that day, will be glad to pay our respects to you and eat your soup." [1]

Giacomo was in Paris at this date, but it is doubtful whether he was able to visit his brother on the 23rd of October in order to be introduced to Wilkes, for he was full of anxiety on account of the precarious condition of Charlotte de ——, his mistress for the time being, who had given birth to a child on the 17th of the month.

There seems a plausible explanation of his silence with regard to John Wilkes. When writing of Marianne de Charpillon in his *Mémoires* on the 1st of November 1797, he says that he believes that she is " still alive," [2] which suggests that he was acquainted with her later history. It is reasonable to conjecture that he was aware that she became Wilkes's mistress. He had been deeply in love with the beautiful girl and sorely hurt because she treated him with disdain. Thus, since it is evident in his *Mémoires* that the memory of his humiliation still rankled in his heart, even though more than thirty years had elapsed since the incident, it may be that he bore a grudge against the demagogue, who had been successful where he had failed.

[1] *Jacques Casanova, Vénitien*, by Charles Samaran, p. 282.
[2] Garnier edition, vi. 484-5.

VI

It is possible to continue the annotation of Casanova's visit to England much further. There are other elusive people to identify; many more illustrations of contemporary habits might be produced. But enough has been written to indicate that this portion of the *Mémoires* displays a just and valuable picture of life in London at the commencement of George III.'s reign.

More than this, though doubtless it will be condemned by the latter-day moralist—who always surveys the past through the spectacles of the present century and has no tolerance for an era that he regards as less righteous, because more free from cant and hyprocrisy, than his own—it is a joyous picture, inspired by high spirits and *la joie de vivre*. Like the history of Tom Jones, the autobiography of Casanova presents the portrait of the real man of the period in its true perspective of light and shadow, and is merciless in its revelation of his naked soul. Yet, and in this lies his most irresistible appeal, the writer is an optimist throughout, never losing heart when fate is least benevolent, accepting the buffetings of ill-fortune unflinchingly. His faith also in human nature remains unimpaired to the end, for while implacable with regard to his enemies, he is always more than indulgent to his friends, and he never seeks to degrade them when he depicts their characters, but endeavours to make them appear better than they are.

APPENDIX

I

THE CORNELYS FAMILY

If Mrs. Cornelys was in monetary difficulties at the time of Casanova's visit to England, she must have overcome her embarrassments very quickly. The balls and assemblies in Soho Square, under the patronage of the "Society of Carlisle House," were fashionable functions for half a dozen years more, or longer, and she was at the height of her prosperity as late as 1770. In the spring of this year, however, "the Female Coterie" was founded by certain members of the smart set, which made its headquarters at Almack's, and proved a formidable rival.[1] Mrs. Cornelys, nevertheless, managed to struggle on until 1772, when the Pantheon in Oxford Street was opened, and society turned its back on Carlisle House. Before the close of the year it was advertised to be sold by auction, its proprietress having become bankrupt.

In 1775 she managed to regain possession of her former premises, having made money, no doubt, from a Venetian Regatta—the first of its kind ever held in London—which took place on the Thames on the 20th of June. "Mrs. Cornelys seems to be coming into play again," writes a paragrapher in the *London Chronicle* on the 11th of December. "She is once more got into Carlisle House, and is to superintend the masquerade next Wednesday." For many

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* [1770], 263, 444; *Town and Country Magazine* [1770], 231, 311; *Letters of Horace Walpole* [Toynbee], vii. 381. A list of its patrons is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine.*

years longer she continued to give public balls in her old rooms, and, judging from the accounts of them in the daily newspapers, they were extremely popular. But the place had lost most of its former glory. The blue and yellow satin hangings, which Horace Walpole had admired in former years, had long since faded, and there was a tawdriness both in the house and the company. For the most part the patrons of the place were women of the town and the men whom they attracted.

During the winter of 1780 Mrs. Cornelys held an assembly on Sunday evenings, which was known as "The Promenade." According to William Hickey "the first people of the kingdom attended it, as did also the whole beauty of the metropolis from the Duchess of Devonshire down to the little milliner's apprentice from Cranbourn Alley."[1] But before the end of twelve months the character of the entertainment must have deteriorated. The popular mezzotint, published by John Raphael Smith in December 1781, suggests that the most distinguished ladies who patronised the entertainment were fashionable courtesans.[2] About this period even this *clientèle* began to drift away, attracted by the rival masquerades at the Pantheon, and once again Carlisle House had to close its doors. After this season Horace Walpole never mentions Mrs. Cornelys. Her reign in Soho Square had been a long one, extending, save for one short gap, over a period of almost twenty years.

Nothing was then heard of her for a decade or more, while she lived in obscurity under an assumed name in order to avoid her creditors, supported by a small annuity contributed by her son. During the 'nineties, however, she opened a suite of rooms in Knightsbridge, which she decorated in a cheap and flamboyant style and hung around with coloured mirrors. The ostensible business was the sale of asses' milk, then a popular remedy, but she made

[1] *Memoirs of William Hickey*, ii. 294.

[2] *British Mezzotint Portraits* [J. C. Smith], iii. 1319.

THE PROMENADE AT CARLISLE HOUSE
From the mezzotint by J. R. Smith

futile attempts to hold public breakfasts. At last, she became overwhelmed in debt once more and was arrested.

We are told by "Becky" Wells, the beautiful actress, who claims to have been her friend in these latter years, that as Mrs. Cornelys was stepping into the carriage to go to prison "she struck her breast against the door, which caused her a most shocking cancer." The end of her life was passed in the Fleet prison. Her son was dead, but it is believed that her daughter allowed her a small income, and that she also received "a liberal allowance" from one of her old patrons. The Chevalier Ruspini, a famous empiric of his day, is said to have visited her professionally "without a fee," and to have afforded her great relief. She died in the Fleet on the 19th of August 1797 in her seventy-fifth year. Mrs. Wells says that she was "sent for in her last moments and found her sitting up in her bed, with a large crucifix before her, exclaiming in a voice that denoted the most dreadful horror, 'The devil is dragging me down!' which she kept constantly repeating, and expired in the most shocking agonies."[1]

All accounts agree that Mrs. Cornelys's son, "le petit Aranda" of Casanova's *Mémoires* was "an amiable and accomplished young man." After his mother's fall he assumed the name of Altorf and became tutor to Lord Pomfret's eldest son. When this employment came to an end, he went abroad, but continued to send his mother a regular allowance until his death. Thus the uncomplimentary estimate of his character, placed on record by Casanova, is not borne out by his subsequent career. It is related by one who knew him as a man that he always spoke with a foreign accent.

Casanova endeavours to draw a most flattering portrait

[1] The principal authorities for the latter part of Mrs. Cornelys's life are *Records of my Life*, John Taylor, i. 266-73; *Life of Mrs. Sumbel, late Wells*, iii. 35-46; *Gentleman's Magazine* [1797], ii. 890-891; cf. *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, vi. 3, 93, viii. 115, 157, 273.

of Sophie Cornelys, convinced that she is his own daughter. Unintentionally, of course, he reveals her as an unfilial little creature in her attitude towards her mother, and no doubt his description is true to life, for the child proved to be an ungrateful daughter in later years. There seems to be no doubt that she was a fine musician, as Casanova declares, and Mrs. Wells tells us that she had received "the most elegant education that England could afford." Owing to her musical talents she was patronised by several of the old members of "the Society of Carlisle House."

Perhaps the early doubts with regard to her parentage, which, according to the *Mémoires*, must have puzzled her youthful brain, suggested the foolish pretensions that she was fond of making when she grew up. For throughout her life she was convinced that she was of illustrious birth, and even declared at one time that Prince Charles of Lorraine was her real father. After the bankruptcy of her mother she was compelled, of course, to earn her own living, which she had no difficulty in doing, always finding employment as governess in the house of some noble family. Ashamed of her origin she changed her name to that of Williams, which she maintained until the day of her death.

John Taylor, the journalist, who knew her intimately, stigmatises her as an "artful hypocrit," and not only agrees with Mrs. Wells that she behaved with great inhumanity to Mrs. Cornelys, but suggests that she was revengeful and untrustworthy in all her actions. Nevertheless, she appears to have been successful in securing many kind and influential friends. One of the first persons to employ her was Lady Harrington, with whom she lived for some years at Stable Yard, and afterwards she resided with her former pupil, Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, when she married the Duke of Newcastle. Then she became the companion of the Dowager Lady Spencer, who left her a small legacy

at her death in 1814, and it is said also that she lived with Lady Cowper. Later, she secured the patronage of the Princess Augusta, who employed her to distribute her charities.

Her last years were spent with the Dowager Viscountess Sydney, *née* Powys, an aged lady, with whom she lived in Chapel Street, off North Audley Street, and here she died on the 25th of June 1823. In the obituary notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* she is described as "Mrs. Sophia Wilhelmina Williams, sub-treasurer of the Adult Orphan Institution."[1] If Casanova is correct in the date of her birth, she was in her seventieth year.

II

THE LATER HISTORY OF MARIANNE DE CHARPILLON

[From the *Life of John Wilkes*, by HORACE BLEACKLEY, pp. 339-46.]

DURING the period of his greatest activity in Parliament Wilkes was enjoying one of the most famous of his amours. The liaison with pretty Mrs. Gardiner had been a brief one, and after a period of vacillation, while he amused himself with the Kitty Towlers and Lucy Ballards whom he met at the supper-parties of Miles Andrews, he selected a *maîtresse en titre* who was clever enough to retain his favour for four years. It was on the 24th of September 1773 that he saw her first at a dinner-party in the old Swan Inn in Chelsea, given by the witty voluptuary Chase Price, one of her innumerable patrons.[2] The name of the siren was Marianne Geneviève de Charpillon, a Parisian of Swiss origin, who,

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* [1823], i. 651; cf. *Gentleman's Magazine* [1797], ii. 891. Mr. Daniel Hipwell in *Notes and Queries*, 8th Series, vi. 3-4.

[2] Wilkes's *Diary*. *Vide* Additional MSS. 30, 866; cf. Additional MSS. 30, 880A. Letter of Feb. 7, 1774.

although apt to underrate her age after the manner of her kind, had already passed her thirtieth birthday.[1] Time had been lenient to her charms in spite of her riotous past, and Wilkes, ever an admirer of the ladies of France, was bewitched by her blandishments.

Mademoiselle Charpillon was a very handsome woman. With soft blue eyes and a wealth of chestnut hair, her beauty belonged to the Gretchen type, the gift of her Helvetian ancestry. Tall and shapely, with delicate hands and tiny feet, there was a grace and elasticity in all her movements. An expression of sincerity rested upon her dainty features, inviting the sympathy of all with its naïve, childlike innocence. It was a sweet, alluring face, pink and white and piquant, and the licentious Wilkes, who did not insist that a mistress should be in the first bloom of youth, began to pay court to her immediately.[2]

At this period she was living in Black and White Lands Lane at Chelsea with her grandmother, her mother, and her great-aunt.[3] The history of the family had been a tempestuous one, all three generations having been courtesans. The old lady, under the name of Brunner, had attained some notoriety in her youth as a second-rate meretrix in Berne, where the mother of Marianne was born, one of three illegitimate daughters. . . . Eventually under an assumed name the family drifted to Paris, where for a time they enjoyed considerable prosperity, being patronised by men of rank and position. Here, about the year 1745, Rose Augspurgher, the youngest of the girls, gave birth to Marianne, and after a futile attempt to prove that the baby was the daughter of the Imperial Ambassador, the mother was

[1] Wilkes's *List of Addresses*. *Vide* Additional MSS. 30, 892.

[2] *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova* [Garnier], vi. 485; *Mémoires de Jacques Casanova* [Rozez], vi. 7. For the proofs that identify the Charpillon of Wilkes with the Charpillon of Casanova, see author's notes in *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, iv. 382, 461, v. 484; *Reminiscences of H. Angelo* [1904], i. 42.

[3] Wilkes's *List of Addresses*. *Vide* Additional MSS. 30, 892.

obliged to allow that the real father was a bourgeois Jew.[1] When she was scarcely more than a child, her mother and grandmother, seeking the best market for their goods, emigrated with her to London.

While never reaching the first rank amongst "Covent Garden Ladies," Marianne Charpillon did not lack admirers. Probably but for the presence of her squalid relatives, she might have become a queen of the *demi-monde*. Yet, in spite of a mediocre career, her posthumous fame has exceeded that of almost any of her kind. It was to a curious incident that she owes this celebrity. In January 1764, while living with her unsavoury kinsfolk in Denmark Street, St. Giles's, she made the acquaintance of an Italian adventurer, named Giacomo Casanova, who had come to England to seek his fortune. . . .

[Here follows an account of her behaviour towards Casanova.]

. . . More than thirty years later, when the old libertine was composing his wonderful memoirs, the blue eyes of the beautiful Marianne still haunted him, and he told the story of his humiliation in a spirit of fierce resentment. Among all the men and women depicted in these lurid pages, La Charpillon remains the most vivid and remarkable—a bright, implacable *cocotte* with a child's face and a heart of steel. As long as the memoirs of Casanova are read she will not be forgotten.

Having a great affection for her kinsfolk, which is an admirable trait in her character, Marianne behaved with much generosity to them, willing to share with them at all times. Her mother, more than forty years of age when Casanova came to England, was a greater burden even than the old grandmother, becoming a chronic invalid, but her Aunt Julie succeeded in earning a small income by the sale

[1] *Mémoires de Casanova* [Garnier], vi. 513; *Jacques Casanova* [Charles Samaran], pp. 270-82.

of a quack medicine, which she called " le baume de vie," alleging that it was the true elixir of life.[1] Occasionally Marianne captivated a rich gallant, like Thomas Panton of turf fame and brother of the Duchess of Ancaster, who for her sake seems to have deserted such a powerful enchantress as " the luscious " Mrs. Garnier.[2] For the most part, however, the Charpillon family were in an impecunious state, and the capture of the famous demagogue was a lucky event.[3]

Always lavish in his dealings with a woman, Wilkes spared no expense to win the favour of the capricious courtesan. Soon after their first meeting, it was arranged that the whole family should remove to a more commodious house in Great Titchfield Street, where they took up their abode on the 1st of November 1773, when, since it was Marianne's birthday, a festive little dinner-party was given by the amorous alderman in honour of his inamorata.[4] In addition to monetary contributions he sent periodical gifts of food and wine, also, when his finances permitted, rich presents of gowns and millinery.[5] Ever since his matrimonial fiasco he had hoped to meet a woman who might take the place of a wife, and at last he seemed to have found his affinity.

For more than four years Marianne managed to retain his fealty. With the passing of youth she had learnt the need of tact, while repeated misfortunes showed her the folly of being too exacting. Even had her temperament

[1] *Mémoires de Casanova* [Garnier], vi. 490, 493, 496, 499, 513. Additional MSS. 30, 880A ff., 94, 98, 103; *Letters of Wilkes to his Daughter*, ii. 50, iv. 57, 142, 169; *Life of Wilkes* [J. Almon], iv. 279.

[2] Additional MSS. 30, 880A f., 131; cf. *Town and Country Magazine*, i. 57.

[3] *Notes and Queries*, 11th Series, iv. 382, 461, v. 484.

[4] Wilkes's *Diary* of Nov. 1, 1773; Wilkes's *List of Addresses*. *Vide* Additional MSS. 30, 592; Marylebone Rate-books.

[5] Additional MSS. 30, 880A *passim*; *Morning Post*, July 4, 1777.

been unchanged since the days when she had tormented Casanova, she realised full well that in John Wilkes she was dealing with a stronger and a cleverer man. Judging his disposition with charming art, she was all gentleness and humility, and the stubborn egotist, enchanted by her dainty foreign accent and coaxing smiles, indulged her like a spoilt child, unaware that she ruled him in all things. Whenever he tried to scold, she would lay her hand upon his lips, begging him not to make " the mouth of an elephant." [1]

If a week should pass without a visit from her paramour, she would write him a letter in her quaint orthography, chiding him for his negligence or reproaching him for making her unhappy, knowing that he was vastly amused by these naïve, illiterate scrawls. Sometimes she sought to awaken his ardour by playful suggestiveness. " C'est avec impatience que j'aten le mois de novembre," she informed him on the 1st of August, " puisque cela me fait espérér que vous ne serée pas si paraisseur que dans le grande chaleur." In like manner, when asking for a loan, she knew how to charm away his displeasure. " Si par hasar," she insinuated, " vous est tourmentée par loisivetée se soir, venée pour vous disipée avec moy." [2]

In almost every letter that she wrote there is evidence of the skill with which she kept him in control. For Wilkes was always a restive lover, and had to be driven with silken reins. By pretending implicit obedience, she managed to get her own way in most things. Knowing his appetite for flattery, she professed the most profound admiration for his character, and never failed to repeat every little incident that would tickle his vanity. " J'ai été hyar au bal maskée," she told him after one of their tiffs, " le plaisir seul que j'ai eut vous en étiée l'auteur, ce qu'il vous paroitera une énigme, mais le raison est toute claire, il y avait un Mr. que avoit sur le chapo Wilkes and liberta. Il a tres bien

[1] Additional MSS. 30, 880 ff., 46, 77.
[2] Additional MSS. 30, 880A ff., 58, 62.

jouée ce rolle il a contée a la campagni que les drois de ce pay étois perdu si vous n'étiée pas élue, et vous étiée san tache et une infinitée dautre circumstance . . . vous pouvée facilimen pansée, que toute ses bonne raison non pas l'essée que de me flatée l'oreillie, qui enten ce qui vous regard pas les autre." [1] Probably Wilkes imagined that he had accomplished a successful taming of the shrew, whereas in reality La Charpillon was his mistress in every sense of the word.

It was part of her policy to feign a great interest in the daughter of her protector, " une demoiselle si accompli et si perfectionnée." Miss Polly also, ignorant of nothing that concerned her father, was quite aware of Marianne's existence, and Wilkes, most brazen of libertines, entrusted her on one occasion with a commission for his mistress.[2] Although he never allowed them to meet, he did not attempt to prevent them from exchanging compliments. " Mademoiselle Wilkes ma fait l'honneur ce matin de me faire demendée l'état de ma santée," Marianne wrote to her protector during the year of his mayoralty, " je suis for sensible a la politesse de My Lady Mayor." [3]

Similar motives led her to make a pet of Jack Smith, whose fondness for French people and French ways created a bond of sympathy between them. With a strange lack of discretion, Wilkes encouraged the intimacy, and during the two years that his son remained in London he took him frequently to dine at No. 30 Great Titchfield Street. Jack was a droll, lovable boy, with a large share of hereditary humour, but proved a sad disappointment to his father. Being unable to adapt himself to English ways after his long residence in Paris, he made no progress in his education, except, thanks to the tuition of Angelo, in the matter of

[1] Additional MSS. 30, 880A f., 106.

[2] *Letters of Wilkes to his Daughter*, ii. 34.

[3] Additional MSS. 30, 880A ff., 24, 26, 35, 120; *Letters of Wilkes to his Daughter*, ii. 34.

horsemanship. At last, in the summer of 1776, weary of his peccadilloes, for he proved a sad pickle, Wilkes sent him over to Germany with the idea of allowing him to enter the Hessian Cavalry as soon as he had learnt the language. It was stipulated, however, that he should not serve against the American colonists.[1]

One Sunday evening, on the 11th of May 1777, while Wilkes was taking supper at Great Titchfield Street, the first serious quarrel took place between Marianne and himself. In a sudden pique the nature of the gutter-child revealed itself, and she scolded him like a street-walker. Since his affection was beginning to wane, Wilkes was glad of an excuse to terminate the liaison, for he was deep in debt and Miss Charpillon was an expensive luxury. On the following morning he sent her a letter to bid her farewell, determined to see her no more :—

" Mademoiselle—Les dernières paroles que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de me dire étoient, ' Monsieur, vous m'êtes devenu aussi odieux que ma Mère ! ' Vous savez ce qui est arrivé dimanche au soir.

La plainte est pour le fat,
Le bruit est pour le sot,
L'honnête homme trompé
S'éloigne et ne dit mot.
Adieu." [2]

Though he did not keep this stern resolve, his connection with Marianne soon came to an end. After a suitable apology she received his forgiveness, and they met

[1] Wilkes's *Diary*, 1774-6 ; *vide* Additional MSS. 30, 866 ; *Records of my Life* [J. Taylor], i. 111 ; *Reminiscences of H. Angelo* [1904], i. 41, 42 ; *History of the Isle of Wight*, W. H. Davenport Adams, p. 203 ; *Life of Wilkes* [J. Almon], iv. 167, 168, 169, 248, 252, 275 ; v. 117-122 ; *Letters of Wilkes to his Daughter*, ii. 23, 29, 45 ; Additional MSS. 30, 872 ff., 62, 116.

[2] Additional MSS. 30, 880A, f. 101 ; cf. Wilkes's *Diary*, May 11, 1777.

occasionally, while Wilkes sometimes sent her presents of wine and flowers. But her power over him was gone. Financial worries, an election for the Chamberlainship, and frequent absence from London all in turn served to keep him from her side. Before November they had drifted entirely apart. For some weeks Mademoiselle Charpillon had been incapacitated by a scalded foot, and when able at last to leave her couch, she found that her fickle lover was beyond her reach.[1] Under the circumstances her reign had been of more than usual duration. It was her art, not mutual sympathy, that bound them together, and it was impossible that two masterful temperaments such as theirs could blend for long.

NOTE

There are but few contemporary allusions to Marianne de Charpillon. The two most familiar are contained in the *Reminiscences of Henry Angelo*:—

"Mr. Wilkes . . . had a house at Kensington Gore. I have often been there with Smith (*i.e.* Wilkes's illegitimate son) on a visit to Madame Champignon (*sic*), who was afterwards supposed to be his mother, she living at this house as the mistress of Mr. Wilkes."—*Reminiscences of Henry Angelo* [Kegan Paul, 1904], i. 42.

"Wilkes's favourite dress was either a red or green coat, edged with gold, which I have often seen him wear in his constant morning walk, about eleven, from his house at Kensington Gore. His mistress, Madame Champignon, lived there."—*Id.* ii. 42.

If Mademoiselle de Charpillon resided with Wilkes in his famous home in Kensington Gore it can only have been for a short time, for she was soon supplanted by another *chère amie*, the well-known Amelia Arnold. There is also no conclusive evidence to show that Marianne was the mother of the boy John Smith, and the date of his birth renders it improbable. The misspelling of her name by Angelo is curious. It suggests that a couplet in a satirical poem, entitled "The Orange Girl at Foote's to Sally Harris, or the Town to the Country Pomona"

[1] Additional MSS. 30, 880A, ff. 102-112; cf. Wilkes's *Diary*.

[S. Bladon, 1773], must refer to the Charpillon of Casanova's *Mémoires*. After expatiating upon the beauties of the various *filles de joie* in the year 1773—the date of Wilkes's introduction and ten years after the departure of Casanova from England, when Marianne was between twenty-eight and thirty—the author goes on to say:

> "Fled are those Charms which hath subdu'd each Heart,
> Love and CHAMPIGNON are compell'd to part."

There is not a wide phonetical distinction between the words Charpillon and Champignon.

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